THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

DEC. 3. '10

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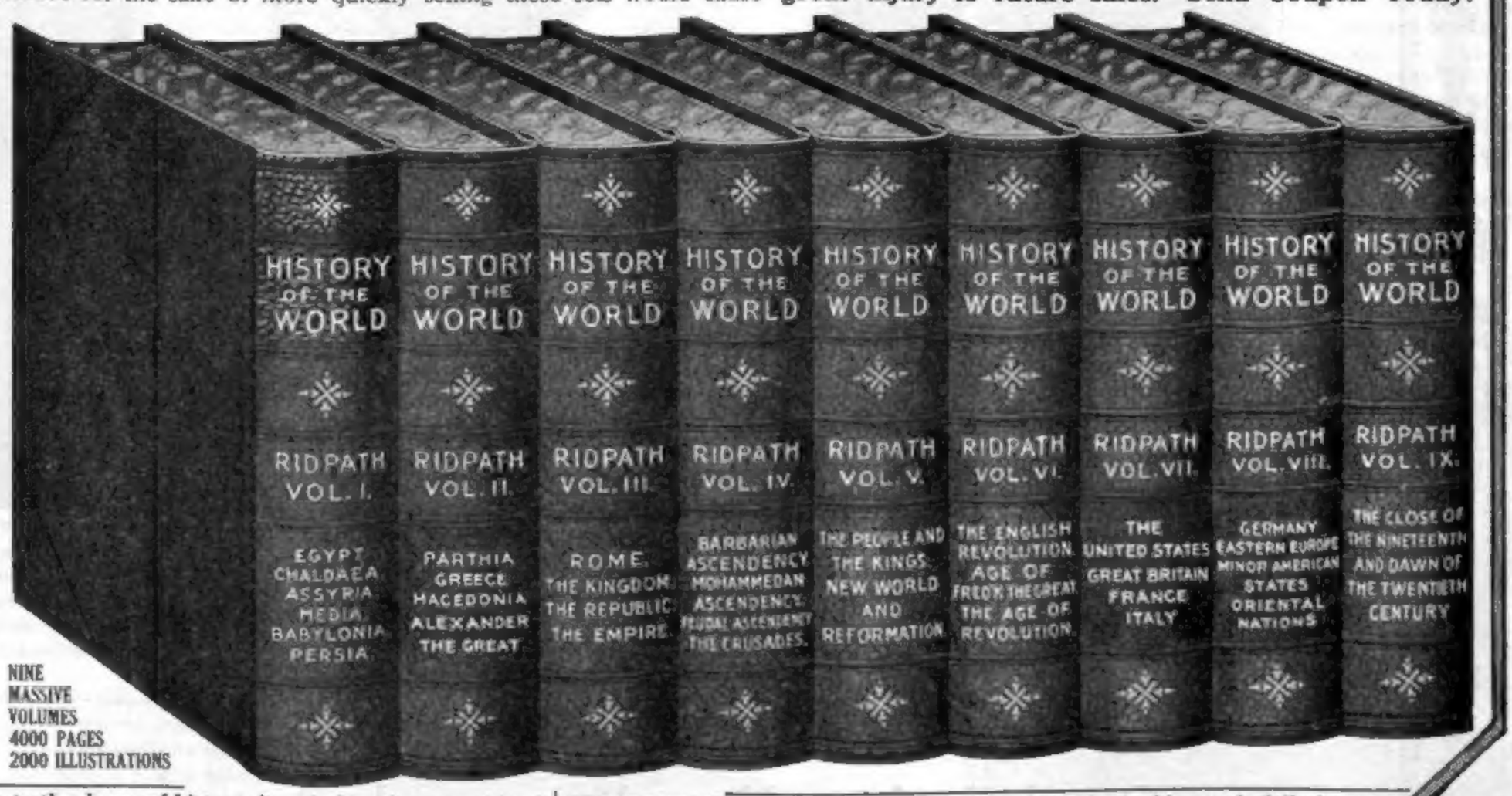
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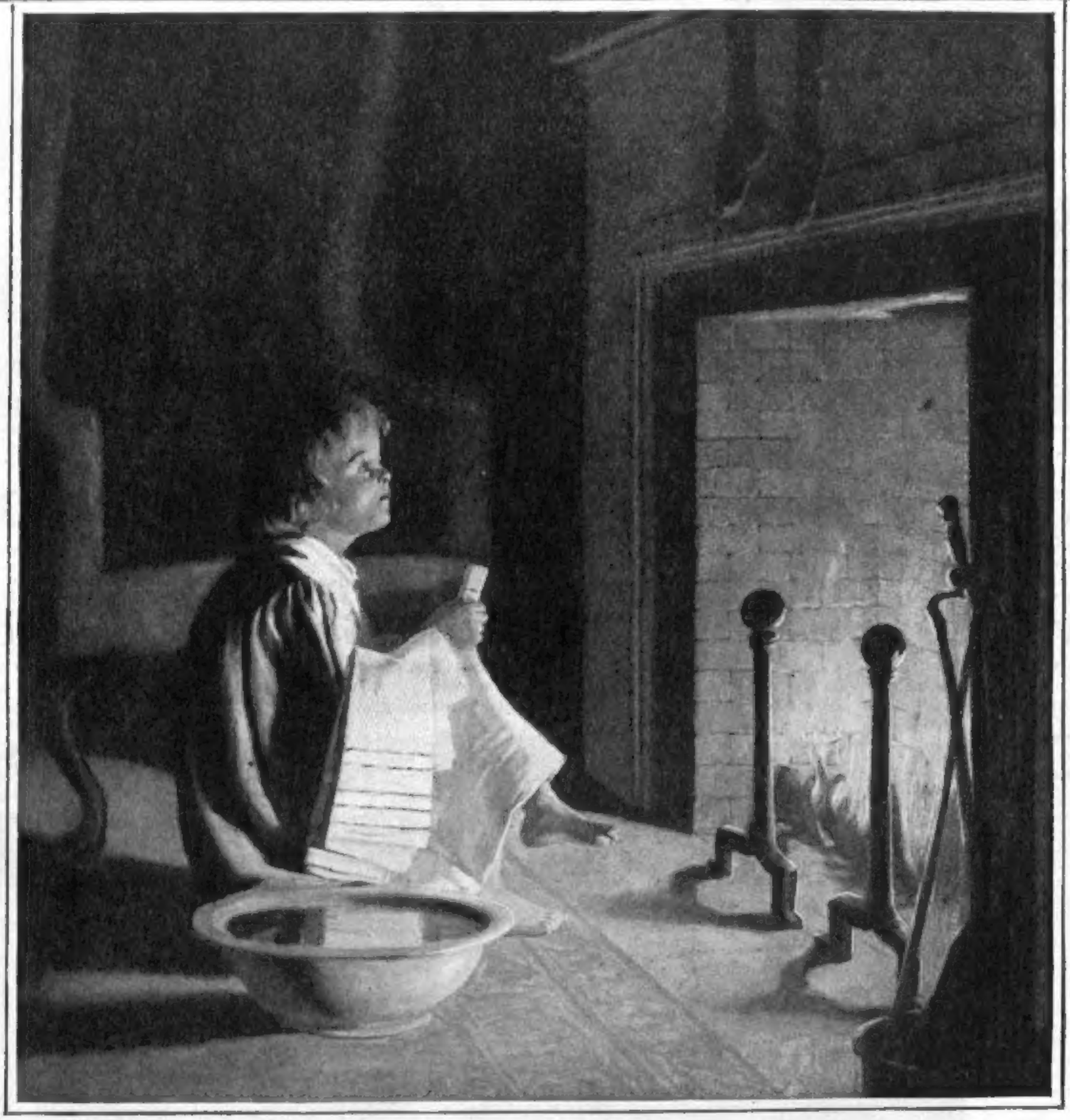
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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EVE'S SECOND HUSBAND

By Corra Harris

AUTHOR OF A CIRCUIT RIDER'S WIFE

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT EDWARDS

And Every Afternoon I Went Forth to Conquer and to be Conquered

WHAT I am about to write is not a story; it is the truth, set down with no more style in the telling than shows about the face of a middle-aged woman in an old-fashioned sunbonnet. There is a certain truthfulness in women, very remote, hard to find, harder to express, that never is modish enough for fiction and that does not even belong to their times, but to just them. It is homely, double-chinned, wears a sort of prayer-hood, walks softly before the Lord, keeps an Eve-eye upon man, and it outlasts mere styles and times, like the whiskers of Moses.

If you find it in what I am about to tell, you will recognize it by the manner in which it differs from the feminine anemia and the backaching matrimony that are so often dramatized in the fever-blistered, neurasthenic novels of the day.

I was born in Booneville, Boone County, Tennessee, a small town on the Cumberland River. Father kept a drug store. His name, including his title, was Colonel John Spotteswood Langston. He had simply gravitated into the drug business because it was the least profitable. He was the only aristocrat and by the same token the laziest man and most influential citizen in Booneville. He was a tall, withered-looking person, with an unbecoming military mustache and a nose that proclaimed his lineage. It was immense, like a noble monument to many honorable ancestors. The rest of his face seemed to draw back from it, as if unworthy of a too intimate association. I do not know whether my mother respected him or whether she merely accepted him as women do curious dispensations of Providence. She was splendidly plebeian, made of the same furrow-dust that grows great corn. She was large and brown, wrapped in a kind of silence that seemed to last like a sort of spiritual cerement even when she talked. She believed in God as you believe in daybreak while it is yet dark, and she was as frank as a child about her prayers.

We lived in a very old house on the street that ran parallel to the river. There were rows of boxwood bordering the walk from the low veranda to the front gate, and the greater part of the house was covered with ivy. All the houses in Booneville, indeed, were old and ugly and covered with honeysuckle or madeira, or some other running fig-leaf of Nature's modesty.

There was a church on the west side of the town that had the air of keeping a perpetual Presbyterian Sabbath; it was so austerely unpainted and weatherbeaten, so uncompromising in its steeple that pointed like a doctrinal forefinger into the Heaven of Heavens. On a hill beyond the church was a cemetery. And, as far back as I can remember, there was always to be seen some woman in this place tending her graves. This is the nature of women, that they cannot leave the dead to bury the dead. They must be forever trying to resurrect dear dust, at least into flowers. And in the late afternoon, when the apple boughs cast sweetly swinging shadows upon the red and brown roofs of the town, a flock of geese climbed out of the river and took their stately way down the streets, quacking of the time they saved Rome. At this hour, also, there issued from our house the aroma of strong coffee and frying bacon. The supper table shone white in the brown gloom of the old house. A thousand fireflies arose from the grass outside. Father came slowly up the walk between the rows of boxwood. Mother untied her kitchen apron and laid it aside as a priest does his cassock when altar service is over, and we took our accustomed places at the table. Father asked a "blessing"—his one contribution to faith in the supernatural—and we began to eat in that kind of silence persons acquire who know each other so well that they have no more to say.

These were my parents, this the place in which I lived and acquired my being. It was as though I had been born in an ode or in an old book of ballads. There is nothing in such an atmosphere to warn men and women against marriage. The unhappiness of wives wears such a sweet look of domestic placidity that no one suspects it, least of all the wife. I am sure Mother never knew that she was not happily married. She had reduced her sorrows to a formula of prayers, and enjoyed them in a pious way. Father, like many other men in Booneville, was that very emblem of contentment, a satisfied failure. People did not think about their marital relations; they accepted them. So there were no divorces.

As for me, I read life by the blossom, by the blue of the sky, by a sweet anticipation that coincided more nearly with the spring-song prophecies of birds than it did with the resignation of Mother's face. At the age of eighteen I was that simplest of simple creatures, a village belle without a beau. I was what was called "overgrown"—that is to say, I was tall, and I had a figure of an integrity so Grecian that I was never able to draw my waistline into a fashionable smallness. Nature had made me for the plow of destiny, for the deep furrows of life. The fate of a small, nervous, fascinating woman would have become me as little as her bonnet. But no one warned me. My face was plain, being too large and expressionless for beauty, although I had a fair skin and regular features. And in this connection I will confess a curious hallucination that has bewitched me—I have always felt beautiful. Even now, when I am past fifty years of age, with no vestige of the fairness of youth left, the sensation of beauty is so grave, so inwardly convincing, that to look suddenly into a mirror and behold the patient, passionless homeliness of middle age invariably confounds me. Somewhere far within it does not resemble me—what I really am. I have a young image there of such loveliness that it is a mystery to me how the heavy crown of buff-brown hair I once had ever darkened and then turned gray. The flesh and bones of me tell lies in wrinkles and rheumatism.

At eighteen, I say, I had such an appearance as I have described, and an expectation of happiness based upon the evidences of things about me. So I went acourting—discreetly, of course, as all women go. I arranged my hair into a golden proclamation of this fact. Not every proclamation is written in words that attract the most attention. I wore white muslins that were flags of surrender to love, finished with little lace ruffles as aimless-looking as a coquet's deceits. And every afternoon about the time Mother sat down behind the vines on our veranda, with the darning-basket before her, I went forth to conquer and to be conquered. Nothing could have been more innocent or effective.

There was a square in the center of the town, a square of blazing sunlight scalloped by the irregular shadows of the "business" houses of Booneville, with a pump and a puddle in the middle of it. If the day was warm the puddle was occupied by Colonel Middlebrook's sow—I mention the sow not because she will figure again in this narrative but to indicate the tolerance and democracy of the community.

On the east side of this square stood the courthouse, with numerous split-bottom chairs congregated in skeleton groups upon the long porch that reached to the sidewalk. In the afternoon these chairs were occupied by county officials, by that class of "leading citizens" who "controlled" the county politically, and by "promising young men." Colonel Middlebrook, the Boone County representative, was the bellwether of this company. He was a large man, with a long chin beard, a flat, thin upper lip, a bald head, a balloting eye and a short bull-terrier nose.

"From the First Day I Missed You, a Woman I Had Never Seen"

He was always to be seen hatless, coatless, with perspiration spots on his shirt, waving a palmetto fan, and engaged in explaining to his comrades how to save the state from the Republicans in the next election.

There was a long line of horse-racks on the north side of the square to which were hitched some of the best-known horses and mules in Boone County. The stores, where general merchandise was sold, occupied the south side. But across the square, opposite the courthouse, in the full glare of the afternoon sun stood the post-office, the office of the Booneville Banner, and Father's drug store. Beneath the awning of each sat the other leading citizens of Booneville, those who represented the reform element and who stood for law and order, and for all those ideals that distinguish the minority everywhere and at the same time render it so impotent.

You will understand why it has been so necessary to detain you with a description of this man-burdened square in Booneville when I explain that it was also the trading-post of love. In the afternoon every young girl in Booneville made the circuit of the square upon one pretext or another. And I cannot forget even yet the trepidation, the agonized modesty with which I accomplished this pretty pilgrimage—or the furious disappointment I experienced if something prevented my making it. To pass the stores was an easy matter. One could be interested in the show windows, where there was a display of prints and laces, artificial flowers and fashionable ladies' shoes. But the exquisitely feminine suffering with which I advanced from that corner to the next, past the long courthouse veranda, can only be understood by a woman whose nature has driven her forth to similar experiences. Under no circumstances could I have lifted my eyes; at the same time I was conscious of the gaze of every man upon the veranda, a gaze so distressing and offensive that I was ready to sink with mortification. My delicacy was outraged, my eyes suffused with tears. Yet the following afternoon, or at least the next after that, I might be seen again undergoing the same torture, cheeks reddened to angry scarlet at some compliment overheard from the row of men tilted back in every attitude of insufferable complacency; or at a low whistle from Clancy Drew, a briefless young attorney in the company. Nothing can be more humorous or more pathetic than this maiden-peddling of love. Sophisticated women never succeed at it so well. No matter how chaste they are, they are not sufficiently virginal in their minds. Some beam in the eye betrays them, however demurely they go.

So far you have seen how simple this narrative is, and how much has been omitted for the sake of brevity. I have recorded rather than dramatized, regarding this part merely as the preface to the real story, which has to do, as the title implies, with my second marriage and my second husband. You have missed, for example, the lazy gossip, the human clatter of the town, the sound of droning cartwheels and heavy wagons loaded with corn, the tall wains of hay drawn slowly along the streets. You do not see, as I can in memory, through the open windows in Booneville, the faces of mothers bending above little white-hooded cradles at evening. You do not hear, as I can hear, the churn-dasher dashing and the fresh voice of some young girl singing, "Come, butter! Come!" I have given no intimation of the schism in the church. You have not been informed that my Uncle Sam Langston and his wife, Aunt Betty, also lived in the town, although the time came when they meddled sadly with my happiness. I have failed to bring out the fact that Father was, when away from home, the most talkative man in the world, so that to this day the vocative strain of his fancy flows through the history of Booneville like the epic of a dry-land Télémaque; and that there was a feud between him and Dr. David Marks, arising from some dispute about the character of a certain bitters which Father sold; a harmless, grandiloquent feud, conducted in Father's great manner to the disgust of the good old doctor, who was as peaceful as a cow. I ought to have begun with the feud, but all these circumstances will appear in their proper order.

The important thing to note now is that I am born, I am christened "Eve" after my grandmother. I have neglected to say that I have the oldest woman-name in the world. I grow up and am about to be married. The bridegroom is not yet in sight, to be sure; but when a young girl begins to traipse the streets you may be sure some young man will come to the rescue of her modesty—not that that is what he means by coming, but it is what it means to the poor girl.

Now, when a woman has been married twice the scenes of her first marriage and the character of her first husband become the memorial background upon which the experiences of the second marriage are cast. For this reason I must detain you a little longer in regard to this first wedding and this first husband. The record is not interesting, but it is important.

"Your Name is Eve, Mine is Adam. Call Me Adam!"

The promenade that I so often took around the square, and that I have attempted to describe, invariably ended at Father's drug store. It was here that I met Mr. John Knox Bailey. He not only belonged to the reform party but he was the editor of the Booneville Banner, which he conducted in the interests of that party.

This is not the time to touch upon the corruptions of Booneville and of Boone County. They were sufficiently numerous and scandalous. But my purpose is to introduce Mr. Bailey, to whom I was married three months from the day I met him in Father's drug store. You observe that I write it "Mr. Bailey" still. Now, when a woman continues to refer to her husband as "Mister" nearly thirty years after his death it is a tribute to character, to say the least of it. And I would as soon call the Sphinx by its maiden name as to refer, even yet, to Mr. Bailey as "John." He was that kind of man, young, but with a long white beard hanging from the chin of his dignity. He was of medium height, and he had a countenance that never changed. It was a sort of covenant, surmounted by a shock of stiff black hair, composed of a rigid jaw, straight, heavy black brows, cold gray eyes, deeply set, and a Sabbath-day mouth. His nose was a kind of Ben Gaw elevation that completed the austerity of his expression. Add to this the fact that he had a mournful yellow-streaked mind, of the kind peculiar to reformers, and you have an accurate impression of him.

If the drawing seems severe and unbecoming the wife of his bosom I can only say that, when a man that was your husband has been dead a quarter of a century, you are not one dust with him. You have that peculiar mortal advantage of having survived him, and of being able to look back and see him as he was—which a wife never does so long as her husband is living, unless she is preparing to get a divorce. The eyes of a proper wife are always sweetly holden.

At the time he asked me to marry him I accepted him as I would doubtless have accepted any other. A maid does not know how to choose a husband. She only knows she wants a lover. But a widow not only knows what kind of man she is willing to marry, she knows from experience the kind she will not marry. No woman in her right marital senses would have deliberately chosen one like Mr. Bailey. There is something revolting in masculine pluperfectness to women, once they discover it in a man. The point is, he chose me. It is the way more men than you might think get their wives. If women had the propriety of choice few of them would take for husbands the men they actually do marry.

So then, Mr. Bailey was my first husband. And if he had been my only husband, these scriptures of matrimony would never have been written. We lived three doors from Father and Mother until my husband's death from pneumonia two years later, and from the day of our wedding I had the feeling of having entered upon the everlasting study of something as tedious as a Latin grammar. There is nothing stagy about a man who is just good, once he becomes your husband. The dreadful thing is that nothing ever happens, except that he comes home for his meals and to sleep. He does not talk to you, because you are a woman. Even when he does what would be startling in another it becomes in him commonplace or ludicrous. Mr. Bailey used so much violent language in the Banner, for example, that some of the fiercest words known to man lost their expression, so to speak, and looked at you faintly out of the faded ink. At one time or another he called every man in the courthouse gang a "liar," but he would not come to blows when challenged by the victim. He merely wrote another editorial reasserting the said victim's mendacity in still more violent language. His powers of resentment were journalistic, not manly.

We lived together in a terrible kind of peace. Every day I felt the lack of Eve's apple. I would have given him anything that might have awakened the honest earth within him. The time came when I wished he would get drunk or do something equally startling and human—anything to break the monotony of life. The routine of merely keeping house and kissing him goodby taxed something in me that had never been taxed. It was not love; it was patience. If only he had stayed out until one o'clock some night, without being able to account for his absence, I believe I could have loved him. My experience is that a wife must entertain, at least now and then, some anxiety for her husband, either his life, his fortunes or his morals, in order to develop the whole sweetened character of love. But I never felt the slightest uneasiness concerning Mr. Bailey. He would not fight, he had no real ambition, his enthusiasms were vicious, and his morals would have done credit to Elijah. There are such things as respecting a man whom you despise and loving one whom you cannot respect, and wives are the only people in this world who know it.

Less than a week after the funeral I received a letter from a person who signed his name "Adam West," offering to purchase all the property connected with the Booneville Banner "for fourteen hundred dollars cash." He would also take my home "at a reasonable figure," in case I should not wish to live alone during my widowhood.

This letter was dated from a newspaper office in Memphis. The phrasing and chirography suggested a man of character rather than of distinction. But of what kind of character the turned-up noses of his vowels and the slashing of his "t's" did not indicate. However, all this was nothing to me. I immediately accepted his offer, both for the Banner property which Mr. Bailey owned at the time of his death and for the house in which we had lived, including the furniture.

I had already gone back home to Father and Mother, and I can never forget the sensation I had in taking up the round of daughter duties in the house that I had suddenly laid down two years before. They had not changed. There were the same feather-beds to be made, the same old clock to wind, the same yeast to set for supper bread, and Mother wore the same garment of silence. My passionate weeping upon my return, with my head upon her knees, had not broken it. It was as though she knew better than my tears the meaning of life. She merely sat stroking my hair with her strong, peaceful hands. And Father was no more changed than Mother. Instead of saying, "Thank you for the butter!" he had the same way at the table of leaning over and staring with hypnotic intentness at the butter-dish, as if he expected it to move across the cloth to him. He showed the same bustling habit in getting off after breakfast, as if he expected a busy day at the store. Even the cat had her usual litter of kittens in the basket behind the kitchen stove.

Nothing had changed but myself. I wore a black dress, and in the pale simplicity of my face imaginary grief—which may be, without our suspecting it, the subtlest satisfaction in the world!—was beginning to draw an expression. The lineaments of prayer appeared dimly mirrored in my own lineaments—when your heart is buried in somebody else's grave prayer is the only proper language left you. And I imagined that my heart was buried in the tomb of my husband. It is what every woman imagines, no matter what kind of person the husband may have been. Women are often capable of being more faithful to the dead than they could bear to be to the living. You never see upon a widow's countenance that look of relief and timid animation, like signs of early spring upon the poor brown sedge-ground of an old field, that may so often be observed above the beard of a widower's face.

This difference between the bereaved husband and the bereaved wife is accounted for by the fact that the sense of decency in women, to say nothing of their natural proprietary interest in sorrow, is stronger than their love of liberty. But if you tax him far enough you will find that even a bridegroom's love of liberty is the strongest affection he is capable of.

As a matter of fact, no one can be faithful to the dead, because the dead no longer exist. They are not. At best, one is faithful only to a memory, to thoughts you think yourself.

But women, particularly widows, are not analytic. So every day I put the long black veil over my mourning bonnet, took my way sadly through the streets of Booneville, out upon the road that led to the cemetery on the hill beyond the church. Mr. Bailey's remains had been buried at the foot of an arbor-vitæ in our family lot, where there was an iron seat upon which I rested. Undoubtedly it was the most reserved, desolate-looking grave at first. You will have observed that about new graves. It is not till the grass grows and the flowers bloom above that one feels a little as if one had established communion with the dear dust below. Doubtless this accounts for the passion women have for cemetery horticulture. Anyhow, as soon as the spring advanced sufficiently—Mr. Bailey had died in February—I began to plant bulbs and seeds about him. In a few weeks I was suffering the keenest anxiety upon their account—whether the frost would nip them or the rains be too cold. My affections and interest were being gently raised from the dust of Mr. Bailey below to the growing, living things above. I began to take a sad, weeping-willow joy in the heartiness of the white hyacinths, narcissuses and pale trumpet lilies, standing in coffin-shaped rows, like little white and green prophets of life everlasting. Many a dead man has been cheated thus by his widow and the world is none the worse for it. The fact is, my health and spirits improved as my little mourning garden throve in the summer weather. Without being aware of it, I experienced all the pleasant relaxation of a person taking a vacation after a long strain. At the same time, all unconsciously, I acquired the reputation in Booneville of being wonderfully faithful to my husband. I was invested with a certain romantic interest by the women and treated with awed respect by such men as I met in the seclusion of my widowhood.

But love is the burier of the dead and the evergreen that grows above.

II

LATE one afternoon in October I was returning along the road from my daily visit to the cemetery. The sun, which had been obscured all day, dropped below the clouds and hung red above the horizon. At the same moment the town arose in the distance, as though it had not been there before, with all its gables glorified. This glow fell upon the earth far and wide, to where the shadows deepened between the brown breasts of the hills beyond the town. I was experiencing that leisured, sad pensiveness that married women never have because it is a premonition of romantic love. Not love, you understand, but the sweet, fallow prayer-ground where love springs so easily into life. I lifted my veil and sighed, not for Mr. Bailey, but for nothing at all. It is the mood a woman is in when she is willing to throw kisses at her guardian angel—very high, but not pious. Suddenly I perceived what I had not observed through the gloom of my veil—the figure of a man approaching along the road; a man who, even at that distance, gave the impression of being out of keeping with the phantasmagoria of light that was falling upon him, as though one had seen a fool in Heaven.

He was tall, with broad shoulders, and he wore a white felt hat set so lightly and sideways upon his head that it seemed to caper. He walked with a roystering gait; not drunken, but natural, as though he had been born with a slim devil in each leg. I lowered my veil instinctively, as one might seek the nearest shelter in sight of danger. As a matter of fact I had, with the suddenness of a shock, the same sensation I suffered before marriage when I passed the lounging crowd of men on the courthouse veranda. I had the deeper emotion of sustaining some relation to this man who was approaching. All of life is the past—what we call "the future" is only that part of the past which we have not yet recalled. The stranger had drawn so near at that moment that I felt this ancient "future" look me in the face. For the briefest instant our eyes met. His were large, dark and humorous, almost smiling. The rest of his face was grave, too grave to be in earnest. I flushed, having the feeling somehow that I had been laughed at. The reason why did not that day enter my thoughts.

Here is the trouble about a story—the impossibility of making it true to life. While you are telling some of the things that happened, the other things that also happened at the same time, and that belong to it, must wait. Thus, if you had lived in Booneville, you would have known that while I was taken up with my widowhood and my daily visits to the cemetery, Adam West, the new editor of the Banner, was turning the town and county topsyturvy.

The very week of Mr. Bailey's funeral the Banner appeared as usual, but not as usual. If Satan had switched his tail over every page of it the effect would not have been more startling. The leading editorial was in the nature of a salutatory as well as an obituary. The editor praised the virtues of his "esteemed predecessor" with the air of a man who makes a list of the sort of qualifications he does not want himself. All the advertisements had been freshened up with phrases that winked at you and type that jollied you. The "local items" contained news that was almost mischief in its wit about some member of nearly every family in Booneville. It was as though Puck had kissed them on the back of the neck in public. But most sensational of all was the editorial in the column that Mr. Bailey had devoted to denunciations of Boone County politics and officials and to attacks upon the "courthouse gang." This was a flowery wreath of words to the effect that every citizen should feel bound in all conscience to vote for the best man, marry the fairest woman, and never to forget the "Lost Cause!" Never was there such shrewd bombast nor such enthusiastic reception of bombast.

The paper appeared on Saturday afternoon. An hour later the courthouse gang was seen to issue in a solid body from the door of that building, rush across the square waving the Banner and giving the rebel yell. They were met by the reformers from the headquarters of the minority, the drug store and the Banner office, also giving the rebel yell. This was unprecedented. For years these two branches of citizens had kept the whole width of the square between them. And there had been no trespassing, no mixing, not even in the church, where the same party lines were observed on each side of the central aisle. But now these lines had been wiped out by the stroke of a pen. All was amnesty and pleasant confusion in the square. The new editor had discovered the only emotion common to every man in the county, and he based the policy of his paper upon it. In the years that followed he never changed it. He was elected to the legislature, to Congress, and finally to the governorship of Tennessee, apparently on account of his devotion to the "Lost Cause." He never made a speech, whether political or Sabbatical, he never offered a toast or delivered an address of welcome, or sent a message to the legislature, that he did not rainbow it somewhere with an apostrophe about the "heroes in gray." This is the peculiarity of the South. It is not governed by issues but by sentiment. At the time of which I write there was not a man in Boone County who could have told whether Adam West was a Democrat or a Republican, a gang politician or a reformer. Once or twice Colonel Middlebrook, observing the new editor's popularity with growing alarm on his own account, called attention to this circumstance, but his criticism was received coldly. Mr. West always conducted himself with an eloquence and a charm that could have been either Republican or Democratic, and each adherent believed him to be of the party to which he himself belonged. It was in the days before the close communion of primaries and judiciaries.

I knew the man I had met on the road was Adam West. I had frequently seen the back of his head in church, and sometimes he passed our house in the mornings on his way to the office. I had heard much of him, and thought of him, if I thought at all, with widowed indifference.

The next afternoon as I was returning from the cemetery I met him again, almost at the gate as I came out. I saw him lift his coat and put his hand upon something in the inside pocket, and then think better of it. Immediately after he lifted his hat and swung past, with the same wind of laughter in his eyes. I wondered what the man meant, and blushed. I thought of Mr. Bailey's grave as a refuge. Instantly I was overcome with the fear lest he should meet me there next time. I said nothing at home of these adventures. Indeed, they were not adventures except as my heart exaggerated them. I had simply met a person on the road two days in succession who bowed courteously in passing. Yet his face was constantly before me—the dark hair, the brows almost femininely arched above the brilliant black eyes, and the lips, turned and modulated until they sat in his face like an eloquence ready for speech; above all, the firm chin, the severer because of the pallor of his skin. I learned later from this chin that a firm one does not indicate that a man is strong morally; it only means that he is strong willfully.

The following day I determined to remain at home. It had become a sort of impropriety to visit my husband's grave. Nevertheless I went, knowing that I should be indignant if Adam West again usurped the road and that I should be deeply disappointed if he did not.

Words cannot describe my emotions when, upon reaching the gate of the cemetery, which opened almost immediately upon our lot, I beheld him standing under the arbor-vitæ regarding Mr. Bailey's last resting place with the rooster-look of a wrestler who has cast his antagonist in the dust. The audacity, the sacrilege of it, appalled me. I turned and fled, hoping that I had not been observed. The next moment, however, I heard steps behind me and a voice beside me.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Bailey. This is Adam West."

I bowed coldly, recovering my self-possession the moment we arrived in the region of conversation.

"We know each other in a business way and I venture to present myself without a further introduction."

I maintained the proper air of frigidity and felt it. The man was becoming a commonplace fellow who accosted defenseless women upon the highway.

"I have something that belongs to you. I felt that I ought to restore it to you personally, since you had inadvertently left it in my care."

(Continued on Page 57)

It Was Here That I Met Mr. John Knox Bailey

THE CRADLE-SNATCHER

By Gouverneur Morris

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFFÉ

THE first column, front page, of the evening edition of the Augusta Chronicle had the Associated Press account of the accident; and, as member after member of the Aiken Club dropped in for a rubber of bridge whist or an appetizer, the group discussing the event grew to the proportions of a small mob. First, each newcomer was told what had happened, and then he was given the newspaper and his expression and comments noted while he skimmed through the article. And each time the front door of the club opened the gentlemen lowered their voices and looked guilty until they were sure it was not Jimmie Shannon who had just come.

To This Day He Cannot Tell Any One What She Looked Like at That Moment

Meekin was authority for the approximate number of millions set free by the accident from the incubus of the old eccentric who had gathered them.

"Last year," said Meekin, "the income from his Standard Oil holdings alone was one million eight hundred thousand. I know that for a fact. And his Tobacco must amount to as much more. It's one of the big fortunes."

Goddard laughed nervously. "It's rather exciting having the thing come so close to us. Of course we knew that good old Jimmie would be well fixed some day; but his grandfather was comparatively young for a grandfather and nobody ever expected him to die."

"We're not sure," said Carroll, "how Jimmie stood with his grandfather. The old man was a very particular pillar of his church, and nowadays, as everybody knows, the average pillar of the average church is hollow."

"A sort of pillar-sham," said Garrison weakly.

"And you see," said Carroll, "there may be posthumous wives and children, and all that sort of thing."

"Sure!" said Goddard. "I was going up to Scotland to a moor my brother had hired and old man Shannon's car was hitched to the same train. . . . Well, he wasn't traveling alone."

"Good-looker?" asked Meekin.

"You bet!" said Goddard. "Regular English type. Five foot 'leven, red hair, peaches-and-cream skin, wonderful white teeth, bored expression, string of pearls, snarling lap-dog weighing about half a pound. Old Shannon had a carnation in his buttonhole and a fancy waistcoat, and he was laughing and cracking jokes, and making the lap-dog snap at him. . . . I only wish the elders of his church could have seen him."

"They'd have done what Mark Twain did," said Garrison. He held his hands before his face—and looked through the fingers.

"I wonder," said Goddard, "how soon Jimmie will know just how well fixed he's going to be. He'll get a big slice anyway—sure; and maybe the whole kettleful. I could use some of it."

"You will, Goddard," said Meekin. "Don't worry. Jimmie'll be for doing pleasant things with his money, and he'll be wanting all his old friends to have a good time."

Goddard shook his head.

"First thing we know, Jimmie'll marry. And she'll do the entertaining."

"Jimmie's not the marrying kind," said Gray, who had just arrived. "He's the bachelor type. He isn't quite thirty, but he's formed habits: so many cigarettes and no more; so many drinks and no more; so much losses at cards and no more; winds his watch every afternoon of his life while his bath is drawing. And, worst of all, he can't talk to one woman; two put him at ease, and for half a dozen he can be quite showy and brilliant. And then he's really fond of little children, and it's a curious fact that men who like children seldom become fathers."

"I've noticed that," said Garrison dismally. And everybody laughed, because Garrison was the father of seven and had been but ten years married, and was by no means rich.

"Cheer up, Garri," said Meekin. "Maybe Jim will adopt children and take some of yours off your hands."

The talk came to a sudden end and the group broke up; some made for the card room, others ordered things to drink, others snatched for picture papers and settled themselves into deep chairs.

The Augusta Chronicle had been left on the big central table, and Jim Shannon, who had just entered, went straight to it and picked it up. The bold type of the headlines had caught his eye half the length of the room away.

Papers rustled and eyes stole furtive glances at Shannon. His expression did not change. He read the article through from beginning to end. Then he looked at his watch. Then he caught Meekin's eye and smiled.

"Have you seen this?" he asked, tapping the Augusta Chronicle with two fingers.

"Er—seen—what?" faltered Meekin, with a fatuous expression.

"Why," said Shannon, and now his face reddened a little with excitement, "my grandfather has been killed in an automobile accident—on—on the Corniche."

Meekin rose and came forward.

"Dead?" he said.

Shannon nodded.

"Absolutely," said he; "skull fractured and back broken. Poor old fellow!"

Meekin cleared his throat.

"The pathetic part," said Shannon, "is that there isn't a soul to cable or telegraph to and say that I'm sorry. He wouldn't be friends with anybody."

"How old a man was he?" asked Meekin.

"Seventy-two or three," said Shannon; "and I'd always counted on at least eighty-odd for him."

"Jim," said Meekin, "it sounds a little awkward, but aren't you really to be congratulated?"

"Oh," said Shannon, "I do hope so; as long as it had to happen, I do hope it's going to be good for me. I've always been so beastly poor. It's no fun, I can tell you, being poor. . . . They wouldn't dare print this if it wasn't true, would they?"

Meekin shook his head.

"Shouldn't think so," said he. "Have a drink?"

"Thanks, I will. I feel a little shaken. . . . I can't help thinking of the possibilities, and—brrr!"

"He had it in bales," Meekin remarked pleasantly.

"Too much," said Shannon. "Much too much. You know I don't ask for it all."

"Well, I hope you get it all," said Meekin. "What's your poison?"

"What's the time? Six-forty-five. I'll take a pink 'un."

"Two pink 'uns," said Meekin.

When the drinks were brought Meekin said quietly:

"Here's how, Jimmie. May your tribe increase!"

"I shall never marry," said Shannon; "and so what you propose is scandalous. To *you!*"

II

WHEN a man, going on thirty, feels sure that he will never marry, it means one of two things: either he has loved too much or he has never loved at all. Jimmie Shannon was in the second category. Several girls had attracted him for a season or so, but never to such an extent as to interfere with his general good health and happiness. And it had always seemed to him that the best examples of happy marriages among his friends left something to be desired. He believed theoretically in trial marriage, but such practical experiments along these lines as were brought to his attention shocked him.

Jimmie had worked in an office for five years; then his mother died and left him master of a few thousands a year, and he promptly severed connections with work—income-producing work—and prepared to amuse himself in a quiet and gentlemanly way for the rest of his life. He was fond of shooting and cards, of reading and flowers, of golf and horses. He was very clean-minded, as men go, and something of an innocent. Privately he attributed this to good taste rather than to any particular strength of moral fiber.

"I could be as bad as the worst," he once said, "if badness wasn't so very ugly."

At the back of his head somewhere was the fixed notion that some day, through his grandfather, he would fall heir to great riches; and it had amused him, while waiting, to live strictly within the little that he had instead of compromising the future. He was an excellent manager and, without meanness, made one dollar do the work of two. Then out of a clear sky the grandfather was killed and there came presently to Shannon an abstract of the old gentleman's will—drawn fifteen years earlier—and at about the same time some reporter for a New York paper wormed a look at the eccentric document and the curious predicament in which Jimmie Shannon found himself became public property. Everybody wondered what he would do, and, most of all, *he* wondered.

Briefly the will was to this effect: The whole of the grandfather's property—practically the whole—was to become Jimmie's, but not until Jimmie had passed his thirtieth birthday; and if by that time Jimmie had not had the good sense to marry and settle down, then the property was to go to Yale, Harvard, the Presbyterian Hospital, and divers institutions and charities.

"For Heaven's sake, Jimmie," said Meekin, "what are you going to do?"

"Well," said Jimmie in a stonily calm voice, "I shall be thirty years old next month. That gives me not so many weeks in which to comply with the terms of the will. What can I do? Nothing. I've just got to go on and live my life as if this precious fortune had never concerned me in any way."

"Surely," said Meekin, "the courts will do something for you."

"Not unless I ask them to."

"And you won't?"

"Of course not. How would you like to die feeling that your will would be set aside by anybody that didn't happen to like it? I've been brought up to believe that a will is a will."

"Is your bringing up worth seventy or eighty millions to you?"

"Of course," said Jimmie, "it hasn't been such a much of a bringing up; but it's my own and nobody can take it away from me except myself."

"Jimmie," said Meekin, "is marriage—well advised if hasty—out of the question?"

"There," said Jimmie; "you interest me; but unfortunately I don't love anybody; and though that extract that got into the papers has brought me love letters from all over the place, I seem to perceive a lack of sincerity in them." He burst out laughing. "Meek," said he, "I've something like a hundred photographs in my room at this minute of girls who say they are willing to marry me." His eyes shone merrily. "Some of them are pretty. I might take a chance. Yes?"

"What sort of letters do they write?" asked Meekin.

"Warm, mostly," said Jimmie. "Mostly they've seen me somewhere in the summer of such and such a year, and haven't been able to sleep a wink since. And again some of them write reproving letters. Some are girls in boarding schools."

"Any locals in the batch?" asked Meekin.

He Read the Article Through From Beginning to End

"The ladies of Aiken," said Shannon, "seem to know me too well. There are no local applications. The nearest is from Augusta—a charming young widow. That is how she describes herself."

He pulled her letter from his pocket.

"It's my favorite so far," he said, and proceeded to read an extract in which the charming young widow described herself as ardent, affectionate and well fitted by birth, nature and education to adorn the highest circles in the land. "Circles," he commented, "is spelled with a 'u.'"

Jimmie invited Meekin to his room, and there regaled him for an hour with the letters and photographs of the various candidates. When the two friends had laughed, and said as many cynical things as seemed good to them, they fell into a serious vein of conversation. Meekin began it.

"Jimmie," he said, "for Heaven's sake don't let this business slip by you if you can possibly meet the required terms. Now just listen. I'm not Satan trying to tempt—give me credit for that; but isn't there some girl you know that you feel as if you could make a continental sort of marriage with and get along happily with? Only listen. I don't advise a bud in the rosebud garden of girls. They've got to have their chances at genuine romance if there is such a thing; but think up some older girl—sensible, good-natured, good-looking—and take your proposition to her—yes, in cold blood—and ask her how it looks to her. Tell her that we are a business-loving nation and that this is a business proposition. Make her end of the bargain look good to her. There are lots of fine girls who wanted to marry and didn't, and who'd rather have a quiet, good-tempered husband who didn't love them, and whom they didn't love, than no husband at all. I tell you you have no right to sit still and let this money fall into the pockets of Johnny Harvard and Elihu Yale. . . . And I tell you no matter where a marriage begins it always ends up in a sort of cold-blooded arrangement. Why not begin the thing where it ends? Instead of romance, yachts; instead of heartbeats, mansions; instead of passion, the infinite possibilities of doing good on a big scale, of helping others, of being a great figure in the world."

"If you had a sister," said Jimmie, "of the uncertain age and allure of your example, would you advise her to accept me?"

"I'd beat the life out of her if she wouldn't," said Meekin grandly.

"Yes, you would!" Jimmie answered his friend.

"Never mind that," said Meekin. "You've got several weeks to make good in, and if you don't I for one pass you up as a silly, weak-minded fool. The trouble is you're plain scared to make the proposition. But she can't do anything worse than say 'No'; and then you can try somebody else."

"Meek," said Jimmie, "there isn't a girl in America, a respectable girl of good family, who would take me up on this proposition, and you know it. You ought to rejoice in it. The one thing we Americans have got to recommend us is the disinterestedness of our women."

"Will you put it to the proof?" shouted Meekin. "Will you put it to the proof?"

Jimmie caught Meekin by the shoulders and shook him.

"Shut up, you ass!" he said. "I don't think I shall put it to the proof. I hope I sha'n't. But if you can keep a secret, Meek, I'll tell you one—I don't know, I don't know, I don't know."

III

SEVERAL days passed. This is not a casual statement but an expression of speed. Oldfield in his torpedo-shaped car making speed in the lap of the Lord; the youngest aviator in the newest aeroplane—these are but tortoises in the sight of time. How a given date gallops down upon the unprepared!—the day in June upon the sad bride who is not marrying for love; the first of any month upon almost any man of family.

There hadn't been many days of grace wherein Jimmie Shannon might comply with the terms of his grandfather's will. Several of these days had passed. And those that remained were stampeding toward him like a herd of wild horses.

At first he had felt apathetic. He was in reality half stunned, and only half conscious of what he wanted or of what he didn't want. Suddenly he came to; saw the furiously swift approach of his birthday, and that full cup of wine, which his grandfather had left untasted, about to be snatched from him.

You may call it, if you like, a weakening of the moral fibers. Perhaps the photographs and proposals that he received by every mail brought him a contempt for the human race as a whole. Certainly his friends were all urging him to a sudden, loveless marriage. He tried to put himself in sympathy with continental customs, and to some extent succeeded. "All for love, or the world well lost," was a line that had always pleased his ear.

Now it seemed that the world was to be as well lost, with love by nothing the better for it. "Why," he asked himself, "should I be a martyr to something that I have never experienced?" He felt as a pagan may have felt who, through some error in persecution, had been mistaken for an early Christian and tossed to the lions. It's sure that the pagan died for Christianity, a belief of which he had probably never even heard. It looked as if Jimmie was to lose a great fortune for love's sake—a passion with which, at the very strongest, he had but a nodding acquaintance.

Placed in Jimmie's fix, nine men out of ten would at the very least think of marrying. Picture yourself single, miserably poor, and eighty millions dangled under your nose, to be all yours on the paltry condition that you marry. If you had a year you would probably manage; and of course a man of aplomb and *savoir-faire* could do a great deal in half a day.

It was not until Jimmie's limit was reduced to ten days that he actually made up his mind to marry—if the thing could be managed; but, of course, at certain obviously

"She Can't Do Anything Worse Than Say 'No'; and Then You Can Try Somebody Else"

easy arrangements he drew the line. His marriage might have to be cold-blooded and of convenience; but there must be nothing degraded or disgraceful about it. The girl must belong to his own class; she must have dignity and good sense; she must be of an age to know her own mind in the matter.

Well, it happened that winter that three girls answering to this general description were to be found at Aiken. They were well bred, well groomed, not so rich as to be beyond the influence of money, and were what are sometimes termed good sports. Miss Windsor, in particular, was a very fine bridge player. Miss Merriam's forte was golf; Miss Carlisle's, horses. All three were sensible and matter-of-fact. If they had been romantic they must have married long since, for they had a great excellence of looks, fine skins, fine teeth and long, strong limbs. Failing in romance they were moving cheerfully and none too briskly along the well-ordered path that leads to old-maidism. The delicate question "Which?" was answered by the dimple in Miss Carlisle's chin. It had for Jimmie a genuine charm. It affected him to this extent: if he must marry, then by all means let his wife have a dimple in her chin.

He dispatched a note asking if she would ride with him that afternoon at five. The answer was: "With pleasure."

Since the death of his grandfather Jimmie had only seen her once to talk with her. He had on that occasion very much enjoyed the frankness with which she had broached the subject of his predicament. They had laughed about it with genuine amusement—and the dimple had sparkled, you may say.

Though he was not late by a second, she was already in the saddle, waiting for him. They walked their ponies up the Whisky Road toward the Golf Club, and Jimmie, a little warm with shame but on the whole clear, easy and collected, began at once his first proposition of marriage.

"Lilly," he said, "I've picked you out from all my friends to be the recipient of a doubtful compliment. Will you hear me to the end of it, and let me do what I can with the pros and cons of it, and then tell me faithfully and as kindly as you can what you think of it?"

She bowed her graceful head. The dimple darkened in her chin. Maybe she didn't know what was coming.

"Jimmie," said she, "as the king said: 'Begin at the beginning, go on to the end, and then stop.'"

IV

"BY THE terms of my grandfather's will," Jimmie began, paused, and made another beginning. "Hang it all, Lilly!" he said; "if I'm not married before I'm thirty I'll be out seventy or eighty millions, more or less. That's not the worst of it. I can stand it. It doesn't matter about me. I myself can do very well on very little. The tragedy of it is that some charming girl stands to lose her share of all this money through the lamentable fact of her not being married to me. When I first learned about the will I regarded the conditional clause as a thing I couldn't possibly comply with; but, you see, I'm naturally selfish. I was only thinking of myself. Then I began to think: 'Stop a little; this does not concern you alone. There's an unknown, a charming unknown, concerned in it.' For lack of an ardent nature, or because of a cold disposition, if you like it better, I am casually disposing of an enormous sum of money in which I have only a half interest. Here are forty millions of dollars belonging to Susan, or to Polly, or to Meg; and I, applauding what I thought to be my own disinterestedness, was for taking them away from her and presenting them to Yale and Harvard."

He paused. Miss Carlisle smiled.

"Am I still listening?" she asked. "Or is it time for comments?"

"You are still listening," said Jimmie. "That was just preamble, to show you that what follows—on the face of it a selfish proposition—is at heart the decision of a noble and generous nature." He laughed. She laughed. "My sole object in life," he went on, "is to find the girl that this money belongs to and to give it to her, together with my name and address. Do you, Lilly, by any chance, know who this girl can possibly be? Do you think that any girl who had known me fairly well for a number of years could look me and my proposition in the face? Could you, Lilly? Lilly, can you?"

Miss Carlisle bit her lower lip thoughtfully, then shook her head.

"I don't think I could possibly marry you," she said. "I'm sorry. It seems a pity; a willful waste. Never was such a chance at easy money." She sighed deeply. "But, no, Jimmie. But, no."

"Why not?" he said petulantly. "Always supposing you are not actually in love with another man, why not? As you say, it's easy money. The money's easy, and, though I say it that shouldn't, I think you'd find me an easy man."

She gave her reasons, blushing slightly.

"To stand up with a man in church isn't a marriage. To live afterward in that man's house on terms of a casual friendship would not be a marriage. Your grandfather's will calls for a marriage, not for a quibble, for a pun, for a play on words. You and I are too old to play at false modesty. To marry a man, Jimmie, I should have to love him so hard that I didn't care what happened."

"To go through a ceremony and to pretend afterward that we were a man and his wife would be cheating, wouldn't it?" He spoke with much gravity. "And you say only pretending would be possible to you. My dear girl, I respect your reasons and your punctilious sense of honor; but it's all very disappointing."

"In a year or two," said she, "I shall be what is called 'an old girl.' There isn't now one chance in a million that I shall ever have a romance; but to be loved, and to love back—oh, I wouldn't give up my one chance in a million for all the money in the world! That is my real reason."

"And that reason too," said Jimmie, "I revere and bow down to. I wish to God I loved you, Lilly, and that you loved me back."

"It would be so easy to love back, at my age," she smiled; "so pitifully easy. Shall we gallop?"

Once more they were walking their horses, and they came upon a bunch of wilted flowers that some one had dropped in the road or thrown away.

"Do you see those flowers, Jimmie?" she said. "In a few years I'll be like one of them. It's rather pitiable,

isn't it? Yet they have the better of me, for while I am to wither where I grow, they at least have been gathered. They have been worn!"

"Is it out of all reason, Lilly," he said, "to hope that love might happen to us—if—if ——"

She shook her head a little sadly.

"Lilly," he said; "lovely flower. I should gather you with awe and wonder. I should wear you with an exalted pride."

"It won't do, Jimmie," she said; "it won't do."

Half an hour later he was telephoning to Miss Windsor. Would she go driving with him after dinner? There would be a moon—not full, only slightly tipsy. The answer was: "With pleasure."

V

"BY THE terms of my grandfather's will," Jimmie began; but Miss Windsor interrupted him with a laugh.

"Don't you think, Jimmie," said she, "that the night is much too romantic for anything in the nature of a cold-blooded conversation?"

"Would you rather hold hands," said he, "and tell stories of the sad deaths of kings?—or whatever the line is?"

"Very much rather," she said. "Only I have been too well brought up to hold hands and not well enough to know anything about history."

"Hasn't money in very large quantities a romantic appeal?" he asked.

And she agreed with him, saying: "Tremendous. It has always seemed to me that the few examples we have of foregoing large sums of money for an idea, for a principle, have a strong coloring of true romance."

"To me," said Jimmie, "it's just the opposite. It's the getting a large sum that seems romantic, not the giving it up."

"That," said she—"you'll forgive my saying so—is because you've led rather a cool and heedless life. I don't believe you were ever in a difficulty until this question of inheritance appeared to fluster you. And it isn't your fault. If you'd ever been one thing or the other the will would have been one thing or the other."

"How do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean," said she, "that if you had distinguished yourself for virtue the money would have been left you outright; and if you had distinguished yourself for vice you would have been cut off in a complete and efficient way."

"And this," said Jimmie, somewhat mortified, "is your idea of a romantic conversation. To me it seems more like being rapped over the knuckles by a—a schoolmarm."

She laughed and said:

"You have guessed my age to a nicety."

"Forgive me," he said; "but am I really a nothing—nothing one way—nothing the other?"

"You are clean," she said, "and presentable. That is something."

"What should I be," he asked, "if, in order to keep this money, I married a girl I didn't love?"

"That would be being something positive," said Miss Windsor.

"So would giving it up," said he. "It looks as if I'd reached the parting of the ways; as if I couldn't help ceasing to be negative if I wanted to."

"Do you really want the money so very much?" she asked.

"I've never really wanted anything very much," he confessed; "but I have a feeling that directly I'd lost the money I might begin to want it, so that it hurt. And already the possibilities of a great income have begun to touch what I am pleased to call my imagination. Alice ——" He paused.

"Well?" said she.

"I really want the money. Will you give it to me?"

"I can't deny," she said quietly, "that, the moment you telephoned, the possibility of your asking this favor of me presented itself. So my answer isn't unconsidered. Of course I'm poor, as people go, and I'm getting on; so, even if you weren't half as good company and half as presentable as you are, I should give your proposition a hearing. Why we married—if we married—Jimmie, would be obvious to every one. We should be compared to sharpers conspiring to worst an old man. That, however, I could stand. People wouldn't say things to our faces, and our money would buy us that homage in which all rich Americans end by believing. I might object to marrying you on the ground that it's altogether too cold-blooded. But I think I could stand that. Every sound girl who doesn't marry is just so much good material gone to waste. The girls who don't marry feel this very acutely, Jimmie. I confess for the whole tribe. And I confess to a natural curiosity to know what the wine in the cup of life tastes like. Probably I never shall. Indeed the near certainty is positively humiliating. For these reasons it occurred to me, when I first took the liberty of proposing to myself on your behalf, to say 'Yes.' But reflection, Jimmie, at first full of doubt, ended finally in disappointment. I can't see my way to marrying you."

"It seems to me ——" he began, but she interrupted.

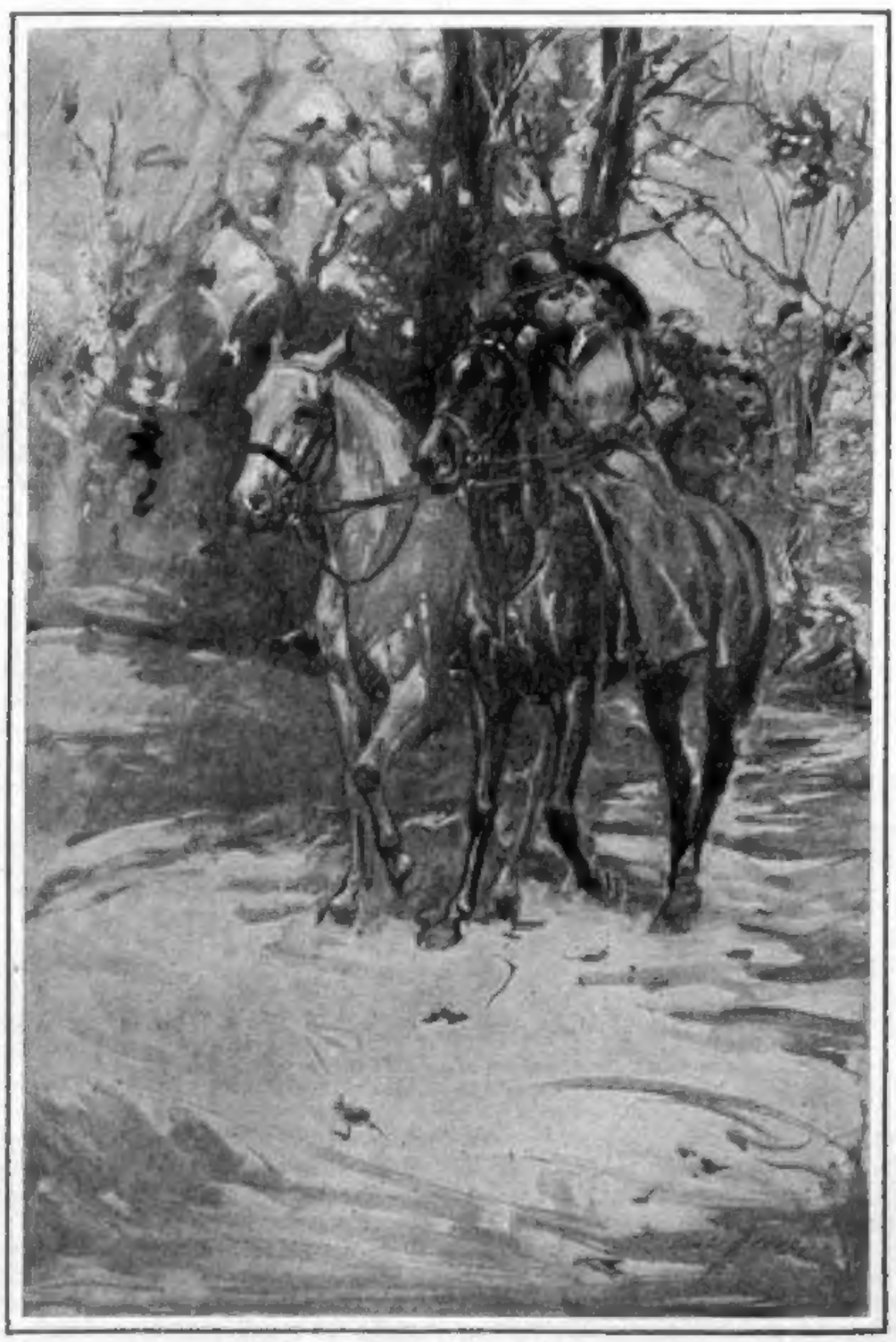
"You are too young," she said.

"We are of the same age," said he.

"Actually," she said, "but not potentially. Some time or other, Jimmie, a man is destined or doomed to fall in love. From eight years of age till fifty he is ripe for this miracle. I could bear to marry a man who didn't love me. I couldn't bear to be married to a man who had fallen in love with somebody else."

"Oh," he exclaimed, "that isn't a reason!"

"It is not," she said; "it is a nightmare. And you, Jimmie, where would you be, for all your millions, with me hanging round your neck like a millstone and you trying to swim to Hero's light on the other side of the Hellespont? You would be too honorable to throw me over; and—



Their Horses Rubbed Shoulders

and can't you see that our merry farce of the two sharpers and the old man's money would end in tragedy?"

For a while they drove on, saying nothing. Presently Miss Windsor spoke:

"You would curse the chains of gold that bound you, Jimmie. You might even go mad. Have you the slightest conception of what wanting some one means?"

"No," he said; "not the slightest."

Miss Windsor sighed.

"When you do want her, Jimmie," she said, "God help you if you don't get her!"

"You think that immense wealth would have in it no power to comfort?" he asked.

"Absolutely none," said she.

"But from love," said Jimmie, "even if it stings pretty badly at the time, people recover."

"Not from true love," said Miss Windsor. She hesitated, then confessed very frankly:

"I was once engaged to be married. We had to wait until he had earned money enough to be married on. He died. And so, realizing that life can hold nothing real in it for me, I seriously entertained your fantastic proposal of a cold-blooded conspiracy between us two. And for my own part I'm still game. But on the off chance that some day you'll want somebody as I have wanted somebody, I say 'No'—one large 'No' for each separate dollar in all your millions of dollars. And this is final."

"You are throwing me down for my sake," said Jimmie. "That's rather noble."

"Man—man!" she said; "how dull you are! How incomparably dense! Do you think I should have any consideration for a man who tried to buy me as a Turk buys a Georgian?"

"If not for my sake," said Jimmie, "nor for yours, for whose then?"

"Comatose one!" said Miss Windsor. "Why, for—Hers!"

VI

MISS MERRIAM was the oldest of a large family, for which she was always doing the chores: housekeeping for Mrs. Merriam, an invalid of convenience; appeasing head masters on account of younger brothers; managing her father's stable and keeping the eye of a better angel on the balance in his checkbook. Between times she managed to play a first-class game of golf. The morning after his rejection by Miss Windsor Jimmie called her up by telephone and asked her to play golf with him at eleven. She refused, pleading a multiplicity of home engagements.

"Sorry," she said, "but we're expecting Harry Trevor and his sister to spend the Easter holidays with Jack and Jill; it means turning the house upside down to make room. Mamma isn't feeling very well ——"

"Why, Ann," objected Jimmie, "they're only kids; let 'em sleep in the hayloft, and you come and play a nice twosome with me."

"Sorry," she said, "but our hay is baled—not nice to sleep on. Ask me another morning. Since when were you so keen on golf?"

"I'm not keen on golf," said Jimmie. "I want to talk to you."

At her end of the telephone Miss Merriam smiled.

"Oh," she said, "if that's all! I'll tell you—come for me about noon and drive me down to the station. The northern train is due at twelve-fifteen; but it's seldom less than an hour late; we can talk while we wait. At least you can talk; you said you wanted to talk to me."

At twelve sharp Jimmie drove his runabout up to the Merriams' front door. His runabout had everything that an Aiken runabout ought to have except the little negro who sits in the back dangling a reedy pair of undarned legs. Miss Merriam as she took her seat noted the omission.

"They're all coming by the same train," she said, "without a chaperon. Have you ever seen little Trevor?"

"The big Trevors," said Jimmie, "were great friends of my father, but I've never seen the little ones. Nice kids?"

"Irene," said Miss Merriam, "is a kid for this year only. She is seventeen. Next year she will come out and be a famous beauty. That will be Jack's first tragedy."

"A bad case?" Jimmie asked.

"Oh, well," said she, "next year he will go to college and that will give him a fresh interest in life."

"Very," said Jimmie. "But, oh, how young! Oh, to be going to college again!—for the first time."

"Don't talk nonsense," said Miss Merriam. "Drive through Horry Street, will you? I want to see Miss Wilkins' Banksia rose."

Miss Wilkins' rose occupied its old position and a few new ones. Only here and there could a fragment of house be detected under the mass of burning yellow and bright, shining green.

"Always worth a détour," said Miss Merriam.

"If I were rich," said Jimmie, turning his head for a last look at the roses, "I'd plant Banksias from here to—— there, and back again."

"How about it, anyway?" she asked. "The being rich again, I mean. Is it quite true, Jimmie, that you'll be thirty in a few days?"

"I'll be thirty," said Jimmie, "and I'm not married."

"What a pity!" she exclaimed. "Nowadays there are so many single men."

"Awful, isn't it," said he, "to think of letting all that money slip?"

"Quite too frightful!" said she. "Don't do it."

"How can I prevent it?" he asked.

"Marry," she said; "and be quick about it! There's nothing shameful in a marriage of convenience. Personally I approve of the continental idea."

Jimmie was immensely encouraged, but he was in no hurry to let this appear.

"And for myself," he said, "I don't disapprove; but a man's got to think of the girl's point of view. One might feel, for instance, that I was depriving her of a chance to make a love match. Another might feel that she was depriving me of the same chance. Is there nothing a little degrading in the idea of a loveless marriage?"

Miss Merriam smiled blandly.

"It's a little degrading, yes," she said. "I feel that. Once I felt it very strongly. Each year I feel it less."

Here Jimmie spoke—not to Miss Merriam but to himself. "Jimmie," he said, "this woman is about to propose to you. Better spare her that." To her he said: "You talk sense. I always said so. And, so far as I know, you practice what you preach. Other people don't. Other people talk sensibly and act foolishly; but you are different. You have the courage of your convictions."

She nodded. They had reached the station, and Jimmie brought his horse to a standstill in the deep red dust under the shade of a great oak tree.

"Ann," he said, "we've always been good friends, haven't we? Always good comrades? Of me you know, at least, that I'm neither dissipated nor an out-and-out brute, and potentially that I am enormously rich. If you will marry me I'll settle half the money on you without let or hindrance of any kind. And you shall live where and how you will. Is it good enough?"

"I like you," she said, "for putting the matter so baldly. What I said about continental marriages, my convictions, and so forth, is perfectly true. And I should be quite ready to act up to them but for one thing ——"

Jimmie drew a long breath.

"And what is that?" he asked.

"I hate to state it," she said. "It's such an essentially feminine reason."

"Oh, let's have it," he said; and he smiled.

"Jimmie," she said, "I just don't want to. All my life I've been doing things that I didn't want to do. Now this turns up. I don't want to do it and I'm going to afford myself the selfish luxury of not doing it."

Jimmie laughed.

"There go eighty millions," he said—"your forty and mine—like ducks scared by a gunner."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "don't say that I am your last straw. Surely Lilly Carlisle or ——"

A time had come to Jimmie when it seemed well to lie.

"My last straw," he said, "and my first."

"Don't think that I don't appreciate," she began gently. Far off there sounded the whistle of the approaching train. "Jimmie," she said quickly, "you must find some one!"

"Ann," he said, "it would be a good thing for your family. Have you thought of that?"

"I have seldom, if ever, had an opportunity to think of anything else," she said.

"And you won't do it?"

"No," said she; "I won't."

"Anyway," said Jimmie, "thank you for listening to me and being so polite about it."

"Nonsense!" said she.

"What," said he suddenly, "would you do about it if you were in my place?"

"Well," she said, "I wouldn't let the money slip. Candidly I'd try everybody here and then I'd post up to New York; and—oh, somewhere, Jimmie, there must be a grateful, grateful 'Yes' waiting for you."

The train pulled slowly in. Personally Jimmie was partly of Miss Merriam's mind. His grandfather's millions and marrying in time to obtain them represented now a game of some sort, at which he was being beaten. He was good at games; a hard man to down—skillful and resolute. Should he give up now and quit, discouraged? Better take the next train for New York and settle the matter out of hand. Already he was making a list of girls to whom he could feel free to present his proposition. The list was already as long as his arm. . . . Then suddenly young people began to pour out from the train upon the platform. Jack and Jill Merriam—yes, that must be the Trevor boy, he looked so like his father; and the girl to whom Jack Merriam was trying to give his helping hand and who was quite capable of getting off a train without help, that must be the Trevor girl; but she did not look like any one that Jimmie had ever seen. To this day he cannot tell any one what she looked like at that moment—what she looks like now. Something seemed to warm him through and through. He had not been introduced to her before all thought of leaving for New York by that night's train had evaporated in his mind. So the sun burns up unwholesome mists in the morning.

The young people piled into a station wagon and drove off. Jimmie followed with Miss Merriam. He seemed like a man intoxicated with animal spirits. He had her laughing uncontrollably before they had driven a block. For the first time in her life she thought that he was handsome—dangerously handsome.

"And so *that*," little Miss Trevor was saying, "is the famous Mr. Shannon that everybody is talking about? He doesn't look like a man who'll do what everybody's betting he will do."

"Did you see old Ann?" Jack answered. "I'm on to her all right! Oh, Jilly, if she only lands him won't you and I be rich!" *(Continued on Page 33)*

MISS 318

By RUPERT HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

EVERY DAY IS BARGAIN DAY AT

THE MAMMOTH

But there are bargains within bargains. Today, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 4 P. M., we shall sell 1000 corsets—only 1000 corsets, mind you! But they are the

Famous C. Q. D. Corsets

Self-reducing, first aid to the superplump; the last word in elegance for the perfect or for the improvable figure. Medium and high bust; straight hip effects; four hose supporters. You have always paid $3.25 for C. Q. D.'s. For seven hours you may have one of the 1000 masterpieces of the corsetière's art for

$1.97

You will not believe it unless you see it.
You will not see it unless you come early.

SO SANG the rhapsodist who composed the passionate advertisements of the Mammoth Shop. The clarion cry, reverberating through the morning megaphones, roused the women of the city to a frenzy difficult for the masculine mind to understand and painful to describe. And they responded as the rats of Hamelin when the pied piper piped. They arrived—fat, lean and all the betweens; rich and poor and middlings; by elevated, surface, subway, afoot, shansom, ataxi, and even scrutch.

Like a tiny coral atoll in an angry sea the corset kiosk breasted the shocks of the ravening women who billowed and eddied about it in a solid yet fluid mass. A mingled hunger for beauty and for bargain drove them on like a storm.

Over the kiosk was the red-lettered legend:

AS ADVERTISED! SPECIAL! $1.97!! TODAY ONLY!!!

The sales-nymph of that grotto stood underneath the placard, as if it were she that was for sale for $1.97.

She was known to her superiors as "No. 318," known to the regular patrons of the store as "that vinegar-cruet," and known to the few who knew her uncommercially as Miss Lisette Mooney. Her parents called her "Liz," but she preferred Lisette; and if you would please her you would call her last name "Moo-nay"—with the stress on the "nay."

Miss Mooney's knowledge and opinion of that sweet multitude summed up as "American womanhood" had been founded chiefly on her experience with it as it surged past or stagnated around her counter. She had read something about saintly mothers, gentle-souled wives and soft-spoken sweethearts in the engaging romances of Miss Laura Jean Libbey and Company; but she had decided that, if women of good manners and amiable motive really exist outside of books, they had never chanced to deal with her.

These women could be womanly elsewhere; it was the headlong passion for exquisite things meeting within the narrow walls of financial limitation that made a Niagara of every bargain-rush. Miss Mooney was not far-sighted enough to realize and forgive this any more than her customers were magnanimous enough to blame her peevishness on her fatigue, or her affectations of elegance on a pathetic desire to improve the lowly shabbiness of her origin. She was a self-made lady.

Women, as Miss Mooney knew them in dull hours or unfrequented aisles, were creatures who dawdled about asking fool questions, seeking impossible combinations, haggling like misers, buying neither wisely nor well, and mingling odious vanity with heartless rapacity.

Women, as Miss Mooney knew them in action, were horrible to contemplate. The bare announcement in the newspapers of a reduction of a few pennies in the usual price of any article was sufficient to bring down all the females in New York in one ruinous flood, as if a dam had burst. Every counter became a small Johnstown, assailed with frenzied greed, shocking manners and raucous, snarling voices.

Miss Mooney's acquaintance with men was limited. Only occasionally a well-dressed male wandered into the Mammoth, usually in tow of some woman who bullied him and nagged him pitilessly. Such men as came alone went so anxiously to their destinations and knew so exactly what they wanted, and hastened away so precipitately, that they were merely tantalizing.

Miss Mooney, knowing little of the male world, believed that ideal men existed, that they were numerous in the great realm outside the Mammoth. She longed for experience. She felt that she could not die without knowing, loving and being loved by somebody who was somebody—a broker, for instance, or a painter, a duke, or an actor. But she could devise no way of meeting any of these, and she was so dog-tired at night that she hardly cared.

Meanwhile, to keep in practice, she encouraged the attentions of such men as swam within her ken during the day. She was gracious to the floorwalkers; she was chatty with the hearty lads in the hardware department or the polished youth in the haberdashery. Her manner with these was as different from her manner with her own sex as honey is different from quinine.

She particularly cultivated one of the floorwalkers, Mr. Percival Sterling, who boarded on her street. He was rather afraid of her, and the jealous minxes along the other counters said that she had him hypnotized. But his nerves were usually so shattered after a day's buffeting among the shoppers that he was not easy to reillusionize of an evening. Still, Miss Mooney had hopes of him. Better a floorwalker in hand than two dukes in a book.

It was marvelous to note the change that came over her when Mr. Sterling sauntered past the counter where she stood. It was:

"Nice morning this morning, Mr. Stoling!" or "Was you to the Harmony Club ball last night? I would 'a' went, only m' sister Goitrood hadda go and get attackted with lumbago," or "How's your cough this mornin', Poicival?"

Everybody else, including all the floorwalkers, dreaded her sharp tongue and her caustic insolence. She would have been discharged years before, but nobody quite

He Thought He Had Never Seen So Exquisite a Creature as the Timid Statuette of Pathos on the Door Sill

dared discharge Miss Mooney. She did make sales; she did keep her accounts straight; she knew the stock; she was efficient. But she was hateful; and the women who bought from her hated her, bought things just to spite her—just "to show her!" Still, they bought.

It was easy to get away purchaseless from pleasanter saleswomen. But to take 318's time and energy and to walk away, with an idle "I was just looking around" or a casual "I'll probably be back later," was to invite a barbed glance that went through and through one's very spine like a scroll-saw.

So Miss Mooney kept her job because, as one of the partners, Mr. Poswalsky, said to the other, Mr. Hirschberg:

"After all, 318 sells the stuff. Look at her stubs once! We ain't running a etiquette store. Ladies get mad at her, but they come back when we mark something low. You better give her a call-down, but don't let her get loose."

So, now, on this epoch-making day in corset-history when C. Q. D.'s were quoted at $1.97, the kiosk was assigned to 318. She glowed within it like a flame in a crater. Her hair, originally of a brickish hue, this season was of a sulphurous tinge and her manner was one of implied brimstone.

Very grimly she regarded the rabid horde about her. Very sarcastically she withered those who comported themselves as if they were conferring a favor on the store by buying. She upheld the dignity of the Mammoth and made it distinctly understood that the reduction in price was actually a charitable largess to the needy. She knew that no other attitude could so reduce a purchaser to that state of helpless rage where one's only way of asserting one's self-respect is to buy and be off.

Dozens of corpulent women were already reducing themselves and one another by their athletic efforts to wedge to the front at the same time. When they brandished their selections and their change in her face, all at once, she tilted her nose a little more and drawled:

"One at a time, please. What was you saying, m'm?" She had even compressed the necessary "madam" into a mere hum—a murmurous double M.

"I am going to faint if I don't get out," panted one scarlet shopper. "It's an outrage to be so slow."

"Was you addressing me, m'm?" she mused; and staring through the too, too solid flesh as if it were a pane of glass she became a little slower, and stifled a yawn with a delicate gesture before she deigned to make out the necessary literature and hoist the parcel basket to its chute.

"I'll report you to the floorwalker if you ignore me further," shrieked a purple-faced dowager, frantic to be at home and don the sylph-producing envelope.

The mention of the floorwalker brought a jaded smile to Miss Mooney's lips. She knew that no mere male would dare venture among these maudlin bargain-bacchantes.

With the dignity of a butterfly wrenching itself loose from the chrysalis, or a soul prying free from its material chains, she set her hands on her hips and writhed upward in her tight stays—as if she were quite alone. Then she sighed luxuriously and, leaving the threatener to smother in her own rage, tossed an airy remark over her head to the high-throned cash-girl across the aisle:

"Say, Constance, the manners some of these dames hasn't got would give you a pain, wouldn't they? Soitain poissons seem to think a goil's got a hunded hands." Then turning back to her quivering victim: "I ain't a spider, m'm; and there's other ladies been waiting here longer 'n you have. You might tell the floorwalker how you squeezed in ahead of your toin. That lady under your elbow was here hours before you was."

This turned the tide of sentiment against the interloper and she blenched before the glare of the other looters. She was almost moved to yield the place she had usurped—almost.

In a hush of awe the cowed rabble awaited the royal whim of 318 and, without further complaint, accepted their parcels as donations and backed out one after another, hugging their doubly precious coats of armor to their exuberant torses.

The unfortunate penitent who had threatened to invoke the floorwalker was still longing for the steel-ribbed caisson that should give her the contour of a Phryne, when a fresh tidal wave of maenads, disgorged from some street car, smote the crowd. In the confusion, a human eddy swept forward to the kiosk a frightened young woman and deposited her on the ledge like a body thrown ashore by a wave. At the sight of the new-come face, as pretty as its plebeian limitations permitted, Miss Mooney's rigor relaxed in a smile of cordiality.

"Why, Mr. Hoishberg, Ain't We Got a Right to Take a Peek at the Slaughter-House?"

"Well, for Gawsay!"—she had condensed this strenuous expletive into a mere exhalation—"if it ain't Moitle Crilley! How joo ever woik your way through this push?" She hailed the change-girl on the crag opposite: "Say, Constance; look who's here."

The change-girl waved a hand full of bills.

"Welcome to our city, Myrt."

Miss Mooney shook her by the hand. "Say, I ain't sor you for a month of Sundays. Livin' in the same 'partment house, o' course we never meet. That's N'York all over. How are you, anyway? How's your mother 'n' fath'r and your little sist'r? 'S your brother out of the hospital yet?"

"Yes—oh, we're pretty well. I'm all right," was the girl's comprehensive answer. She looked about at the glowering, many-eyed hostility surrounding her and gasped: "But say, Liz—Lisette, how do you ever stand this?"

"This?" said 318, indicating the syndicated wrath shoving corsets at her. "Oh, this is nothing—simpluh a part of the day's woik. Just wait till next week. Then you'll see some crowd. The whole store'll be like this is, only woise."

She paused for breath and a score of voices broke in with a shrapnel of questions: "Would you be kind enough to tell me ——" "Can't you have this wrapped ——" "I'd like this sent to ——" "Do these come with double-length laces ——" "Do you have this in any other shades except ——" "Are we supposed to stand here all day and listen to your ——"

No. 318 swept the mutineers with a scornful glance and continued her chat, flinging occasional parenthetical answers to the splenetic shoppers.

"Where you woikin' now, Moitle?—No, m'm; we cannot exchange anything.—Still got your place in that swell milliner's?—Yes, m'm; the price is plainly marked—No, m'm. Yes, m'm.—I said where you woikin' at now?"

"No place," said Myrtle. "Wisht I could get a p'sition here. I need a job something awful."

"You woik here!—That corset's the biggest we carry in the C. Q. D. Too bad. We have no call for them extra sizes.—Why, you'd last about fi' days here, Moitle.—Well, m'm, if you don't like those kind of hose-supporters you can cut 'em off.—This job would be too strenurous for a wisp like you.—What's that? We soitainly cannot. Try a short and stout."

The young girl was emboldened to speak above the surf:

"Oh, I could stand it, I guess, when I got used to it. And I need it. Father's had hard luck lately; and mother's back's gave out on her, so she can't scrub floors as good as she used to could."

Miss Mooney clicked her sympathy. "Ts-ts-ts! I guess George M. had it right when he said, Life's a funny proposish.—Yes, m'm; you sew 'em right inside the corset.—Well, Moitle, if you gotta go to woik, maybe I could fix it for yuh. A soitain party—Can't you see I'm waitin' on this lady?—as I started to say, a soitain party is takin' me to a vawdville house tonight. He has infloonce. I'll sudjest it to him.—No, m'm. There ain't any lor compellin' you to take it if you don't like it —— Is that so!—What you want, Moitle?—one of these C. Q. D.'s? Say, save your money. Whyn't you go out in your own figure?—whilst you got one. Some dames is built like battleships and—No, m'm; I was not alloodin' to you. Oh, very well!—Well, s'long, Moitle. You're entire welcome. See you tomorra. I may have nooze for you. Come again when you can't stay so long. Give my regards to your folks.—What's that? The price is on the card just over your head. People are s'posed to be able to read. What's that? Your change? Well, I ain't got it. Soon's it comes back you'll get it. What's that? Excuse me, but kinely do not handle the goods if not intending to poichase. Yes, m'm. No, m'm. No, m'm. Yes, m'm. What's that?"

II

WHEN the thousandth C. Q. D. had been carried off at four o'clock, Miss Mooney dragged her various fatigues, mental and bodily, to the lunchroom for a "san'wich and a cuppa tea." Then she was assigned to another department, where she sold what she called "lonjery." Into the Eleusinian mysteries of that realm we are forbidden to follow.

At six o'clock the Mammoth closed and she joined the line before the coatroom. A little later, on the street, she was as haughty as her idea of a duchess. On the sardine-packed street car, a man, evidently from out of town, gave her his seat, under the apparent impression that she was probably there because her automobile had broken down. She thanked him with majesty, but she sat gracelessly like a working woman, almost too weary to open her Evening Joinal and palpitate with "Beetrus Fairfax" over the ethical and etiquettical problems of life. She had been on her feet all day and there were four flights of stairs to climb before she was home.

Once she entered the crowded pigeonhole that was her family's domain, her lofty manners fell from her like a cloak. She released her aching feet from the straining leather and caressed them with pitying tenderness. Then she slumped into a chair and, leaning her head on one hand in utter fag, ate what was shoved at her and cared no whit that the service was not according to the standards of that great dream-world she called "Fi'th Aven-yuh."

After the dinner she helped with the dish-washing and cleared the versatile table in the versatile cell that served as drawing room, library, dining room, living room and kitchen.

Then she began a new toilet and put on the finery she had made herself, with pathetic mimicry of the "swell push" as she knew it. Eventually the bell in the kitchen announced the advent of a caller in the entrance-hall four flights below. She drove her hatpins through her amazing hat and the haycock of her more amazing hair, and sped down the stairs, gathering up the hauteur that had fallen from her as she climbed.

Mr. Percival Sterling was waiting. His gallantry was not equal to those four flights. His eyes popped at 318's grandeur, and he took the apex of her elbow in his hand with as close an approximation to tenderness as a timid palm could well transmit to so sharp a bone.

Miss Mooney flushed with joy; hope shuddered through her. Mr. Sterling was reputed to be the proud recipient of twenty-two dollars a week and to be the solid possessor of that Gibraltar in poverty—"money in the bank."

She inly determined to fascinate this handsome Croesus and devote her future evenings to coaxing him into a proposal. She would give up her imaginings of infatuating a mystic millionaire and lean henceforth upon a tangible floorwalker. Suddenly she flushed to realize that the tune she was humming—the tune that made her feet forget their leaden weariness—was none other than the Wed'n March by Mandelbaum.

III

THANKS to the democratic nature of male costume and the mechanical genius of certain Titanic tailors, Mr. Sterling had swathed his graceful form in an eighteen-dollar suit on which a baronet hardly could have improved at as many guineas.

Thanks to the genius of certain other mechanical artists, he provided his companion and himself with box seats at a thrilling entertainment for a total price of fifty cents. The menu was moving pictures, with interludes of vaudeville. Miss Mooney draped herself across the brass rail of the box as proudly as a countess at Covent Garden.

After the show Mr. Sterling did the handsome. He stood treat at an ice-cream-soda fountain. As Miss

Mooney daintily absorbed a sundae, with hot chocolate and walnuts poured over vanellar ice-cream, she was moved to observe with happy irony:

"I'm just heartbroken over the store being closed tomorra on account the holiday. I just hate to sleep late—don't you?"

Mr. Sterling blushed at the intimacy of the suggestion as he murmured:

"Thanksgiving is a nice day, but there is always one objection to it."

She poised a luscious spoon-load in front of her smile: "I'll be the goat—what's the answer?"

He sighed. "It's a warning that Christmas is coming."

Her spoon fell back into the chalice as she wailed: "Christmus! Oh, why did you mention the hor'ble word. Everything was very pleasant up to now."

On the way home he was astonishingly cordial—for him. He clung to her elbow. He laughed at her wit. He came as near to declaring his love as a man could without saying a word about it, and finally he spoke of the loneliness of his life. Lisette felt that he was all but won. She played a desperate high card.

"Was you intending to eat your Thanksgiving dinner with friends or at home?"

"At the boarding house," he moaned.

"Well, say, whyn't you come over and set in with us and eat your dinner informal—just *on fameel* as the saying is?"

"It would be lovely," said Mr. Sterling. "At what hour?"

"We dine in the middle o' the day on Sundays and holidays," she said with lofty carelessness. Under the uplift of this welcome the lonely floorwalker bade her good night with a sincere if not a venturesome cordiality.

As she climbed the stairs she was planning to assail Mr. Sterling's heart via his stomach. She would show him that she was as good a cook as she was a saleslady. She tiptoed into the dark home and began to doze almost before she had taken off her things. She was asleep almost before she had crept into the narrow bed where her sister Gertrude already slumbered.

Gertrude had long realized that Christmas was coming, for she had been working overtime in a box factory, making up pasteboard boxes for the holiday trade. Gertrude was not strong. She sat all day and most of the evening in a low, close room, smearing paste. The paste grew sour and the smell of it sickened her so that she could hardly eat even the cold lunch she took with her or the hot dinner for which the company generously allowed the workers fifteen cents a day. Gertrude's skin looked like her own paste. And she should have been beautiful.

In the next room the next younger and the youngest sister slept. The younger sister was Claryce, originally Clara, who was paid all of five dollars a week for merely loitering in a candy store from 8 A. M. to 8 P. M. The youngest sister, Bridget, had not yet accepted a position. She was only five years old; she was too young even to have changed her given name.

In the room beyond the twins were two more dead logs of sleep—Pat and Nat. Pat was a messenger boy of the usual learned type. Nat had been a messenger boy, but he had fought too hard and too often. And now for some three months he had been earning sixty cents a week by spending ten or twelve hours a day pasting colored pictures of Santa Claus on Christmas boxes. Nat knew that Christmas was coming. He had his opinion of Santa Claus and expressed it. It would hardly quote well here. Nat had been a messenger boy.

On a cot in this same room was the seven-year-old Michael. He was not working, except for an occasional foray into the newspaper business.

In the last room of all slept the author and authoress of this generous and industrious flock: Mr. Dennis Mooney, an able expressman, charioteer of a noble van; and Mrs. Cordelia Mooney, deft seamstress, housekeeper and dictatrix of the family, except when the eldest daughter, Lisette, formerly Lizzie, was home from the shop.

Lisette, who had surely earned the right to spell her given name as she pleased, had earned wages since she had reached the age of nine; for she dated back of the most recent child-labor laws. But she had never earned the privilege of spelling her last name anything but Mooney. She thought that Mrs. Lisette Sterling would be "a swell monaker." She wondered if she couldn't make it. She wondered also if she could live through another Christmas ordeal at the Mammoth.

Every Christmas for five years she had made herself a present of a solemn resolution that she would never face another Yuletide from behind a counter. And here she was again—still unmarried, still under the lash and yoke of necessity.

Mr. Sterling had held her hand and squeezed it hard tonight. Perhaps—who could tell? Give her only a few more evenings in his society and she might convince him that she was a bargain worth nabbing.

IV

INSTEAD of sleeping as late as a sultana the next morning Miss Mooney was up with the milkman. All the long forenoon of her holiday she toiled harder than at the Mammoth. Her poor feet had no cause for giving thanks. She drove them up and down the stairs again and again, along the streets to the delicatessen and the fruit store, and even to the florist's for a pathetic flower or two to grace the board for her prospective bridegroom. Yet, for all her extravagance, she was discouraged at the result. She dreaded the opinion the aristocratic floorwalker must form of a home which even she found harrowingly unrefined.

While she was cooking the meal and adorning the table and setting the house to rights, she had the rest of the family flying in all directions. Between commands she gave lessons in table deportment. With all the irreverence of American juniority, she scolded her meek and blunderful parents.

"Say, paw, wrastle another scuttle o' coal, will you? When you come to the table today I ask you, as one last favor to me, to keep your coat on; and if you'll wear a collar I'll thank yuh to my dying day." Paw promised.

"And maw, will you oblige me by rollin' your sleeves down when you begin to eat? And, if it ain't too much trouble, would yuh mind cuttin' out that knife-swallerin' act you do? If they's anything gets on the noives of a jepman of refinement it is to see a lady pokin' a knife into her face. Stick to the fork, maw—stick to the fork, for Gawsay—just this once."

The father ventured a protest: "Seems to me, Lizzie——"

"And, for Gawsay, don't call me Lizzie. Either call me Lisette or throw somep'n at me."

The family took its orders like an awkward squad receiving technical instruction it could neither understand nor perform, and Lisette regretted that she had ever risked a guest.

Everybody was thoroughly miserable and when Mr. Sterling arrived he kept it unanimous. The commonplaceness of the conversation was as depressing as its delivery was elaborate. A congress of prime ministers could hardly have labored for more dignity.

"Stick to the Fork, Maw—Stick to the Fork—Just This Once"

It was with all the flourish of a costume play that Lisette commanded: "Maw, whyn't you pass paw Mr. Stoiling's plate so's to give um s'more goose?"

It was Claude Duval who answered: "Oh, no, no. I thank you. I would not wish for any."

It was the Lady of Lyons who entreated: "Some of the tomattus, then?"

It was Sir Hubert Stanley who replied: "I never use tomattus."

It was Lady Jane who sighed: "Why, you don't eat enough to keep a bird alive."

Lisette thought it becoming in a hostess to deprecate her hospitality, and she was saying:

"I guess, Mr. Stoiling, you was expectin' toikey, and I had my hopes up too; but with toikeys sellin' at a million dollars a pound I couldn't quite reach it."

"I dearly love goose," said Mr. Sterling amiably.

To Lisette's dismay her mother, who had pursued a safe and sane policy of silence, was moved to speech.

"Goose is a heap better'n nothing," she insisted, gently swashing her coffee round in the saucer. "We ought to be thankful to have it."

This resignation did not suit brother Pat, who was already a promising social disruptionist.

"Aw, whatta we gotta be t'ankful fer?" he growled. "We're all woikin' like a gang of convicks whilst dem rich guys is swellin' round in ottermobiles an' eatin' deir toikeys tree times a day. Say, wat's de use of havin' T'anksgivin', annyway, when all you gotta be t'ankful fer is dat yer goose ain't a lemon?"

His mother, made patient by a lifetime among the always poor, gazed at him sadly.

"Always remember, Patsy, that in this here world there's always somebuddy worse off'n you are."

"Well, dat's a lot of comfort, ain't it? But where are dey? Where are dey?" he demanded.

"In this very house. Right overhead, if you want to know. I seen Mrs. Crilley this morning and she was wringin' her hands and cryin' because she smelt our goose cookin'; and she says, 'It's lucky you are, Mrs. Mooney,' she says, 'to be livin' so high; we ain't got no meat at all!' s'she. It's turrible. Here, Claryce, run upstairs with the leavin's of this fowl—unless Mr. Stoiling wants some more."

Mr. Sterling disclaimed any desire to deprive the starving of a meal.

Lisette gave a start of remorse. "Wait a minute, Claryce," she said. "Say, Mr. Stoiling, that remines me. Moitle Crilley was saying to me yestiddy she'd like a p'sition in the Mammoth. Knowin' they'd be needin' a lot of extry hands for the Christmus rush, I thought maybe she'd have a chance; and, knowin' how well you stand with the foim, I told her I'd speak to you about it."

"Why, yes," said Mr. Sterling gallantly. "I should be glad to recommend any friend of yours."

"Fine!" cried Lisette. "Say, Claryce, when you take up that goose bring Moitle back with you."

While they waited Miss Mooney described her protégée with enthusiasm and pleaded her cause. When Myrtle arrived at the door her beauty pleaded for itself with an eloquence Mr. Sterling could not resist.

He thought he had never seen so exquisite a creature as the timid statuette of pathos on the door sill. Of none too robust a nature, he felt that here at last was a woman who would lean on him and find him strong. Miss Mooney was nice—very nice—but so very independent. It did him proud to appear as the rescuer of somebody from something; in fact, when Myrtle, encouraged by his wide-eyed admiration, told him of the family's dire estate, with rent three months overdue, grocer and butcher threatening to cut off credit, and idleness disabling the whole household, a wild inspiration came to him to rescue the entire lot.

In his own domain Mr. Sterling was a man of resource and decision.

"Let me see, Miss Crilley," he pondered aloud impressively; "perhaps I can find a place for all of you. Your father, you say, is a good carpenter? We could put him in our packing and shipping department. Your mother, I

believe you said, is an excellent scrublady? I can find room for her, I'm sure, if she will consent to night work. You, of course, can count on a place in one of the sales departments where the work is not too difficult. You have brothers too?"

"Two brothers, sir; and two sisters. My brother John—he's older'n I am, but he's got a job. He's a mail-carrier, but he isn't any help because he got married soon's he got his uniform. My next brother is Jimmie; he's fifteen."

"He could probably be a bin-boy. And your sisters?"

"There's Alice and Maude. Alice is fourteen, but Maude is only twelve."

"Alice could be a cash girl," said the Napoleonic Sterling; "but Maude—I'm afraid the child-labor law would forbid our using her."

"Oh, but maw can make a affidavit that she's fourteen! She's done that before."

"Well, of course, as a conscientious man I could not advise that; but if your mother wishes to take the responsibility I have no way of proving her affidavit false. We might place her as a gatherer."

Myrtle was fairly dancing with rapture. Nothing would do but that Mr. Sterling should come up and explain his bounty in person. Such an entrance in the guise of a wholesale deliverer would have tempted a stronger man than Mr. Percival Sterling. Excusing himself—"for just a moment, please"—he vanished in Myrtle's wake.

The Mooneys, seeing their guest of honor translated aloft by their neighbor, gazed at one another dismayed. Lisette bit her lip in vexation and anxiety.

Pat spoke up first: "Say, dat Stoling guy is goin' to adopt de whole dam family. Better watch out, sis, or Moitle'll steal him off you. I seen her give him de goo-goo eye. Shall I go up and bring him back for you?"

Lisette had just pride enough left to retort: "Long as it don't consoin you, Pat, you'd oblige me by keeping your head shut. If I need a messenger I'll ring fer one."

Nobody else dared speak at all and the family sat breathless, dreading the possibility of seeing Lisette's beau kidnapped and all that feast and formality wasted. Lisette did not take the expense of the banquet into account, but she had no lovers to waste and her young hope was writhing with infantile paralysis.

It was long and it seemed longer before Mr. Sterling returned. Myrtle returned with him. She was leaning on his arm and she showed a proprietary interest in him. She sat down and stayed as long as he stayed, and the conversation was all of her own direction. It chiefly concerned her new duties in the Mammoth. Mr. Sterling described them to her in great detail, with an occasional side remark to Lisette.

As Pat remarked to Nat: "We give dem Crilleys our goose, and now dey're pinchin' our gander."

V

A COLOSSAL Santa Claus published an enormous smile from his station in the rotunda of the Mammoth Shop. Save for his gigantic size he was the usual fat-cheeked, rosy-nosed, snowy-whiskered, balloon-bellied old rogue, with the usual pack of gifts on his back. Around his pedestal his festival was preparing.

The Christmas season was now in full swing. The holiday numbers of the magazines had already lost their novelty on the stands. The sidewalks were packed with shoppers. The curbs were lined with toy-merchants. On every corner a Salvation Army Santa Claus shivered and pleaded for pennies. There had been one or two flurries of snow, and everybody was hoping for a white Christmas.

It was some days since the Crilley family had been recruited entire into the service of the Mammoth, along with a small army of other deputies enlisted to control the increasing crowds. Every day the aisles grew more impacted. Every day the problems of display, sale and delivery became more difficult and more pressing. Every day it grew harder to spare a single clerk for a single moment. Every day the tension increased.

It was three o'clock one afternoon before Miss Mooney dared attempt to escape for her luncheon, such as it was. In the restaurant she found Myrtle Crilley crumpled on a chair and ashen with exhaustion. The veteran's heart warmed to the newcomer, but it was Lisette's way to disguise her beautiful sentiments under an acidulous manner:

"Whattaya eatin', dearie? Ice cream and a ham san'wich! Whvn't you have some sense about your food?"

"I'm too tired even for this," the girl moaned. "I got to hurry back too."

"It's fierce the way they treat us goils," Miss Mooney snapped. "When I begun to get faint I says to that tall blond floorwalker—Peebles his name is—I says to him, 'I gotta get a bite of somep'n inside my belt or I do a flop right cheer and now.' And whattaya suppose he hands me? 'Oh, all right! but be quick about it,' he says. Whattaya think o' that? The noive of um! Me standin' there on me pins, jugglin' bundles and change, and humorin' them female hyenas for seven hours straight, and he begrudges me me lunch! I hadda make a nawful rush to get here this morning too. I just grabbed a cuppa cawfee and a fried egg at home at seven o'clock and run four blocks for a car, stood up all the way down and got to my kennel at eight sharp—and there I been all this time; and when the floor begins to wobble and I says to him, 'Do I eat or do I die?' he has the front to slip me a hurryup. Can you beat it?"

"You've Gotta Make Up Your Mind Which You Want Most—a Lot of Glad Rags or a Speckled Reputation"

She was angrier than she was tired.

"I was fifteen minutes late this morning," said Myrtle, "and they fined me. I've stood there on my feet ever since. My back is just absolutely broke; and my feet—oh, heavens, my poor feet! I sat down two or three times, but every time I did a customer glared at me or a floorwalker motioned me to stand up."

"That's the way of it," said Miss Mooney. "The lor says they gotta have one seat for every three goils, but the floorwalkers thinks it spoils the looks of the store to see the cloiks settin' down. I feel sometimes as if I'd have to loin to stand on my head and wait on the folks with my toes, so's to give the soles of my feet a change.

Myrtle went on with her own troubles:

"Finally I got so tired I wished I might die; I asked four different floorwalkers for permission to be excused for lunch, and not one of them would leave me go."

"How'd you manage? Sneak it anyway?" Miss Mooney asked, with a dreary smile that faded to nothing as Myrtle explained:

"No; Mr. Sterling come by and I asked him, and he says: 'Why, certainly, Miss Crilley. You look awful tired.' Yes, he did. He's a turrible nice man, ain't he?"

"Turrible!" echoed Miss Mooney.

Then, with briskness, she gathered her aches and pains together. "Come along—it's back to the mines for ours."

"I don't think I can even step on my feet at all," whimpered Miss Crilley, and Miss Mooney forgot to be jealous. She picked her up and supported her out.

"Get busy, Moitle: don't lay down now. Cheer up—the woist is yet to come. Remember there's thousands and thousands of just as sore feet as yours doin' their woik just the same. My own Trilbies ain't singin' no psalms. Most of the extry commissions I make goes to the chiropodist. What kind of foot powder do you use?"

"I haven't used any."

"Well, you gotta get foot powder, whether you have face powder or not. I'll lend you a couple o' sprinkles of mine for today. That'll help some."

With this promise, Myrtle succeeded in hobbling from the restaurant. Just outside the door was the railed balcony of the rotunda. A noise came up from the crowd like the menacing clamor of a sea. The two women paused to look down on the turmoil.

"Look at 'em!" said Miss Mooney. "If you was a stranger from Mars, or some of them foreign parts, and you come here and seen a sight like that, you'd say, 'What are they all so mad about? Are they goin' to lynch somebody or are they fighting among themselves?' Then, if anybody was to tell you, 'Oh, no! they're gettin' ready for a religious celebration and they're just buyin' a few presents for each other to show their good will and brotherly love,' you'd say, 'Come off the poich! You can't fool me; everybody down there hates everybody else and has moider in their hearts. Whyn't the police do something?' That's what you'd say if you hadn't been brung up on this."

Myrtle was content just to lean on the railing, too weary for philosophy. Miss Mooney thought on aloud. From their height they looked almost into the face of the towering Santa Claus.

"If that was a statue of Old Nick it would be more like what's goin' on below. Look at that big bluff—made out of paper musshay and holler inside! For five years I've sor him, or one like him, put up there. He's always fat and he always grins; but he's the original con. man and I'd like to swat him in the map with a rollin'-pin.

"Down there it's always the same old battle. If the shoppers wasn't so mean to us goils—and to each other—I'd get sorry for them. Some of the dames looks so tired, and they can't make up their minds what to buy or who to buy it for; and they take the money they can't afford and grab off a lot of stuff to give to somebody who don't want it, and in retoin they get a stack of junk they can't use. Wouldn't it frost you?

"Christmas means three weeks of infoinal misery for everybody and one long day of tryin' to look all to the merry when you're all to the mustard."

Myrtle was moved to suggest: "It's nice for the childern, though."

"Oh, yes—for the childern that gets the toys and the stummickache! But what about the childern that wraps up the toys and don't get any? And the messenger kids and the swarms of other wore-out childern that has to deliver the toys? But, even at that, the kids has their rights. I always give 'em what I can m'self. Oh, they useta be a nice idea about Christmas, but I guess it got lost in the wash! It's like boinin' down the house so's to make a pretty fire in the grate.

"Keep your eye on the crowds; and for every kind woid you hear spoke and every Christmassy thought you hear thunk I'll give you a nine-dollar bill.

"This morning a mother and a daughter hangs round my counter till I come near askin' 'em did they want to take a room by the week. They clawed and pawed and jawed—but nothin' doin' on the buy. Finally they toins on each other and the old dame says, 'Gabrielle, if you don't decide what you want and let me know I'll never speak to you again!' And the daughter says, 'Mamma'—with the accent on the second 'ma'; you could see they was swells—'Mamma,' she says, 'I don't want a blamed thing except for you to go home and lay down; but before you go, for Gawd's sake tell me what you'd like for a Christmas present!'

"Then Mamma says, 'If you get me anything I'll scream'; and Gabrielle says, 'Let's not give each other nothin'.' She had some sense, that goil. But Mamma was consoivative and she says: 'We gotta give each other somep'n. We just gotta. It would look so strange notta.' And they come back to my counter. They was still there when I ducked.

"The whole store's that way. The whole town's one big lunatic asylum. Every December the whole woild goes bughouse."

Myrtle shook her head at the sacrilege, but she was too feeble to defend the venerable rites. Miss Mooney, reveling in the luxury of escaping the usual counter conversation for a while, preached on:

"It's bad enough what the buyers suffer. But Christmas from the inside—well, just wait! If you last till Christmas Eve you'll see sights that'll make you wisht you was a Chinaman. This store will be like the battle of Gettysboig the last three days. They're only skoimishin' now. It's ghassly, Moitle—it's absolutely ghassly!"

With the dogged stubbornness of the overdriven, Myrtle persisted:

"Still, it would be a pity to give up Christmas, I think."

"Well, you got another think comin'. If all this time and money and woik was spent on something useful, and spread over the year, it would give thousands of poor dubs jobs all the time, instead of grindin' 'em to death for three weeks in the name of religion.

"And keep on rememberin' that this store is only one drop in the bucket, and you and me are only a couple o' microbes. I'm Number 318 and you're B 726. If you can imagine about a billion feet as feverish as yours and a billion backs as lame, and a billion tons of them achin' backs, and a couple o' billion mobs draggin' sore feet and sore heads through the stores, spendin' their dough foolish and to no poipose, you'll get a line on Christmas as she

really is. Take it from me, Christmas is a crime. They otta be a lor against it."

And then one of the overseers ended the tirade with a gruff rebuke:

"Say, do you ladies think you're lolling on a recreation pier?"

"Why, Mr. Hoishboig," said Miss Mooney spunkily, "ain't we got a right to take a peek at the slaughter-house?"

But the junior partner, seeing it was Miss Mooney he had provoked, was gone. He was distracted enough with the effort to keep the stock replenished, the sales delivered and the prices aligned with the prices of rivals. He regretted the sufferings of his people, as a general regrets the destruction of his troops; but he must serve the whims of the public, and the public had gone mad.

VI

SOMEHOW Myrtle Crilley lived through the hours until the store let its portcullis fall for the night, but the crew of the Mammoth did not go home. Behind the locked doors, and the curtains drawn back of the show-window splendor, the saleswomen were kept busy for hours, restoring order from the chaos, refurbishing the shelves and rearranging the stock for the morrow.

The expert Miss Mooney was one of the first to finish her duties. She passed the counter where Myrtle was still awkwardly fumbling with her own tasks. Other clerks had given the pretty maid a look or a word of sympathy or advice—and passed by on the other side. Miss Mooney berated her for an ignoramus and a gawk, but paused to help her.

With arms that ached from lifting boxes and bolts from the shelves, and fingers that were cramped with overwork, she had time to help out.

She did it with a bad grace, but she got it done. That was Miss Mooney: sharp of tongue, but Samaritan of hand. Myrtle hated her for her bad temper, but accepted her aid and graciously consented to permit Miss Mooney to take her home. She fell asleep on Miss Mooney's shoulder in the street car.

It was nearly midnight when they reached their street. Myrtle limped miserably. Miss Mooney took her arm in her own aching arm and helped her. Myrtle was crying and Miss Mooney was candidly disgusted.

"The worst of it is," said the forlorn girl, "that I've got to get up so early to get to the store on time tomorrow morning. I'm killing myself and what do I get out of it?—four dollars a week! And I've got to pay for two meals a day besides sixty cents for carfare."

"Seventy cents," Miss Mooney corrected. "From now on we gotta show up Sundays too."

"Oh, great heavens! Take me to the cemetery and be done with it."

Miss Mooney laughed bitterly. "We ain't got time for funerals till after Christmas."

They hobbled on down the lonely, dark street. Abruptly Myrtle paused, with sudden alarm.

"There he is again!"

"There who is again? Are you seeing things a'ready?"

"Look!—that man waiting by the lamppost! He's been there the last three nights and he's spoken to me every time."

A quiver of nausea at this old, inevitable phase of city life went through Miss Mooney. "Have you spoken to him?"

"No; I've been too scared. And he walks alongside and tells me how pretty I am. Last night he said I was too pretty to be out so late by myself. And he says he could tell I'd been workin' too hard. And he says I was too pretty to work."

"Don't slip your trolley, Moitle. Remember, it was pretty dark when he seen you. We all look good in the gloaming. You may be pretty—it's a matter of taste; but I ain't seen no managers on your doorstep beggin' you to understudy Lillian or Maxine. What did you say to the boob?"

"I was too scared to say anything to him, I tell you."

"Ah, whyn't you hand him a brick in the jor?"

"Well, you see, he was awful polite and—you can't hit a man for tellin' you you're pretty, can you?"

"That depends on the time, the place and the goil—and the nasty way he says it. I've even had 'em callin' me a queen. It was some darker than this. But you let me talk to this jepman. Come along!"

She dragged the terrified, yet not altogether bored, young woman forward. The shadowy saunterer hesitated at the sight of the twain, but ventured to follow and at length to come alongside with an ingratiating:

"Good evening, ladies!"

Miss Mooney whirled on him, whipped a hatpin from her hair and exclaimed, with militant if not elegant dignity:

"You speak to us again, you cheap skate, and I'll lose this hatpin in you. Us goils is ladies, and I warn you to keep offen our street. Foithermore, I know just who you are and I'm going to put your wife wise to you, you ——"

But he had dissolved from view. Myrtle stared at the vacuous dark and gasped:

"How did you come to know him?"

"I never sor him before."

"Then how'd you know he had a wife?"

"I just took a chance."

Myrtle shook her head in envy of Miss Mooney's great intellect and walked on. At the front door she sighed: "The streets are awful dangerous, ain't they?"

Miss Mooney sniffed. "They're no more dangerous than a droring room—for a goil that's got a hatpin and a wad of gumption. The question always is, Are you sincere? You know the toon—Are you sincere?"

VII

AND the morrow was another day; another day of goaded muscles and harrowed spirits. Again it was nearly midnight when the footsore, heartsore, backsore, nervesore women slumped down the street. This time they were unaccosted. Both were a trifle disappointed. Lisette needed a little adventure as a stimulant to her fagged spirits; Myrtle needed a little flattery after listening all day to nagging complaints and rebukes.

They made the first flight of stairs with labor. Halfway up the second, Myrtle sank on the step to rest and to complain in a low murmur:

"I don't know how I can keep my place any longer."

"What's biting you now?" was Lisette's query.

"My shoes are all wore out and my best dress is a bunch of rags. Most of the other girls dress so fine, I'm ashamed to show my face there."

"Well, some of them hot dressers have a right to be ashamed to show their faces anywhere. Remember what the play says: 'Rags is royal raimunt when wore for voitue's sake!'"

"I know, but—well, I asked one of the girls, Madeleine McCann, how she managed to wear such swell things on four a week and she laughed."

"Madeleine's got a noive to laugh at that."

"She said they was give to her by an awful nice gentleman friend; and she said I was so pretty I could get an ottamobile if I only had frienda. Do you believe that?"

"I believe her so much I'll break her face if she don't leave you alone!" Miss Mooney flared, then ruminated: "Oh, yes, Moitle! a goil with half a face and no self-respeck can wear di'monds and oimine cloaks if she don't care how she oins 'em.

"I guess you've come to the crosstown line, Moitle. Every goil reaches it that don't die young and good. You can stay on the straight line or take a transfer. It's up to you. And now you're right where you gotta stay on or get off. You've gotta make up your mind which you want most—a lot of glad rags or a speckled repitation.

"Us woikin' goils is up against it, Moitle. We're only hack-horses unless we get into the merry-go-round and look like spotted ponies. There's a lot of music and hoorah goes with the merry-go-round, but don't forget the ponies belongs to the public; they're right on view for anybody that comes along with the price.

"Coney Island is a nice place to go for a while and look at; but the poor dubs that's in the show—well, they got about as much fun as us folks that's doin' the real woik in this Christmas celebration.

"Make up your mind, Moitle. It's blamed hard either way; but I guess in the long run the goil that does her shop-woik on the streets ain't got anything on the goil that slaves in the stores. We don't pull down much coin and it comes hard—but it's clean, Moitle; it's awful nice and clean.

"Some day a husband may come along—a decent, hard-woikin' guy. You ain't goin' to bring him anything except yourself. But if you can say to him, 'I ain't got no dowry, but I'm decent,' I guess that'll make him prouder than if you brung him a bucket of rubies and poils—and he was afraid to ask you where you got 'em for fear you'd tell him. Think it over, Moitle. Your time has came."

And then the girls resumed their long climb in the dark. Another flight and Myrtle paused once more, to groan and to wail:

"O' course, you're right, Lisette; but it's a nawful humiliation to go through life woikin' like an ox and dressin' like a cow."

"That's no news to me," said Lisette. "But sometimes dubby duds is less humiliatin' than being too much à la mud."

She waited at her door till Myrtle went on up to her own, for Myrtle was afraid of the dark. But Lisette was more afraid for her.

VIII

EVERY morning the Mammoth Shop opened with a blare and the bombardment kept up till night. And after the close there were further hours of bitter moil. The racking everlastingness of it was wearing the hearts of the store-crew raw. The irritated shoppers found them irritable and wondered why.

Miss Mooney caught glimpses of Mr. Sterling surrounded by frantic women and answering their rain of questions as a man bats at a swarm of wasps. Miss Mooney yearned over him from afar and felt woefully sorry for him; longed to tell him how handsome he was, how patient, how alert, how automatically polite.

She mourned the deferred opportunity to make him know her sympathy, her helpfulness. Those evenings that were to have been devoted to wooing him were devoted now to wrestling with the débris of a day's battle and aligning and condensing the stock for the next morning's onsets.

"Oh, if I only had one evening off!" was the constant cry of Miss Mooney's lovelorn, shopworn soul.

Mr. Sterling never walked home with her now. He left before she did. He seemed to have forgotten her. Myrtle Crilley was always telling Lisette how "consid'rut" Mr. Sterling was; but of Miss Mooney Mr. Sterling was markedly oblivious. She tried to flatter herself that he was concealing his love from the prying eyes of strangers. A duke would have done that. But the theory

(Continued on Page 30)

"I Ain't a Spider, M'm; and There's Other Ladies Been Waiting Here Longer 'n You Have"

THE PRIDE OF THE CITIES

How Local Commercial Bodies Have Become Vast Business Builders

By

Isaac F. Marcosson

Bernard J. Rothwell
President of the Boston Chamber of Commerce

IT HAS not been so very long since the average American merchant eased his conscience with the belief that competition was the life of trade and went his way alone, seldom seeing beyond the confines of his counting room. When the community grew he took it as a matter of course; when it stood still he laid it to the politicians. Business was business. This civic apathy and trade aloofness helped to create the "boss" system, throttled the growth of whole cities and promoted a real menace to progress.

Today all this is changed. There is scarcely a town without some kind of commercial body that is both business builder and civic awakener—it may be a chamber of commerce, a board of trade, a commercial club or a merchants' association. Through their combined work a new spirit of sane and constructive force has been created that is broadening local vision everywhere and making leaders of men who might have drudged at their desks in obscurity all their lives. Coöperation along lines of mutual interest has succeeded selfish isolation; and the merchant and citizen generally, through well-knit organization, are remaking and galvanizing old communities, establishing a new dignity and respect for commerce and emphasizing the vast value of getting together. Here is a work that touches all people and aids all interests. To explain it is to convey a full-fledged and helpful lesson in business science and good citizenship.

The Old-Fashioned Board of Trade

WHAT might be called the chamber-of-commerce idea is not particularly new. Some of the institutions are very old and one of them—the New York City body—has a charter that bears the kingly imprint of a British George. Originally they were strictly boards of trade where men gathered to barter in grain or provisions. Then the marketplace took on a social side and business men got to know each other. When the city needed an industry the subject was discussed here; thus was laid the beginning of a business-expansion machinery that now reaches out to foreign lands. Likewise things not purely commercial came up and there was born the infant that is now a lusty power for progress.

This evolution was a long time coming. In the consideration of the work of commercial bodies the fact that stands out most distinctly is the tremendous change in mood and method. The bodies of that other day were long on dignity and short on action. They took themselves with ponderous and inefficient seriousness. When a board wanted a secretary the members looked about for some worthy incompetent who had failed in business and who needed subsidizing. "Jones is a good fellow," they said, "and we have got to take care of him." So they made him secretary. The nearest that these boards came to real business was to maintain a grain-inspection bureau and a traffic department. Questions of public interest were solemnly discussed and resolutions demanding reforms were passed, but the fire of these resolutions was permitted to die amid the dust of pigeonholes.

The era of ineffectiveness in real commercial bodies is gone. Instead, each one is a dynamo of energy, with every member a live wire. When a secretary is needed the best-trained and most energetic man available is chosen. He must be executive, an organizer and a worker. Instead of meaningless resolutions there are initiative and result. So potent has become the influence of some of these bodies that you can measure the advance of whole communities by the capacity of their chambers of commerce or kindred organizations.

Why have they succeeded? Simply because they have been organized and developed along straight business lines and not according to theories. The chambers that are doing the most significant work are the ones that regard their city supremacy as a commodity and who organize the publicity and distribution of it just as a shrewd merchant handles the selling of his wares. In brief, it is a large and thrilling job of salesmanship; and you find, when you get down to the last analysis, that every wide-awake association is a composite salesman. These bodies have learned that, like a human being, a city cannot prosper until it is clean, healthy and has adequate public service. Hence civic purification and censorship of public utilities have gone hand in hand with business growth. Let us now see, in the concrete terms of three typical organizations, how it is done and what is done.

How Chicagoans Got Together

AS A GENERAL rule, coöperation for civic and industrial betterment is easier and more compact in a small city than in a very large one. The greater the community the less likely are you to find a spirit of close coöperation for the public good, especially where there are strong competitive interests. Yet you have only to turn to Chicago to find, in the work of its Association of Commerce, an example of the beneficent practice of the "All for one—one for all" creed. Here, in our second largest city, is an organization of four thousand men recruited from every activity, and including rectors and rabbis, that has worked out a scheme of city reconstruction that may be followed with credit and profit by any town, large or small.

For years the average Chicago citizen, and especially the merchant, believed in the "every-man-for-himself" theory. As was the case in other large centers, the moneyed men gave freely of their means to public movements, but little of their time. "The city is growing fast enough," they said. They got together for the World's Columbian Exposition and the shortsighted ones believed that the city had received enough publicity to last for all time; but the men who looked ahead realized that, with publicity for a city, as with any definite business movement, you must keep everlastingly at it to make it permanent and successful. A few men, headed by the late Alfred M. Compton, felt the need of a non-partisan force to develop the city in a big way; and through their efforts, and by the welding of some smaller wholesale, jobbing and shipping organizations, the Association of Commerce was formed.

You can take any one of the many significant activities of the association and find beneath it clear-headed business organization. There is no better way to begin, perhaps, than with the difficult problem of getting membership, which is the first step in any work of this kind. Instead of making sentimental appeals the body sold memberships just as its merchant members sold their goods. "You may not get financial profit out of this at once," they said, "but your business will grow as a result of the work of this association, because the city will be cleaner and better governed and better advertised." Among other things a great dinner for twenty-five hundred people was given at the Coliseum to boom membership. The speeches were so arranged as to create the four motions necessary to successful salesmanship that is, approach, interest, desire and resolve. Within ninety days over eight hundred members had been added.

George W. Kinney
President of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce

At this dinner occurred an incident that showed the mettle of the men behind the association. Just before the meal was to be served the waiters went on a strike, demanding double pay and threatening to quit if their demands were not met. It was a critical situation: outside were more than two thousand guests waiting for food; and, in addition, all was in readiness to launch a movement that meant much to the future of the organization. The executive committee had a hurried meeting in the cloakroom.

"These demands are intolerable!" it said. "Let's call the police, throw the waiters out and serve the supper ourselves."

In five minutes the place had been cleared of striking waiters—and millionaire bankers, merchant princes, eminent judges and leading persons generally were handing about chicken and soup. They saved the night; and thus Chicago got its first real impression of a mighty spirit of coöperation that has met civic problems just as it faced that waiters' strike.

Early in its life the association saw that if it was to build industrially it must likewise build civically; so both of these branches were grouped under the control of one division. There could be no progress, however, without proper coöperation from the city authorities. Here was encountered one of the great obstacles to any city's advance, because so often men are elevated to high municipal power who have no sympathy or interest in real commercial development. But what has happened?

The Spur-Track Reform

THE story of the spur-track reform will answer. For many years in Chicago, as elsewhere, it took much time and money for a manufacturer to obtain a railroad spur to his plant. It made no difference if this delay retarded the applicant's business and thereby checked the progress of the whole community. The granting of the track ordinance depended upon the sweet will and often the cupidity of the alderman in the district where the spur was wanted. Sometimes a whole year elapsed before any definite action was taken. The same thing happened when a factory wanted to have a useless alley vacated—that is, closed so as to permit the extension of a plant. This kind of procedure drove industries from the city.

The civic and industrial committee of the Association of Commerce took the matter up with the mayor and his cabinet. It said: "Time in business is worth money. If factories want spurs there should be no delay in considering the cases. If their demands are unfair we will be just as willing as you are to turn them down. But there must be no delay." As a result, there has been organized an aldermanic committee on local industries, to which all switch ordinances are referred. When a member of the association wants a spur the committee asks for a public

hearing on it. Instead of waiting a year he gets action in two weeks. The same course is open to any man in Chicago, for the association works for the general good. Thus the way has been cleared of obstacles that have beset the path of bestowing ordinances through the city council.

This work has established friendly relations between the railroads and the city and has helped to put an end to the lobbying that was always the prelude to the granting of favors by the city to the various transportation lines. Equally important was the community of interest created between the association and the city government.

But the civic and industrial committee had only started its campaign. Since the committee on local industries must pass on the eligibility of tracks and site extensions, it reasoned, "Why not give these aldermen a real look at Chicago and her industries?" There began a series of what are known as industrial excursions. The hosts are the association and the railroads and steamship lines, and the guests are the aldermen and city officials. One of these trips was by boat through the Sanitary Canal district to study the industrial opportunities there; a second was to Argo; a third to the steel plants at South Chicago. A twofold purpose was served by the excursions: the city officials not only became well acquainted with the representative business men of the community and found out their needs, but also, as one alderman expressed it, "really saw Chicago and her possibilities for the first time." The net result is that today, instead of mutual suspicion between big business and city government, as is so often the case, there is frank and friendly feeling and—what is more to the point—codperation.

One more episode will show how the association works civically. Chicago levies a wheel tax on vehicles which nets the city about seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. This money is devoted to street improvement. Now, though the sum is not large, there was much significance in its unequal distribution. The association found that, where one ward paid in twenty-six thousand dollars taxes and only received six thousand dollars for its streets, another ward that only contributed six thousand dollars got forty thousand dollars. The matter was brought before the mayor and council, with the result that the wards now get their pro rata of wheel money on the basis of their contributions. This incident showed the city administration that the association was keeping an eagle eye on the conduct of affairs and this scrutiny has made for efficiency and economy in every public department.

Trade-Extension Trips

NOW turn to the work of industrial expansion. One of the association's jobs is to get new factories. To expedite this it has an industrial commissioner who keeps tab not only on Chicago's growth but on the development of every city. He gets industrial clippings from everywhere. If he reads that John Jones, in Oshkosh, has had a fire, or is looking for a larger site, he at once writes to him, stating the advantages of Chicago. This rule underlies all the association campaign work: "Dwell on your own advantages; never knock the disadvantages of your neighbors." If the out-of-town merchant or manufacturer is interested the industrial commissioner will go to see him. If he wants a site the association will send him the names of every one of its members in the real estate business.

More spectacular than this are the trade embassies that sally forth to distant points bearing the banner of the association. They are crusades of acquaintance, and they have been to Seattle, New Orleans, Oklahoma and many other places. Likewise there are many trade-extension trips to points nearer home.

One specific excursion will show a picturesque method of advertising a city. The association hired one of the biggest boats to be had on Lake Michigan, and spent two weeks on the water, visiting thirty towns. Instead of accepting entertainment from the places visited, as is usually the case, the association did the entertaining. A week ahead it sent three thousand tickets to every town for distribution among its business men and citizens generally. When the boat tied up at the wharf the decks were cleared for entertainment and the populace streamed aboard. Nobody solicited trade, but everybody talked Chicago.

In the main saloon of the boat was a moving-picture show which presented sights and scenes in the big city; but instead of the grime of Packingtown there were views of Drexel Boulevard, with its gay equipages; Lincoln Park and its statues; snapshots of the university and crowds on State Street going into the big stores. A lecturer from the University of Chicago told of the artistic and esthetic advantages of the city. All this was to show that Chicago was a good place to live in, to work in and to buy in.

On its trips the association gets out a daily newspaper. On trains it is mimeographed. On this trip the boat used a press on which was printed the Daily Log. It had the news of the day—live, hot matter about Chicago and the itinerary. These papers were generally distributed and provided what might be called a portable publicity. The association believes in trade missionary work in its own state. It sends a trainload of members to the state fair at Springfield or to a reunion at Elgin. Its speakers then do not talk of Chicago, but talk Springfield and Elgin. "Your interests are ours," they say.

Two distinct innovations in trade missionary work have been planned by the association. One is a series of trolley specials through the interurban territory. The plan is to establish headquarters at a place like Peoria and take trips on the electric cars each day to a different territory. More ambitious than this is a series of automobile trips planned through such states as Iowa and Nebraska. Here the trade extensionists can stop and visit in the smallest towns and hamlets, and gather in the trade neglected on the big special train excursions.

There is still another kind of business expansion work. It grew out of the complaint to the association that the Chicago retail merchants were not buying enough home-made goods. "Why go elsewhere when you can buy at home?" contended the manufacturers.

"We will help you," replied the association, "by the establishment of a market week, which will be a carnival of Chicago-made goods." The third week in August, which is ordinarily the dullest of the season, was selected for the time. The retail merchants, at the request of the association, tendered the use of their windows for an exposition of Chicago goods. Reduced rates were obtained on the railroads. The result was that what had been the dullest week of the season became the most active—save for the holiday season; the local stores got the home-patronage-of-home-products habit and benefit was brought to the whole business community. The market week will be an annual feature hereafter.

All this trade building and general business getting would go for naught if there were no adequate traffic facilities. Though Chicago had a remarkable strategic position as to railroads there were some defects. The most serious was the lack of a through freight package service to small towns, especially in the South. On account of long delays in shipments Chicago houses lost some of their Southern trade. Something had to be done and the Association of Commerce did it through its traffic bureau.

Here was the old system: A merchant, let us say, in Wilson, North Carolina, bought a small bill from a Chicago drummer. When asked how he wanted it shipped he said, "Atlantic Coast Line," because it ran into his town. But the Atlantic Coast Line was not the initial line—that is, the line on which the package started on its journey. The shipper in Chicago, therefore, would ship it by the road nearest to his warehouse or factory. What happened? Suppose it started on the Monon route, over which it would go to Louisville. Then it would be transferred to the Southern Railway and proceed to Salisbury, North Carolina. Here there would be a change to Richmond, Virginia, where it would get into an Atlantic Coast Line car and be hauled to Wilson. There were five transfers and it took nine days from Chicago—often longer. So frequent were the delays that it became the custom to start a tracer the moment the goods got under way. The loss of time was costly to the consignee. Besides, there was the liability to loss from theft and damage from much handling in the many changes in the freight yards. Everybody cursed the railroads and complaints rained in from all sides.

It happened that there was a man in the traffic bureau of the Association of Commerce who had made a specialty of dissecting tonnage and who worked out a plan for the establishment of direct car service on all lines out of Chicago that would solve the package problem. The key was in starting the stuff by the initial line that would not only carry it the farthest but make the quickest and closest connections and with the fewest transfers. It meant the putting on of direct cars to certain central points. He laid the plan before the bureau; it was approved, and with the assistance of the railroads he established a through package service that has wrought wonders for the Chicago shipper. A book called The Way to Ship has been prepared which tells the Chicago shipper exactly how to route a package to any remote point and get it there in half or even one-third the time that it took before.

Let us take the case of the Wilson, North Carolina, merchant that I used as an example. Suppose a package is to go to him now. The merchant goes to his Way to Ship book, looks up Wilson, North Carolina, and finds this explanation: "Ship Baltimore & Ohio, care Atlantic Coast Line. Car due fourth day." This means that, instead of sending it by the roundabout way that I have described, the package starts on the Baltimore & Ohio, goes direct to Richmond and, with only one transfer, is put aboard an Atlantic Coast Line car, and gets to Wilson the fourth morning after it is shipped, or in less than half the time.

Homer A. Stillwell, President of the Chicago Association of Commerce

Bait for Conventions

THE introduction of this service, for one thing, has caused a decrease of eighty per cent in the number of tracers sent out after package shipments. It enables the railroads to have more cars at their service and thus do more business; it puts the shipper in closer touch with his customer and he can handle consignments on short order and with profit, especially with goods rushed to meet sudden changes in temperature. Likewise it reduces the risk of loss from pilferage and damage in transfer. It is one more general benefit that the association has brought about.

Very soon the association realized that, to advertise and enrich Chicago, an organized effort must be made to get conventions. A convention bureau was established which has reduced the business to a real science. It wastes neither money nor energy. For a long time it was the practice of cities to distribute badges and lapel buttons. "Why not give something practical?" said Chicago—and her bureau gives away lead-pencils, with the inscription: "Mark it down and then come to Chicago."

How is the bureau to know where and what the conventions are? In the answer to this question is a revelation of the remarkable extent to which this kind of organization has gone. You can go to the convention bureau of the Chicago Association of Commerce and find a complete file of the name, strength, organization, method of selecting meeting place, and, what is more important than anything else, the spending capacity of every kind of organization that meets in the United States. It may surprise you to know that there are exactly four thousand such organizations. Some only meet every four years. Numbers do not always count. For example, the bureau estimates that though the average religious convention averages a daily expenditure of a dollar and seventy-five cents a person, the usual daily spending capacity for a visitor during a Shriners' meeting is twelve dollars and seventy-five cents. On the spending capacity depends the degree of work expended to get the meeting. You get some idea of the value of some conventions when you discover that the Knights Templar alone left nine million dollars this year.

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Sonnets of a Standpat Congressman

After the Convention--By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

There is a River in the Realm of Junk

THERE is a river in the Realm of Junk,
Sad to the spirit of unhappy man;
Here many a cast-off hope and old tin can
Lie scattered in the seethe of blasted punk;
Here Failure snivels with her ghastly plunk;
Defeated ball teams, mares that also ran,
Matinée idols who have passed their span,
Lie mingled with the bankrupt and the drunk.

Thither must I my slender shallop steer
And on the Listless List my name enroll,
Midst the cracked remnants of those voyagers queer
Who sought the stars and found the mud their goal.
Salt Creek, blow forth thy winds, my sails inspire,
For I'll be next to seek thy turgid mire!

II

For where are they, the loveliest and the best,
That yester strode the docile G. O. P.—
Tawney, the sage of Minnesota's free;
J. Cæsar Burrows, of the dauntless crest?
Where can J. Cannon in his patness rest,
Or Hale, of Maine, the boss that used to be?
Broken of wing they lie, the same as me;
While strange birds nestle in our ruined nest!

Even the Senate, which was famed of yore
For solemn, sweet and somnolent debate,
Now shrinks offended by the raucous roar
Of Beveridge, Rebellion's own ingrate.
The Faithful flee before the Young Turk's breed—
The Flower of Chivalry hath gone to seed.

III

Now in this District—which I once called mine—
The Heathen rages in his mad campaign.
This schoolboy, Nick McGee, with phrases vain
Whacks the old Party harshly in the spine.
"Our Candidate!" they shout along the line
E'en as he glorifies the Pee-pul Plain,
Knifing the Pluto Cats with cold disdain,
Knocking the Courts from off their thrones divine.

Last week, at Scagg's Pavilion, where he spoke
On "Party Progress" to three thousand cranks,
He sent the Constitution up in smoke;
Then, when he'd nailed a Platform full of planks,
He read Me from the Party—think of that!—
Oh, Taft and Wickersham, where are we at?

IV

He says when he's elected this he'll do:
He'll send all campaign contributions glimmin';
Primary Laws he'll have, with all the trimmin';
Initiative, referendum too;
Conventions ruled by bosses must skidoo;
He's dopy with New Nationalism's skimmin'—
The next you know he'll holler, "Votes for Women!"
My, what a Socio-Teddycratic stew!

The poor, in short, shall ride in motor cars;
The rich shall dig the sewers, mend the streets;
Angel police shall wear the civic stars
And seraphim shall sit in judges' seats;
Shepherds of Truth shall tend the people's sheep
Throughout the Nation—whoa! my foot's asleep!

V

A delegation from the Roosevelt mob
Called on me Wednesday with a flag of truce.
That fly-by-night reformer, Arthur Bruce,
And Highbrow Jones and Socialistic Hobb
Had the prize nerve to offer Me a job!
"Of course you're sore," they said; "but what's the use?
You can't make matters better by abuse—
Come to your Party's call, oh, sulking slob!"

"My Party?" Thus I thundered. "No, indeed!
Mine is the Party, sir, of Taft and Quay,
Of Washington, of Lincoln and of Tweed.
Ere from these sacred paths my footsteps stray
This poor, misguided Land in which we dwell
Can wander to Democracy or Hell!"

VI

Last night the Big Boss scuttled into town
And 'phoned me, "Come to Dugan's place, Q. T."
I came. The Boss began: "This man McGee—
Say, shall we serve him white or do him brown?
He's acted like a most improper noun;
But beggars can't be choosers; and you see,
If Democrats should win, why, where'd we be?
The Gang without a Party, plumb thrown down."

Angel Police Shall Wear the Civic Stars

But Cyrus Squeers, the railroad's handy man,
Cleared his dry throat. "I've staked too much to lose.
Therefore I'll have to do the best I can
For any man the Democrats shall choose."
Oh, Money! how thy golden beacon shines
Across the fragile walls of Party Lines!

VII

'Tis written in the law of the Machine
That where the Railroad points the Boss must vote;
That when the Boss decides to change his coat
The Leaders, too, must switch their velveteen;
And when the Leaders shift the party scene
The Gang to lightning change their time devote,
Whereat their Favorite Statesman is the goat
Who strikes his colors, changing red for green.

And so we've pledged in secret to support
James Wagstaff Hooper, Democratic choice,
The friend of Corporations and the Court,
The Railroad Lobby's unoffending voice.
Thus the great Parties join in stress and storm
To fight the common enemy, Reform.

VIII

Oh, Roosevelt traitors, we have soaked you right!
For when another Session comes around
A Democratic Congress shall be found
Holding the candles in the Halls of Light.
A Democratic Speaker in his might
Shall sit in Joseph's seat, a tyrant crowned,
And with a peevish gavel he shall pound
Republicans who treat him impolite.

And at the desk where John B. Bunkworth sat
James Wagstaff Hooper now shall tilt his heels,
Make speeches through a Democratic hat
And aid the Trusts with Democratic deals.
But be the Party's name whate'er it may,
'Twill swat those darn Progressives anyway!

IX

The Railroad's backing Hooper's state campaign.
There's fireworks, an ovation and a band
Where'er he pauses for a one-night stand.
The flag-draped platform of his special train
Draws forth the folks who list to him explain
The Elba Peril to Our Native Land.
Hooper's a bovine type, but rather grand—
Another statesman who is safe and sane.

At every station I, in all my gall,
Step forth, "a noble convert to the Cause,"
Defending "what is Con-sti-tu-tion-al,
A Government of well-established laws.
I served my Party faith-ful-ly," I shout,
"Till Anarchy stepped in—then I stepped out."

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THE RAINCOAT KING

Abe Potash Causes Him to Lose the Services of the Heir Apparent

By MONTAGUE GLASS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

THE table is all right, Mawruss," Abe Potash remarked as he consulted the timecard of the Long Island Railroad one hot July afternoon. "The table is all right; I ain't kicking about the table, y'understand, but the class of people which they stay in the house, Mawruss, is pretty *schlecht*. My Rosie couldn't get along with 'em at all."

"You don't tell me!" Morris replied. "Riesenberger's is got a big reputation, Abe, and when me and Minnie stayed there two years ago there was an elegant class of people stopping in the house. Would you believe me, Abe, I tried to get up a game of auction pinocle there and I couldn't do it! Nobody would play less than a dollar a hundred. I'm surprised to hear the place is run down so."

"Oh, if the house's got a big reputation for auction pinocle, Mawruss, then that's something else again! They play just as high as former times. Sidney Koblin lost forty dollars last night. With my own eyes I seen it, Mawruss; and his father looks on and don't say nothing."

"What does Max Koblin care for forty dollars, Abe?" Morris said. "The feller's a millionaire. He's got ten pages of advertising in the Cloak and Suit Monthly Gazette. I bet yer he spends more as forty dollars for one page already. Wait; I'll show it to you."

Morris opened the green-covered periodical and displayed a full-page ad, as follows:

MAX KOBLIN

KING OF RAINCOATS

"KOBLINETTE," THE RAINSHED FABRIC

WEST 20TH STREET
NEW YORK

"Sure, I know, Mawruss," Abe commented. "He was always a big faker, that feller. Twenty years since already I used to eat by Gifkin's on Canal Street, and one day Max Koblin comes in and says to me, 'Abe,' he says, 'I want you should drink a bottle tchampanyer wine on me.' In them days Max works for old man Zudosky selling boys' reefers. Raincoats was like oitermobiles; no one had discovered 'em yet. 'What's the matter, Max?' I says. 'Old man Zudosky given you a raise?' I says. 'Raise nothing,' Max says. 'I got a boy up to my house.' 'So,' I says, 'just because you got a boy, Max, I should got a headache and neglect my business?' I says. 'An idee!' I says. 'Take the dollar and a quarter, Max,' I says, 'and put it in the savings bank, and every time you give the boy a penny make him put it away with the other money,' I says; 'and the first thing you know, Max,' I says, 'when the boy gets to be twenty years old he's got anyhow a couple hundred dollars in the savings bank.'"

"And what did Max say?" Morris asked.

"He laughs at me, Mawruss," Abe replied. "He says to me, 'When that boy gets to be twenty years old he wouldn't need to got to have a couple hundred dollars in the savings bank. I could give him all the money he wants it.'"

"Well, Max was right, ain't it?" Morris rejoined. "He could give the boy all the money he wants."

"Money ain't everything what that boy wants, Mawruss," Abe said. "A good *potch* on the side of the head oncet in a while is what that boy wants. So fresh that young feller is, Mawruss, you wouldn't believe it at all. Actually he runs an oitermobile what Max bought it for him for fifteen hundred dollars, a birthday present, besides the other big car which Koblin got it. Max *oser* runs oitermobiles at Sidney's age. Piece goods on a pooshcart from old man Zudosky's to the sponger's was all the oitermobiling Max done it. Today they are putting on style yet. Suckers!"

"Well, say, Abe," Morris protested, "what is it skin off your nose supposing Max does buy oitermobiles for the boy? This is a free country, Abe."

"Sure, I know, Mawruss," Abe declared, as he revealed the nub of the whole matter; "and supposing my Rosie don't play poker, which, *Gott sei dank*, she couldn't tell a king from an ace, what is that Mrs. Koblin's business? She ain't supposed to know that, Mawruss, and yet she didn't invite my Rosie to her poker party. Rosie wouldn't of gone anyhow, Mawruss; but that ain't the point. Ain't my Rosie just as good as Mrs. Klinger *oder* Mrs. Elenbogen? Particularly Mrs. Elenbogen, which, three years ago even, Lapidus & Elenbogen was still rated ten to fifteen thousand, third credit. Only in the last two years they are coming up so; and the way that Mrs. Elenbogen acts, you would think her husband got a bank in Frankfort-am-Main when Rothschild was a new beginner yet. Such fakers as them is too good for my Rosie, Mawruss. An idee!"

"What do you worry yourself about women's fighting, Abe?" Morris asked.

"Me worry myself, Mawruss!" Abe cried. "I much care for them people, Mawruss. I am married to my Rosie now going on twenty-six years, will be next May, and if I didn't know that she's got it on every one of them cows in looks, in refinement and in every which way, Mawruss, then I could worry, Mawruss. As it is, Mawruss, for my part they could play poker till they are black in the face—what is it my business? I got enough to attend to here in the store, Mawruss, without I should bother myself."

"I bet yer!" Morris agreed fervently. "That reminds me, Abe, Shapolnik is leaving us on Saturday."

"Well, Mawruss, I couldn't exactly break my heart about that, y'understand," Abe replied. "Skirt-cutters you could always get plenty of 'em. What's the matter he ain't satisfied?"

"If a Feller Wants to Make a Success in Business He Should be a Little Up to Date, Ain't It?"

"Nothing's the matter," Morris said. "He is simply going into the pants business. His brother-in-law is got a small place downtown and he is going as partners together with him. They ought to make a success of it too, Abe, if nerve would got anything to do with it. The feller actually wants me I should give him an introduction to Feder of the Kosciusko Bank."

"Sure; why not?" Abe commented.

"Why not?" Morris repeated. "What would Feder think of us if we are bringing a yokel like Shapolnik into his office? The feller ain't been two years in the country yet."

"Don't knock a feller like Shapolnik just because he ain't putting on no front nor throwing no bluffs, Mawruss," Abe retorted. "It's the faker with the four-carat diamond pin which is doing his creditors, Mawruss, but the yokel with the soup on his coat pays a hundred cents on the dollar every time." Half an hour later Abe conducted his retiring skirt-cutter to the Fifth Avenue branch of the Kosciusko Bank, and as they approached the corner of Nineteenth Street on their return they encountered Max Koblin, the Raincoat King. He was about to enter the tonneau of an automobile, while Sidney Koblin, the Heir Apparent, sat at the tiller arrayed in a silk duster and goggles. Max grinned maliciously as he noted Abe's shabby, bearded companion.

"Always entertaining the out-of-town trade, Abe?" he said.

Abe relaxed his features in what he intended for a smile, but afterward he turned to Shapolnik with a scowl.

"Only one thing I got to tell you, Shapolnik," he declared. "Nowadays, if a feller wants to make a success he must got to wear good clothes and look like a *mensch*, y'understand. It never harms in business, Shapolnik, that a feller should throw sometimes, oncet in a while, a little bluff."

"You Told Me Yesterday You Wanted a Salesman and I am Bringing Him to You"

II

BETWEEN the ages of sixteen and twenty Sidney Koblin had so often tested the maxim, "Boys will be boys," that Max Koblin's patience at length became exhausted. "Do you mean to told me you ain't got one cent left from that forty I gave you on Saturday?" Max asked on the Monday morning following Shapolnik's resignation.

"Aw, what's biting you?" Sidney cried. "You sat behind me last night and if it wouldn't been for you I wouldn't of played that last four-hundred hand at all. Cost forty-eight dollars, that advice of yours."

This was a facer, to be sure, and Max paused before formulating a rejoinder.

"In the first place, Sidney," he began, "you didn't got no right to lead no trump. I told you before lots of times, if you got the extra ten, get rid of your meld first. And in the second place, Sidney, I wouldn't stand for your extravagance no longer. It's time you turned around and attended to business."

"Aw, you never give me no show!" Sidney protested. "You keep me monkeying around while other young fellers is out on the road. Look at Mortie Savin and all them boys."

"Sure, I know," Max rejoined. "They got heads on 'em. You couldn't add up eight figures together, and at your age for a feller to write a hand like that, Sidney——"

"What are you kicking about?" Sidney exclaimed. "When you was my age you couldn't sign your name even."

"Well, that ain't here nor there, Sidney," Max replied as he pulled a bill from the roll which he produced from his trousers pocket. "Here is ten dollars and that's got to last you till Saturday night. D'ye understand?"

Sidney grunted as he tucked the bill into his waistcoat. He had heard the same ultimatum once a week for the past two years, and he whistled cheerfully as he dispatched one of the stock boys for a package of cigarettes. An hour later he lunched at Hammersmith's while Abe Potash sat at an adjacent table. As he consumed a modest portion of *rostbraten* Abe noted with a disapproving eye the cherrystone clams, green-turtle soup and *filet Châteaubriand* which formed the menu of the Heir Apparent; and when the latter topped off his meal with half a pint of dry champagne and a *café parfait* Abe seized his hat and fairly ran from the restaurant.

"If nobody would tell that feller Koblin what a lowlife bum he got it for a son, Mawruss," he said as he entered the firm's private office ten minutes later, "I will. Actually with my own eyes I seen it—the feller eats for five dollars a lunch, and he ain't with a customer nor nothing."

"What is it your business what Sidney Koblin is eating, Abe?" Morris rejoined. "If you wouldn't notice every mouthful the feller puts in his face at all you would be back here a whole lot sooner. There's a feller waiting for you in the showroom over half an hour since."

"Who is he?" Abe asked.

"I think it's that Mr.—who's this, from Seattle, which he was in here last fall and nearly bought from us them polo coats? I couldn't tell his face exactly, but you remember what a swell dresser that feller was."

Abe peered through the screen that divided the rooms.

"I think you're right, Mawruss," he said.

"I couldn't remember his name," Morris added, "and that's why I didn't talk much to him. All I says was you would be in soon; and I give him a cigar from the safe."

Abe nodded and walked hurriedly out of the office. As he approached his caller he extended his right hand.

"How do you do?" he exclaimed, as he shook his visitor warmly by the hand. "You're looking fine."

The visitor smiled in return.

"I thought you were going to tell me that," he replied.

"Yes, indeed! You're looking a whole lot better than the last time I seen you," Abe said. "When did you get in?"

"I am here now going on half an hour already."

"Well, why didn't you talk to my partner?" Abe asked. "He could fix you up just as well as me."

"I did talk to him," the newcomer replied, "but he is too stuck up to talk to me at all."

"Stuck up!" Abe exclaimed, with a note of real anguish in his tones. "Stuck up! Why, you don't know my partner at all, Mister—er —— Excuse me, do you got a card?"

The stranger drew a card from his waistcoat pocket and with a proud gesture handed it to Abe. It read as follows:

I. KATZBERG I. SCHAPP

KATZBERG & SCHAPP

FINE PANTS

530 WEST WASHINGTON PLACE NEW YORK

"I am taking your advice, Mr. Potash," he said. "I am taking your advice all round. I cut 'em off."

"You cut what off?" Abe asked.

"The whiskers, Mr. Potash. Also I am making short the name. In Russland Shapolnik is all right, Mr. Potash; but if a feller wants to make a success in business he should be a little up to date, ain't it?"

"Ain't I Given You Ten Dollars Only This Morning?"

The cordial smile faded from Abe's face as he recognized his visitor.

"There's such a thing as being too much up to date, Shapolnik," he said. "You ain't got no right to fool my partner like that. Me, you couldn't fool for a minute. Right away I says to myself, 'Here is a feller which he wants to ask us something we should do him for a favor.' So, spit it out, Shapolnik. What is it you want from us?"

"Well, it's like this, Mr. Potash," Shapolnik began. "Me and my partner we are wanting to take on somebody for a drummer, y'understand. We must got it some one which he is already got a trade. *Aber* he couldn't ask for too much money at the start, on account we are going slow. If you know some young feller which he wants the job me and my partner would be much obliged, Mr. Potash."

"What d'ye think we are running here anyway, Shapolnik," Abe retorted—"an employment agency?"

"I am just taking chances might you would know somebody, maybe," Shapolnik murmured as he rose to his feet. He seemed much relieved at Abe's refusal. "And I hope you don't think I am doing something out of the way. You know, Mr. Potash, me and my partner we think a whole lot of your judgment, and if you would give us an advice we are willing we should follow it."

"Well, I ain't mad at you, Shapolnik," Abe said more mildly; "but all the same, if you want to get a drummer you got a right to advertise for one."

"We would do so," Shapolnik replied, "and if you would be in our *Nachbarschaft* oncet in a while, Mr. Potash, me and my partner would consider it an honor if you are dropping in to see us. We only got a small place, Mr. Potash." He paused and fingered the texture of his waistcoat. "But everything will be up to date, Mr. Potash," he concluded, "just like you advised us to."

Abe watched his late skirt-cutter disappear into the elevator, and then he returned to the office where Morris impatiently awaited him.

"*Nu*, Abe," Morris cried as he entered.

"Yes, Mawruss," Abe said with cutting emphasis: "good cigars don't care who smokes 'em. I suppose if Nathan, the shipping clerk, would come in here with a collar and tie on and a clean shave, you would want to blow him to a bottle of tchampanyer wine yet. Just because a feller shaves off his beard and buys himself a new suit of clothes you couldn't recognize him at all. That was Shapolnik which just went out of here."

"Shapolnik!" Morris exclaimed. "That dude was Shapolnik? Well, what d'ye think for a crook like that!"

"Crooked Shapolnik ain't exactly," Abe interrupted; "but it should be a lesson to you, Mawruss, that you wouldn't be so free with our cigars. All the feller wants from us is we should recommend him a drummer."

"The nerve the feller got it!" Morris cried. "He comes around here throwing bluffs he needs a drummer yet. A new beginner like him ain't going to hire no drummer, Abe. I bet yer he takes his pants under his arms and sees them Fourteenth Street buyers on his way downtown in the morning. He ain't got no more use for a drummer than I got it for an airship."

"My *kurie* if he has or he hasn't!" Abe exclaimed. "I anyhow told him he should advertise for one, as we are not running an employment agency here, Mawruss; and so, Mawruss, let's get busy on that order for Griesmann. I want to get away from here sure at five o'clock today. What is the good I am staying down at Riesenberger's if I never get a show to take oncet in a while a sea bath, maybe?"

Nevertheless it was ten minutes past five before Abe boarded a crosstown car; and, although he made a wild sprint from the ferry landing on the Long Island side, he arrived at the trainshed just in time to see the rear platform of the five-forty-five for Arverne disappearing in a cloud of black smoke.

He returned to the waiting room, and as he was sadly inspecting the outer pages of the comic periodicals displayed in the news-stand a heavy hand clapped him on the shoulder.

"Hello, Abe!" cried a hearty voice, and Abe turned to view the perspiring features of Max Koblin, the Raincoat King. Abe returned the salutation without much enthusiasm.

"Why ain't you going down in the oitermobile, Max?" he asked. "Millionaires ain't got no excuse for missing trains like ordinary people."

Max laughed in an embarrassed fashion.

"Millionaires is got their troubles too, Abe," he said. "Even when they ain't millionaires."

"I should have your trouble!" Abe commented.

"I got enough, Abe, believe me," Max rejoined. "Everything I got to look after myself. My credit man leaves me next week; and I got other worries besides that one, too."

"Sure, I know," Abe said as they started for the smoker of the six-ten; "and the biggest one you got only yourself to blame for it."

"What d'ye mean, Abe?" Max asked.

"I mean this, Max," Abe declared. "I am knowing you now since twenty years already, and if I am butting in you could know it ain't because I am fresh, y'understand, but because I got your interests at heart. That boy of yours goes too far, Max."

Max drew a cigar from his waistcoat pocket and carefully bit off the end. "How so?" he inquired.

"Well, in a whole lot of ways, Max," Abe continued, after they were seated; "and mind you, I know it ain't none of my business, Max, but when I see that boy come into Hammersmith's today and eat for five dollars a lunch, with a bottle of tchampanyer wine yet, Max, I couldn't help myself. I got to say something."

Max scowled and spat out the end of his cigar.

"Of course, Max," Abe added, using his partner's metaphor, "it ain't no skin off my nose, y'understand."

"Ain't it?" Max growled as he turned on Abe with a menacing glare. "Well, it's a wonder it ain't, the way you are sticking it into other people's business. If you think I care what you think about what my boy eats for his lunch you are making a big mistake. I could take care of my own boy, Potash, and I am just as much obliged if you would do the same."

Abe flushed a fiery red and rose to his feet.

"I guess I would go into the next car," he said.

"You could go a whole lot farther for all I care!" Max retorted, and immediately buried his head between the open pages of a conservative evening paper.

Abe had not offended in vain, however, for after dinner that night, when Sidney sought his father in the Koblins' suite at Riesenberger's cottage, the King was in an ugly mood.

"Say, Pop," Sidney began, "how about you for twenty till Saturday night?"

"What d'ye mean?" Max bellowed. "Ain't I given you ten dollars only this morning?"

Sidney laughed uncomfortably. "Ain't you the old tightwad!" he said.

Max's reply to this observation was quite unprecedented in all Sidney's experience. It took the form of an openhanded blow on the cheek, the first ever administered by his indulgent parent since Sidney's infancy. Forthwith began a family row that brought the entire household—guests, servants and proprietress—on the run to the Koblin apartments. When Mrs. Koblin's frightened screams had ceased, and Max Koblin had calmed down sufficiently to offer an evasive explanation, the guests trooped back to the piazza, and three games of auction pinocle, which had started in the dining room after the tables had been cleared, came to an abrupt close. Instead, the players foregathered with the other guests in the porch rockers.

There they discussed the incident until nearly midnight; and, as no one had been an eye-witness of the affray, there were as many versions of it as may be mathematically demonstrated where one blow is struck among

three persons. Some had it that Sidney had attacked his father and others that Mrs. Koblin had assaulted Sidney, but a large feminine majority favored a construction of the matter as one of wife-beating. Abe alone correctly surmised the turn that Sidney's affairs had taken and he sat on the piazza in conscience-stricken solitude long after all the other guests had retired.

He blamed himself for the entire affair and he smoked cigar after cigar before he sought his bed. As he walked up the broad staircase he met Max Koblin at the first landing.

"Max," he said, "where are you going this time of night?"

Max stopped short. His eyes blazed in a face so careworn and haggard that, to Abe, he seemed to have aged ten years since their meeting that afternoon.

"This is what comes of your butting in!" Max cried bitterly. "The boy went out right after we had the fuss and he ain't come back."

He paused to choke down a hysterical lump in his throat.

"And God knows what's become of him!" he sobbed as he continued down the stairs.

III

ABE tossed on his pillow all night; and when at breakfast he learned that Sidney Koblin had not returned, he swallowed with difficulty a cup of coffee and left a steak, two eggs and a plate of French-fried potatoes entirely untasted. Thus he was enabled to catch the seven-five instead of the seven-thirty train. When he found himself at the Thirty-fourth Street Ferry with almost half an hour to spare he determined to walk to the store.

He trudged across Thirty-fourth Street with his hands in his pockets and his head bent toward the pavement, a prey to the most bitter reflections; and as he turned the corner of Fifth Avenue he failed to notice, walking in the opposite direction, a tall youth, well dressed save for soiled linen. The latter's eyes showed traces of unmistakable tears; and as they, too, were bent upon the pavement there ensued a violent collision, which almost threw Abe off his feet.

"Why don't you look where you're going?" he began, and then he recognized the object of his wrath. "Sidney!" he yelled, clutching young Koblin's shoulder. "Where are you going?"

"Let me alone," Sidney cried as he sought to free himself.

"*Aber*, Sidney," Abe pleaded, "you mustn't act so strange with me. Did you got any breakfast yet?"

Sidney shook his head sullenly.

"Me neither," Abe cried. "Come on over to the Waldorf."

Five minutes later they sat at a table in the palm room, while Abe ordered two whole portions of grapefruit, a double portion of tenderloin steak, soufflé potatoes, coffee, waffles and honey.

"Now, listen to me, Sidney," he began. "You shouldn't got mad at your father just because he licks you oncet, y'understand. My poor father, *selig*, he knocks the face off of me regular twicet a week, and I ain't none the worser for it."

Sidney hung his head and made no reply.

"Furthermore, Sidney," Abe went on, "if you are broke why don't you say so?"

He pulled a roll of bills out of his pocket and handed Sidney twenty dollars.

"Just a loan for a few days, y'understand," he said as the waiter brought in a loaded tray, "or a year—what's the difference—ain't it? Now, let's get busy."

Together they polished off the entire trayful of food, and when Abe leaned back the waiter presented a check for ten dollars and eighty cents.

"Cheap at the price," Abe remarked as he added a generous tip to the amount of the bill. "And now, Sidney, I suppose you're going back to the store."

"No, I ain't," Sidney said. "I ain't doing no good down there; so what's the use? The old man won't let me do nothing down there and they all think I'm a joke."

"Well, you see, Sidney," Abe commented, "that's the way it goes. It's an old saying, but a true one: 'There's no profit for a feller in his own country.'"

"And what's more," Sidney continued, "they ain't given me a chance neither. What I want to do is to sell goods on the road."

"Sure, I know," Abe interrupted. "Every young feller wants to go on the road. All they can see in it is riding in parlor cars and playing auction pinocle in four-dollar-a-day hotels. Believe me, Sidney, selling goods on the road, when you been at it so long as I am, is a dawg's life; and as for auction pinocle that's poison for a salesman."

"Auction pinocle is nothing to me," Sidney declared. "I swore off."

"Another thing is lunches, Sidney," Abe went on. "Ain't it a funny thing what a lot of satisfaction it is when you are eating zwieback and a cup of coffee for lunch? In the first place, all it is costing you is ten cents and you feel like a prince. Many a big bill of goods I sold on zwieback and coffee, Sidney—crackers and milk, too. And now, Sidney, the best thing you could do is to go back and tell the old man you are through with auction pinocle and high-price lunches, and you want him he should give you a show you should sell goods."

Again Sidney shook his head.

"It ain't no use, Mr. Potash," Sidney declared. "Pop ain't got no confidence in me. If I was a greenhorn fresh from the old country he might let me start in and do something, but ——"

At the word greenhorn Abe Potash leaned forward and struck the table with his open hand.

"By jiminy, Sidney!" he cried, "I know the very job for you. Only one thing I must got to say to you, Sidney: you would got to commence small; so if what you are saying about auction pinocle and other monkey business goes, Sidney, all right. Otherwise the thing is off."

"Sure, it goes, Mr. Potash," Sidney cried.

Abe looked the Heir Apparent squarely in the eye for two minutes and then he struck the table again.

"I believe you, Sidney," he said, "and we will right away take the car down to West Washington Place."

IV

KATZBERG & SCHAPP occupied the top floor of an old private house; but what their place of business lacked in size it made up in activity. Pressing irons were sizzling and banging and sewing machines were burring loudly as Abe and Sidney climbed the stairs. When they entered, Shapolnik, the butterfly of fashion, had once more assumed the chrysalis of his working clothes.

"How do you do, Mister Potash?" he cried, all in one breath. "Excuse me; I am looking like a slob. We are busy like dawgs here. Katzberg!" he yelled; "*Kimmen Sie hieran.*"

In response, a stout figure, clad only in an undershirt, trousers and a pair of carpet slippers, laid down a pressing iron and shuffled toward the visitors.

"My partner, Mister Katzberg," Shapolnik announced. "He also looks a slob, Mr. Potash; but when we are getting partitions in, and our office fixed up, no one would see him at all. He is the inside man; and me, I am in the office and showroom. We're going to have a showroom so soon as we are settled—a safe too. A telephone we already got it. This is Mr. Potash, Katzberg, and the other gentleman I don't know at all."

"Mr. Koblin," Abe explained; "he is coming to work by you as a salesman."

"A salesman!" Katzberg exclaimed. "Why, we don't want no ——"

Shapolnik turned on him with a glare.

"Katzberg," he said, "them samples you are working on we got to show the Magnet Store this afternoon yet."

Katzberg shrugged his shoulders and returned to his pressing, while Shapolnik drew forward two rickety chairs and a packing-box.

"Have a seat, Mr. Potash; and Mr. Cohen too," he said.

"Koblin," Abe corrected.

"Koblin," Shapolnik repeated. "Excuse me."

He went to a closet in the corner, and unlocking it he exposed the fashionable suit that he had worn at Potash & Perlmutter's the previous afternoon. From the right-hand waistcoat pocket he took a red-banded invincible and handed it to Abe.

"Have a smoke, Mr. Potash?" he said. Abe examined the cigar closely and tucked it carefully away. Then he produced three panatelas, handed one each to Sidney and Shapolnik and lit the other himself.

"About this here salesman, Mr. Potash," Shapolnik commented. "I think I changed my mind."

Abe blew a great cloud of smoke before replying and then he placed an emphatic forefinger upon Shapolnik's knee.

"A new beginner when he throws bluffs, Shapolnik," he said, "must got to make good. You told me yesterday you wanted a salesman and I am bringing him to you."

Shapolnik blushed.

"Sure, I know I told it you, Mr. Potash," he said, "but my partner thinks otherwise."

Abe nodded.

"The only use some people got for a partner, Shapolnik," he commented, "is they could always blame him for everything they do; but even if you did come in my place just to show me what an elegant suit of clothes and a fine clean shave you got it, Shapolnik, I am bringing you a salesman anyhow."

Katzberg at this juncture again laid down his pressing iron and came forward.

"Say, lookyhere, what is the use talking?" he cried. "We don't need a salesman; and that's all there is to it."

"'S enough, Katzberg," Abe shouted. "You got a whole lot too much to say for yourself for a new beginner. I ain't saying you need a salesman, Katzberg; I am only saying that you are going to hire one, Katzberg. And after you hire one you will quick need him."

Abe placed his hand on Sidney's shoulder.

"Here is a young feller which he ain't going to gamble *oder* fool away his time. He is going to sell goods," he declared. "He works for years by the biggest raincoat house in the country, and he's got an acquaintance among the retail clothing trade which it is easy worth to you twenty-five dollars a week and the regular commissions."

"But we couldn't afford to pay no salesman twenty-five dollars a week," Shapolnik exclaimed.

"Try me just one week," Sidney said, "and I'll bring in enough cash to pay my salary."

"I forgot to say," Abe interrupted, "that he's also got a lot of confidence in himself."

"Maybe I have," Sidney retorted; "but I'm going to make good."

"Certainly you are," Abe added, rising from his chair; "and now, Katzberg, the whole thing is settled."

Katzberg shrugged and extended one palm outward in a gesture of despair.

"Seemingly we are not our own bosses here," he said.

"Seemingly not," Abe rejoined; "but, just the same, if you will take on this young feller for a salesman I would give you a guarantirt that I will make good all you would lose on him for the first three months. Is my word good enough?"

"Sure, it is!" Shapolnik cried. "When would you come to work by us, Mr. Koblin?"

"This morning," Abe answered for Sidney—"right now;

(Continued on Page 49)

"Always Entertaining the Out-of-Town Trade, Abe?"

The Career of Farthest North

The Old Dutch Manuscripts--By Will Payne

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

A Tall, Erect Presence, With White Hair and Frigid Eyes

SEVERAL large colored drawings were spread upon the writing table in the old inn at Bethany. Pretty Mrs. North hung over them with wonder and delight, but her husband surveyed them with a lack-luster eye. They were the sketches of the new sanatorium which the Boston architect—after three weeks' delay—had just sent on.

To build the sanatorium they had twenty-five thousand dollars—a loan from appreciative Wesley Hubbard, which they could repay at leisure. But, even before Mr. North went up to Boston and talked with the architect, it had occurred to him that with only twenty-five thousand dollars one could not, after all, build much of a sanatorium. Even if the architect should run the cost up to fifty thousand dollars—which he most probably would do—the result would still fall much short of that sanatorium without a peer that was the ultimate object of Farthest's ambition.

The architect, as his letter explained, had chosen a Gothic motive to match the beautiful old elms; in fact, he had copied a celebrated chapel at Oxford, and in the sketches he had tastefully embellished the building with a luxuriant growth of ivy, which they might plant without his charging them a cent for it.

"I suppose," Farthest observed in a detached sort of way, "he told some poor devil in his office to copy 'em out of an old print and to make out a bill for five hundred dollars, and then to hurry back from his fifteen-cent lunch. But he can't work off his moldy old church on me."

Now, to Edith, the sketches had seemed almost incredibly grand and beautiful, and this cynical speech struck upon her rapt admiration with the jarring effect of a slap in the face.

"Why, Frank!" she exclaimed in a sort of hurt bewilderment. "Don't you—really—think they're—nice?" She was a very pretty woman anyway, and when she looked—well, you have seen a dear, trusting infant upon which somebody has thoughtlessly played a practical joke that it cannot understand, bravely try to laugh, with a trembling lip.

Farthest at once hugged his wife and kissed her. "I'll tell you about this sanatorium, dear," he said in a contrite burst of confidence. Usually there was no use telling Edith things, because she did whatever he asked her to anyway.

"You see," he explained affectionately, "there are two kinds of sanatoriums. There's the common kind, with prices within the reach of all—say, twenty to thirty or forty dollars a week. They make only a little off each patient; so they have to get a great many patients. Then there's the uncommon kind, where they have fewer patients and charge enough so they need only a few. Ours is to be the uncommon kind. It really costs as much to feed and lodge and look after a twenty-dollar-a-week patient as a hundred-dollar-a-week one. So, why bother with the twenties?

"Now I calculate that to get the high-priced patients we must offer something novel. And what can we offer that is novel? Why, the sort of people I mean already have miles and miles of architecture. We couldn't surprise 'em with a Gothic motive, because they've got that in their own stables and henhouses. Even if we spent a million dollars on front elevations and marbles and upholstery and plumbing, we couldn't give 'em a thing they're not used to in their own homes, or in swell hotels or other sanatoriums. What would our dinky little fifty-thousand-dollar church amount to beside the Plaza?

"Don't you see, dear, that we've got the novelty right here?" he asked, with real enthusiasm, gazing about the inn office in which they sat. It was, perhaps, thirty feet square. The floor was warped; the ceiling lumpy and uneven. There was a plain brick fireplace, a little oak desk in the corner, the battered old table where the sketches were spread, and half a dozen wooden chairs. "They won't find anything like this at their swell hotels or at any other high-priced sanatorium. Then there's the question of service," he continued. "If we go in for architecture and all the modern improvements we must have the raft of first-rate servants that go along with all that. Our guests will expect it as soon as they see nobby upholstery and modern plumbing. But if we cut all that out we can let every one pretty much wait on himself to match the fine rustic simplicity of the whole establishment. Oh, I was a fool to run after an architect when I've got everything we want right here!" he concluded, his soft brown eyes shining with the splendor of his idea.

"But, Frank dear—do you suppose—they'll really come?" Edith murmured, having sunk into a chair from which she regarded him in round-eyed astonishment.

"I've thought out a whole system," said Farthest with modest gravity, after a moment's reflection. "This is to be a true Nature-cure. I suppose some nervous patients are sick of one thing and some are sick of another; but the ones I want to get are those that are sick of the city—artificial living, strife, competition, display, spiritual stagnation, booze, bridge, cigarettes and all that sort of thing. We will bring them here and restore them at once to a perfectly simple, wholesome basis—eating plain food and washing their hands in a tin basin back of the kitchen door. Then, if we can give them the stimulus of a great idea, they're cured. Didn't we do this with Mr. Hubbard?"

"Why, I believe we did!" Edith exclaimed, the truth of the surprising idea dawning upon her. "Why, I think it would be perfectly splendid for them to come here and live just simply, as you say; and this is a dear old place. But"—she wrinkled her fair brow over the difficult problem—"when they're used to all kinds of conveniences, you know—even if this is good for them, would they come?"

"Would they come?" Farthest repeated, smiling. "Listen!" Indeed certain sounds from without were distinctly heard through the open window—the slow rasp of a buck-saw, the stroke of an axe and the crackling of a stout oak stick as it split under the blow. George P. Holyoke, owner of various iron mines; Thomas B. Schenk, the well-known brewer of Milwaukee, and Franklin J. George, who was engaged in a lawsuit with the authorities of Indiana to prevent them from raising his personal-property assessment to four million dollars, were even then in the back yard industriously sawing, splitting and cording up the inn's winter supply of firewood. Miss Ellen Tuthill, whom Farthest had luckily discovered behind a lunch-counter in Boston, was gracefully raking the yard and smiling upon their labors.

"Of course, we have them," Edith assented; "but they're friends of Mr. Hubbard. He sent them here."

"Certainly," said Farthest; "and when they go away they'll send their friends. We've got the men all right. You can bet on that. Because, you see, we restore them to a simple, wholesome basis, and we give them the stimulus of a great idea."

Again Edith wrinkled her pretty brows. "I don't believe," she said doubtfully, "I know what that means." She spoke as though she hardly expected to know either—being humbly aware of her inability to follow the powerful flights of her husband's intellect.

"No?" said Farthest teasingly. He laughed gently and fondly, playfully shaking his poetic head at her. "I told you, didn't I, that we must find at least two other girls almost as beautiful as you are?"

She blushed at the phrase and said, with deprecating embarrassment, "Why, you know I'm not beautiful, dear—just nice-looking and splendidly healthy."

Farthest laughed again. "Well, nice-looking and splendidly healthy, then. Fortunately, I found Miss Tuthill, and got her real cheap. Doesn't she look stunning in that white sweater and cap? When she merely rakes up leaves you think of Helen and Diana and all sorts of interesting people. Yes," he added—inconsequentially, she thought—"we'll get the men all right. But we must really find another young woman." As his eager mind reverted to that troublesome problem, he frowned slightly. He realized that such finds as Miss Tuthill were by no means common. "That awfully cute, vivacious, dimply little brunette in the store over at Middleford might do all right, so far as looks are concerned," he speculated aloud; "but I'm sort of nervous about her." He had a suspicion that the vivacious girl would flirt with his patients, which wouldn't do at all. "Well, we'll find somebody," he said hopefully, yet with a sigh.

"Miss Tuthill seems an awfully nice girl," Edith commented—for when Farthest thrust a new idea in her way she usually left the old ones and turned to it with the untroubled placidity of a browsing heifer. "I thought that rich lady from Bridgeport was mean to snub her that way," she added, with a touch of indignation. "I'm not sorry she didn't stay, for I know, from the way she looked at me and spoke to me, she would have been mean to me too. But, of course," she corrected unselfishly, "I should have liked to have her stay for the sake of the sanatorium, because I suppose she is very wealthy and would send other patients."

"We'll get her all right in time," said Farthest shortly and with a hint of vindictiveness; for the wealthy lady from Bridgeport had roundly snubbed him too. "That's where we're weak; that's what we're weak," he repeated, musing. "We can't get the women, and we've got to get 'em; for women, after all, are the best patients. We've got to get 'em."

A Learned Person Engaged to Make Him a Couple of Authentic Old Dutch Manuscripts at a Reasonable Price

Noting that he spoke the last words absently, as though hardly aware of her presence; that his chin sank to his breast, and that he stared at the sketches without seeing them, Edith knew that he had slipped into a deep coil of thought, and sat still as a mouse until he should come out of that awe-inspiring condition.

It was true they couldn't get the women, and they needed them if the sanatorium was to be the success that Farthest hoped for. Even before the humiliating experience with the lady from Bridgeport he had been aware that aged and crabbed female breasts might not find in Edith's blond and shapely loveliness, or in Miss Tuthill's splendid dark eyes, symmetrical figure and raven tresses—with so little gray matter beneath them—that stimulus of a great idea that he considered necessary to effect the cure of his patients and to keep them contented at the sanatorium. Looking upon Miss Tuthill, for example, George P. Holyoke cheerfully toted cordwood by the hour; but when the wealthy lady from Bridgeport observed the same graceful object she merely sniffed in a suspicious manner. To hold the women, some other stimulus was necessary.

Pondering this, Farthest presently looked around at Edith with an absent-minded smile, his soft brown eyes dreamy with thought. "There's one thing will catch 'em all right," he speculated aloud, addressing the room rather than herself. "If we could just get the swellest woman in the United States down here for a fortnight the other women would break their necks to follow."

Edith merely smiled at that fanciful observation. No doubt the swellest woman in the United States was Mrs. Freddie Vanderscheldt, but one might as well talk of getting the Empress of China to the sanatorium.

Farthest brought himself to a bit and glanced at the old octagonal-faced clock that never told the right time. "Don't you think you'd best go and lend a hand at the woodpile a few minutes, dear?" he suggested gently. "Then you and Miss Tuthill take 'em for a little walk."

The three patients had been at work an hour and a half now and he judged they might need their ideas stimulated. Edith put on a light coat—for it was September and the air was crisp—and went out obediently, leaving Farthest to his thoughts. The thoughts presently led him to write the following letter to an old-time friend who was a reporter on a New York newspaper:

Dear Old Man: I've decided to go in for high society. The inclosed twenty-five-dollar check is my ante. I want you to find out what is the best society paper in New York—or, say, the best two—and send me bound volumes of each for two or three years back. Also, get me two or three books that give biographies, family trees, gossip and all that sort of tommyrot about society leaders. If there's any change from the check hand it to Mr. Rockefeller the first time you see him.

In response to this request his friend forwarded some fifteen pounds of literary slop, through which Farthest patiently waded. He already knew that Mrs. Freddie Vanderscheldt was the daughter of that great captain of industry, Peter Johnson, who owned so many copper mines that the state in which they were situated belonged to him as a sort of appurtenance of the mines; and that her husband was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Vanderscheldt; but he now learned that Freddie's mother, having been born a Schmetterhorn and having married a Vanderscheldt, was a perfect flower of the old Knickerbocker aristocracy. Indeed, one of the society papers, the Courtier, always spoke of her with the greatest veneration, and it plainly suggested that its rival, the Gadfly, spoke of her otherwise because she would not submit to the blackmail which that odious publication sought to levy upon her. To the Gadfly, then, Farthest turned with lively interest.

From the pages of that journal he derived an unflattering portrait of the great lady. It represented her as being notoriously stingy and eaten up with an acrid jealousy of that social contingent which, though inferior to her in lineage, was decidedly superior in wealth. It even intimated that her envious wrath extended to her daughter-in-law, the beautiful, brilliant and prodigal Mrs. Freddie. The lady, it appeared, displayed an enlightened interest in her country's past, having lent her countenance to a Social History of New York in Colonial Times, wherein the Schmetterhorns and Vanderscheldts figured largely, and being honorary president of the Society for Colonial Research that never, according to the malicious Gadfly, got beyond a few teas. In fact, the Gadfly coarsely satirized her antiquarian leanings as an attempt to pay the social scores of today with dinners that the Vanderscheldts and Schmetterhorns had eaten a hundred years ago.

All this naturally made Farthest feel quite familiar with the Vanderscheldts, but he knew that the feeling was by no means reciprocated, and that he would, figuratively speaking, be kicked off their doorstep just as promptly after he had read all about them in the Courtier, the Gadfly and the social histories as before. Decidedly there was still a missing link.

Now Wesley Hubbard, the sanatorium's first patient and in a measure its founder, was staying on at his Avignon cottage, six miles away. Nearly every day he came over to the inn and sometimes stayed two or three days at a stretch. Farthest was very fond of talking with the old gentleman when he could get him in a reminiscent mood. Not only had Mr. Hubbard's own career from poverty to opulence been interesting, but in one way or another he had met a great many of the notable persons of his time.

For example, by tactfully steering the conversation here and there, Farthest soon discovered that Mr. Hubbard was a Colonial Scion—principally because he was the richest man in Wisconsin, but incidentally because his great-grandfather had been an authentic colonial blacksmith. He learned, also, that after due deliberation Mrs. Jacob Vanderscheldt had graciously condescended to be a Colonial Scion; that Mr. Hubbard and Mrs. Vanderscheldt had coöperated in the great movement to erect a memorial hall for the Scions at the east front of the Capitol at Washington, Mr. Hubbard having subscribed ten thousand dollars, while Mrs. Vanderscheldt permitted her name to be printed as a member of the executive committee. Twice at committee meetings he and the great lady had met face to face for the space of five minutes—the length of time required for Mrs. Vanderscheldt to enter at one door, progress royally through the room and leave by the other door—and it had been his agreeable duty to address two or three official communications to the lady. The acquaintance was brief, yet Farthest calculated that not even Mrs. Jacob Vanderscheldt would forget a man who was as rich as Mr. Hubbard.

That point being settled, Farthest left the sanatorium in Edith's fair hands and visited New York, Boston and Washington, where he engaged in further literary labors. He not only read half a dozen books about the Dutch in New York, but examined all the old Dutch manuscripts he could find in the libraries. In New York he even discovered a learned person who engaged to make him a couple of authentic old Dutch manuscripts at a reasonable price. Also, he visited some antiquarian shops where colonial furniture might be procured.

While he was thus busy the foliage at Bethany turned to red and gold. Mornings and evenings the air nipped keenly. Even at midday the laborers at the woodpile wore their coats and mittens, while a cheerful fire always blazed on the hearth in the office of the old inn.

Mr. Hubbard, having taken a turn at the woodpile himself, was sitting before the fire absorbing its grateful warmth and chatting with the mistress of the inn. His shrewd old eyes rested idly now upon the glowing coals and now upon the peachlike complexion and smiling lips of his companion. Whichever way his eyes turned a kind of luxurious content twinkled in them.

Their aimless conversation was interrupted by the sound of heavy, tramping feet upon the porch. As they looked round, Farthest threw open the door and entered, his face shining with happy excitement. Two expressmen from Avignon followed him, bearing between them a badly used old mahogany desk. Cautioning the men to be very careful, Farthest directed them where to place the desk, paid and dismissed them.

The desk was old and marred. One of the front legs had been broken off and its place rudely supplied with a piece of common scantling. It was stained in various places and grimy with dust. Yet it was evidently old and had once been a handsome piece of furniture. Farthest surveyed it with the infatuation of a father gazing upon his first-born, and turned to beam upon them as triumphantly as though it were a throne he was about to mount.

"What do you say to it?" he demanded. "Isn't that a find!" And in a rapid, excited manner he told them how he had discovered it—where did they suppose?—actually in the barn of an old farm the other side of Avignon!

That evening Mr. Hubbard examined the desk with interest—feeling the woodwork and the solid brass drawer-handles, studying its shape and construction. He delivered the opinion that it was no doubt a genuine piece of colonial furniture, probably dating back to the early part of the eighteenth century. One by one he opened the drawers, which were empty and very dusty. But the upper right-hand drawer stuck. Farthest helped him pull on it, and when it flew open jerkily a cloud of fine dust arose, making them sneeze. They saw at once, however, that this drawer was not empty. Embedded in the dust lay some papers—yellow, old papers they proved to be, written on with faded ink, giving off tiny dust clouds when their old folds were disturbed.

As became a Scion, Mr. Hubbard was so interested that he ignored Edith's plea to be permitted to dust the papers,

(Continued on Page 60

"Women, After All, are the Best Patients. We've Got to Get 'Em"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 5, 1910

Discriminating Against Decency

PRESS dispatches that have come from Washington during the past few weeks intimate that the Postmaster-General will recommend to the President, and the President to the Congress, a new plan for raising the postal rate on magazines. Though details are lacking, the idea, as briefly outlined, is to exempt all newspapers, including their weekly and monthly magazines, from any increase; to exempt also such periodicals as the Postmaster-General in his inscrutable wisdom may determine are issued "purely for educational and literary purposes"; and, while carrying the reading matter in the so-called "popular" magazines at the old rate of one cent a pound, to recommend a heavy charge against the advertising pages.

Flatly, we do not believe that there is a word of truth in this story. It reads too much like a standpatter's dream of getting even. For it is hardly necessary to point out that such a plan would be admirably suited to the purposes of those who would like to round up all the magazines that have stood for honesty in business, decency in politics and integrity in advertising, and to rope, tie and slaughter them. Such a plan, too, would be nicely calculated, by a show of fairness in differentiating between reading matter and advertising, to fool the reader who does not understand the business of making his magazine.

The plain fact is that almost every publication in the country, from the penny daily to the monthly magazine, is sold at a loss. The money that a publisher receives from the reader rarely covers the cost of the white paper. From one-half to four-fifths of his advertising receipts, even in the case of a prosperous publication, must go back into the making of the newspaper or periodical. Without advertising there can be no cheap dailies, weeklies and monthlies. *So any increase in the rate on any part of a magazine must be distributed over the whole publication.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST pleads guilty to both popularity and prosperity. The second is the result of the first, for advertising follows circulation, as trade follows the flag. But our weekly has achieved its present position only after the hardest kind of a fight, without the aid of rebates, tariffs or special privileges of any kind. Today, publishing is about the most precarious and competitive business in which a man can engage. It is in fact the last stronghold of unrestricted competition. Nor do we believe that Congress, by granting to newspapers and their weekly and monthly magazines, and certain favored classes of periodicals a lower postal rate than the "popular" magazines, will attempt to legalize in the publishing business the discrimination and special privilege that it is trying to stop in other fields.

For all we know, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST might be included in the purely literary and educational class. In our humble opinion we are in both. But we do not think that any Government officials should be allowed to make decisions that are largely a matter of personal taste and opinion. In the hands of the wrong man such powers might prove exceedingly dangerous to the liberty of the press.

Congress is not in session as this is written, nor has the President's message been read, but we do not believe that it will contain such a recommendation as these dispatches set forth. We feel certain of Mr. Taft's honesty of purpose. We are sure that he wants to do the right thing. And after the thorough threshing out which this postal question had before Congress last winter he must know that this would not be the right thing. It is simply the discredited proposition to raise the rate on magazines, but in an even more objectionable and discriminatory form. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, like every other periodical, is now paying to the Government all that the postal service is worth and should cost under an economical and businesslike administration of the Department. The moment an attempt is made through discriminatory rates to favor one set of publishers at the expense of another, the Postal Department adopts the very methods by which the railroads built up the Standard Oil Company at the expense of its competitors.

The Postmaster-General has recently made a start in the right direction. That and the increase in postal business, much of it created by the magazines, has already cut down the deficit by some millions. But Mr. Hitchcock needs legislation to accomplish real results. Fortunately, the necessary bill has already been drawn. A joint Postal Commission and chartered accountants recently made a thorough investigation of the service, and as a result of their labors a bill was drafted that would go a long way toward curing the costly evils in the Department. It is free from unjust, un-American and, we believe, illegal discrimination between newspapers and their weekly and monthly magazines, and the periodicals. Senator Penrose undoubtedly stands behind this bill, because he was chairman of the Commission out of whose labors it grew. Senator Carter introduced this bill in the Senate last winter, and Congressman Weeks in the House. They are both postal experts. We firmly believe that the President will recommend the passage of this bill. Though it will take the Post-office out of politics and deprive the Postmaster-General of much patronage for party purposes, we believe that he is patriotic enough to favor it. With such powerful backing postal reform should be assured. Write your Senator and Congressman to get behind the Carter-Weeks Bill and push the Post-office out of politics.

An Insurgent Gain

IN THE November elections some ground was lost. Beveridge will give place to an old-line "organization" politician of whose capacity or inclination to advance the cause of popular government proof is lacking. In New York the administration of Hughes is succeeded by an administration heavily tinctured with Tammany Hall. There were a few other and less important defeats.

But ground was gained also; and with more democratic election methods the gain would have been larger. There is no doubt that the people of Indiana would have elected Beveridge if they could have voted directly on the choice of Senator. On the whole, not only was the Bourbonism which passed the new tariff act heavily stepped upon but the stepping was done with a good deal of discrimination. The latter circumstance is much more important than the former. Nearly every Insurgent candidate was elected. The number of Insurgents in the House is doubled; the number in the Senate so increased that standpat Republicans are less than a majority. This vindication of Insurgency is the big fact of the elections.

How much of the thing called Insurgency there is among the Democrats it is as yet impossible to say; but when that party takes control of the House we shall soon find out. If that spirit dominates, it is of little importance whether members are designated with a D or an R.

What One Poor Trust is Doing

ONE of the great trust cases which the Supreme Court has been girding its loins to tackle for a couple of years is that of the American Tobacco Company, whose hundred and twenty million dollars of stock is generally understood to represent the "good will" and affection in which the American people hold it. This good will might seem a bit tenuous if one regarded only such evidences of it as are furnished by "night-riding" in the South and the Government's earnest efforts to drive the concern out of business. But it appears of a far more substantial character when one considers the fiscal reports of the company. Though in 1905, for example, the company was able to pay only twenty per cent in dividends on its dropsical common stock, in 1906 it paid twenty-two and a half per cent; in 1907, twenty-five per cent; in 1908, thirty-two and a half per cent; in 1909, thirty-five per cent; and in this year of grace, forty per cent, making one hundred and seventy-five per cent in six years. To create forty million dollars out of less than nothing and pay seventy million dollars in cash dividends upon it in six years is a feat in "good will" that should challenge admiration.

A Post-Office Item

WHY we are in debt to Europe when we sell her more goods, by hundreds of millions of dollars, than we buy from her, constitutes a simple problem that puzzles many people. One of the reasons is that, last year, residents of the United States sent abroad ninety million dollars by postal money orders. Of this sum, twenty-two millions went to Italy; twenty-six millions to Austria-Hungary and Russia—representing remittances home by emigrants from those countries, of whom more than eight hundred thousand have arrived in this country in a recent year.

Probably postal orders constitute the smaller part of such remittances. Sometimes the money is sent to provide passage to this country for another emigrant, although the common practice in such cases is to buy a steamship ticket here, with a cash coupon for the incidental expenses of the voyage. Much of this great sum undoubtedly represents savings; and, with postal savings banks generally established in this country, not a little of it will remain here.

A Democratic House

DURING Cleveland's first Administration the Senate was Republican. Not until his second Administration, in 1893, did the Democrats have control of both houses of Congress and the Presidency—for the first time in thirty-two years. That Administration was only a few months old when the silver question opened a hopeless breach between President and Congress. In the House a third of the Democrats voted against the repeal of the silver purchase act which Cleveland insisted upon; in the Senate the repeal was carried by twenty Democratic and twenty-three Republican votes. The breach was widened by the Wilson tariff act, which the President denounced and refused to sign. By the fall elections of 1894 the Democratic majority in the House was changed to a Republican majority of one hundred and forty, and the Senate also became Republican.

It may fairly be said, then, that there has been no effectual Democratic control of this Government since 1860, which is pretty nearly halfway back to the beginning.

This circumstance lends exceeding interest to the election of a strongly Democratic House. The same phenomenon, in 1890, preceded restoration of the Democrats to at least nominal control of the whole Government in 1892. If we were a Democratic House, under such conditions, we should do some very sober thinking.

It is commonly said that the next Congress, with a Democratic House and a Republican Senate, will do nothing. This theory is obviously based upon an assumption that the members will prefer playing politics to serving the country. We hope the assumption is not sound. The Democratic House, for example, may easily pass a general tariff act in full certainty that the Senate will reject it. That might furnish some material for campaign oratory, but it would change no import duty. On the other hand a Democratic House might put lumber, iron ore and coal on the free list and prune the wool schedule with every prospect that Insurgent Senators, combining with Democrats, would pass the bills through the upper branch of Congress, and that a Republican President would sign them. The Democratic House, exactly like its Republican predecessor, is going to be judged by its willingness to serve the country rather than by its partisan zeal.

Referendum in South Dakota

SOUTH DAKOTA has adopted the referendum. The official ballot in the recent election was six feet long and voters were privileged to record their judgment upon such a subject as whether locomotives should be equipped with headlights of fifteen hundred candle-power.

This provokes vast and rather hysterical amusement among those who think it absurd that voters should be privileged to do anything except choose between two candidates, neither of whom was selected by them nor can be depended upon to represent their interests.

Washington was viciously attacked. Lincoln got less than forty per cent of the popular vote in his first campaign, and but little over half the Northern vote in his second. In fine, democracy makes mistakes and people who do not believe in democracy derive much comfort from them—without feeling bound to point out that system of government which does not, on the whole, make far more grievous mistakes. That a question about headlights should be put on the ballot proves, to such people, that the referendum is a failure; but fifty legislative acts taxing railroad property less than farm property could not prove to them that there was any fault in the older system.

WHO'S WHO--AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

An American Congressman

REMOVING your eagle eye for the moment from the fascinating capital R with which this gem of prose begins, turn it one pace to the right and observe the picture that casts unwonted gloom on this page. Observe it well. Study it with care.

Then exclaim, as you inevitably will exclaim: "My goodness! what a sad-looking man!"

Is it not the truth? Sorrow seems to have marked this person for her woeful own. Joy has fled from his countenance and presumably—although I have no interior information—from his heart. He is downcast and despondent. He is the human what's-the-use?

"How came he so sad?" asks little Optie Optimist. Listen! It is a tearful tale. He is so sad because he has so much money. Every time he thinks of the size of his fortune he weeps bitterly. Each morning, when his overseer comes around and reports, "Well, boss, we cleaned up forty thousand dollars yesterday," he sobs as if his heart would break. When his agents in Chicago write him that business is going along by leaps and bounds, and that the profits this year will be greater than ever, he is shaken by paroxysms of woe; and he long ago issued orders that such distressing tidings must be conveyed to him on mourning paper, deeply edged with black.

He has grieved over this condition so long that all mirth and joy years ago left him to nestle with those who haven't a cent. He hasn't smiled in fifteen years from thinking how much he is worth. Believe me, his case is deplorable. It is melancholy. Too much money! Think of that situation! Think of a man who has gobs and gobs of gold, who is upholstered with legal tender, padded with currency! I call on all and sundry to extend to him that sincere sympathy that wells so spontaneously from the great heart of the American people when one of us meets with such terrible misfortune. This sore-stricken citizen, ladies and gentlemen, is William Kent, of Kentfield, Marin County, California, preparing to convey his unutterable woe to the halls of Congress as this is written, but who will surely remain in this despondent condition even after he gets to Washington. He was elected by the suffrages of the gladsome people of the Second California District, having wept over his sad case so potently in the campaign preceding the primaries that he literally washed, by the force of his tears, the expedient Duncan E. McKinlay out of his path and won in a succession of sobs.

"I admit," cried Kent often during that primary campaign and during the one he made for election—"I admit, with sorrow and contrition, that I have more than is coming to me.

"It breaks my heart to say it, but I am richer than I should be. Money comes pouring in on me from every side. My father carelessly left me a whole flock of millions and I have just as carelessly accumulated many more. I can't help it. Do not judge me by this fact. I should much prefer to be poor, but here it is and I must keep it. Judge me not, my fellow-citizens, by my dough. Consider me poverty-stricken and I shall be glad, although I hasten to say there will be no free distribution now or at any other time. Wealth, you must understand, is a sacred trust, although a sorrowful one and a burden of weary woe."

Rough on Bathhouse John

WELL, his case is pretty tough. They cannot seem to rouse him. He constantly refers to the fact that he is so rich and deplores it. He will never smile again. You see, Kent's father was in the packing business in Chicago and elsewhere; and he wasn't sad about getting wealth. He rather liked the idea and, so saying, he got a whole caboodle of it—oodles and oodles of it. Still, the son had another view. He deprecated all this money, but did not depreciate it.

However, he took the stand that the thing for him to do was to pay his debt to the public that gave him this money by being of public service. Hence there came into view in Chicago William Kent, the crusader, who was the president of the Chicago Civic Federation and had much to do with the Municipal Voters' League, and who, one fine day, was elected to the Chicago Board of Aldermen, together with a few men who thought as he did. The way William Kent went after Bathhouse John and Hinky Dink and other aldermanic flowers of Chicago is still recalled. Indeed, it was asserted that the ordinary citizen wouldn't talk to a dog as William Kent talked to Bathhouse John and Hinky Dink and the rest. Also, William Kent did some things that helped out the civic righteousness of Chicago a lot.

He gave Jane Addams great aid and support in her work there. He was active in many other reform and uplift movements; he devoted this wealth of his liberally to whatever cause seemed good to him. He was reared in California and presently he went back to that state to live. One thing he did, after he got there, was to deed to the United States forever the wonderful redwood forest on Mount Tamalpais, two hundred and ninety-five acres of those fast-disappearing trees, to be a park for all time.

Then he ran for Congress. He made a most remarkable canvass and is a most remarkable man. William Kent is a Peter the Hermit. He is utterly sincere, utterly earnest, utterly courageous in his convictions; he believes in all that the progressive movement in politics in this country stands for, and has a good many ideas away over in the back of the textbook on Insurgency that ordinary Insurgents have not yet reached.

Naturally, when he went into this struggle all the other Insurgents in the country went in with him. Gifford Pinchot visited his district and made a lot of speeches for him; and, from the way Gifford talked about him, William Kent probably is the greatest living exponent of the Pinchot ideas we have, with the exception of Giff himself. Frank Heney, the graft prosecutor, quit work and stumped the district with Kent during the three weeks before election.

Moreover, every time Theodore Roosevelt had a few moments when it wasn't necessary to lambaste Wall Street he sent a letter or a telegram to the people of California telling them William Kent was the absolute materials and that he must be elected. The Colonel got over a good many of these for William, all of which found their way into print. Jimmie Garfield also came to bat. Jimmie couldn't get out to speak for William, but he wanted the people of California to understand that William was needed in Congress.

I take it he is. He is an Insurgent for fair. When he gets there he will make Victor Murdock and Miles Poindexter look like china eggs compared to the real article. William not only Insurges but resurges and trisurges. He is perennial and perpetual. There isn't a minute when he isn't campaigning against the interests and the interested. He is so far in advance on the uplift that he makes a lot of our leading uplifters look like cellar-diggers; and all the time he sheds bitter, bitter tears because he has so much currency in his clothes.

A Peter the Hermit

He is intense, almost fanatic. He puts on no airs, makes no pretensions, is modest, self-deprecatory; but when he wades into a fight he never wades out again until something has happened. He will surely stir up things in the House. He runs amuck congenitally.

He has a homely manner of discourse and is so earnest when he talks it almost makes your head ache to listen to him. At that, he has a sense of humor in a way—talks brightly, and is loved by his friends and hated by his enemies in a manner that puts him in the worth-while class.

"I am in a financial position to be able to stand pat," he said; "but, thank God, I have not a stand-pat conscience!"—which is surely true. Moreover, he variously announced: "I do not want to be a dredger Congressman, or a farmer Congressman, or a fresh-egg Congressman, or a dairy Congressman. I want to be an American Congressman!"—thereby putting himself on a platform that must acquire merit in the eyes of many of his fellow-citizens in this Republic.

The Mayor's Message

JAMES PHELAN, the former mayor of San Francisco, owned a big building in that city before the earthquake and fire, and at the time of the earthquake lived in a suburb some distance outside the city.

On the morning of the disaster there was a great shock at the place where Mr. Phelan lived, and a hotel near by was shaken down. Everybody turned in to rescue the guests, and Phelan worked for some hours before he found out what had happened in the city. Then he was told that there was a big fire and that it was impossible to foretell whether his building would be burned or not. He was advised not to come into the city, as he could do nothing and the town was full of soldiers and traffic obstructed. Next day, as he was walking down the street, a charred bit of paper fluttered down at the feet of Mr. Phelan. He picked it up. It was a part of a canceled personal check he had given a few weeks before to some charitable enterprise.

"The building is gone," said Phelan to a neighbor.

"How do you know?"

"Why," said Phelan, showing the charred bit of the check, "here is a check that was in a drawer in my desk in my private office."

Modest Sessions

CHARLES SESSIONS, the Republican candidate for secretary of state in Kansas, was working on a farm in that state years ago for thirteen dollars a month. He aspired to go into the newspaper business which, by the way, he has long ornamented in the West.

A friend of Sessions went to Kansas City and got into journalism. Sessions wrote of his aspirations to this friend.

The friend looked around and wrote back that, though he couldn't do much for him, he could do something, and that if Sessions wanted to try it he could have a place as suburban reporter on a Kansas City paper for twelve dollars a week as a starter.

"Of course I'll come," wrote Sessions in reply. "I'll be there tomorrow—but haven't you made a mistake about the wages? Don't you mean twelve dollars a month?"

Losing to Win

DAN DALY, the dead comedian, was a persistent bettor on horse races and a persistent loser.

During one period of his speculations he employed a young chap to put down his bets and to get information. Things went very badly and Daly was reduced to his last five-dollar bill, when the tout rushed into his room and shouted:

"I've got one today, sure! It can't lose!"

"'Tis well," said Daly. "Place this sole remaining five-dollar bill on the horse and bring me my share of the proceeds."

Presently the tout returned. "We win!" he shouted. "We win!"

"At last a winner," croaked Daly. "Give me my share of the increment."

The tout handed Daly four dollars. "What's this?" asked Daly. "You said we won."

"So we did, at three to five. I bet five to win three. I get half of the eight!"

Short Cuts From Farm to Market

By WALTER V. WOEHLKE

A STEADY drizzle filled the dreary void between the lifeless, monotonous clouds above and the puddles on the ground below. Everything, from the tips of the slender firs crowded closely in the woodlot to the bare, drooping vines of the berry patch, was shedding the fine drizzle in fat, splashy drops. It was a dark, gloomy day; and the gloom did not stop on the porch of the little house overlooking the bushes. It crept right in and leaned heavily on the square shoulders of George Day, wrinkling his brow with its clammy fingers and pulling down the corners of his wife's mouth.

The dripping, leafless plants worried Day. Should he slash them down on ten of the fifteen acres they occupied, or should he leave them alone and hope for better luck next summer? It was a serious question with him. The fifteen acres represented seventy-five per cent of his capital. During the past two years this capital had brought him no returns; it had even swallowed the best part of his labor without compensation. The soil, the bushes and the man had done their work. Together they had produced many crates of large juicy loganberries, but the fickle market that absorbed the crop had returned barely enough to pay the cost of picking, packing, shipping and selling, leaving precious little for the man. Loganberries did not pay. That was the verdict of the Willamette Valley, based upon the votes of numerous yawning pocketbooks.

A few years before, when the delicious, tart combination of blackberry and raspberry made its first appearance in Oregon, the verdict had been emphatically the other way. Three, four and five hundred dollars an acre were realized by the first plantings and the setting out of loganberries became a fad which found Day a willing victim. High up the supply bounded; downward the price went, but the gloom that came after the slump failed to force Day down.

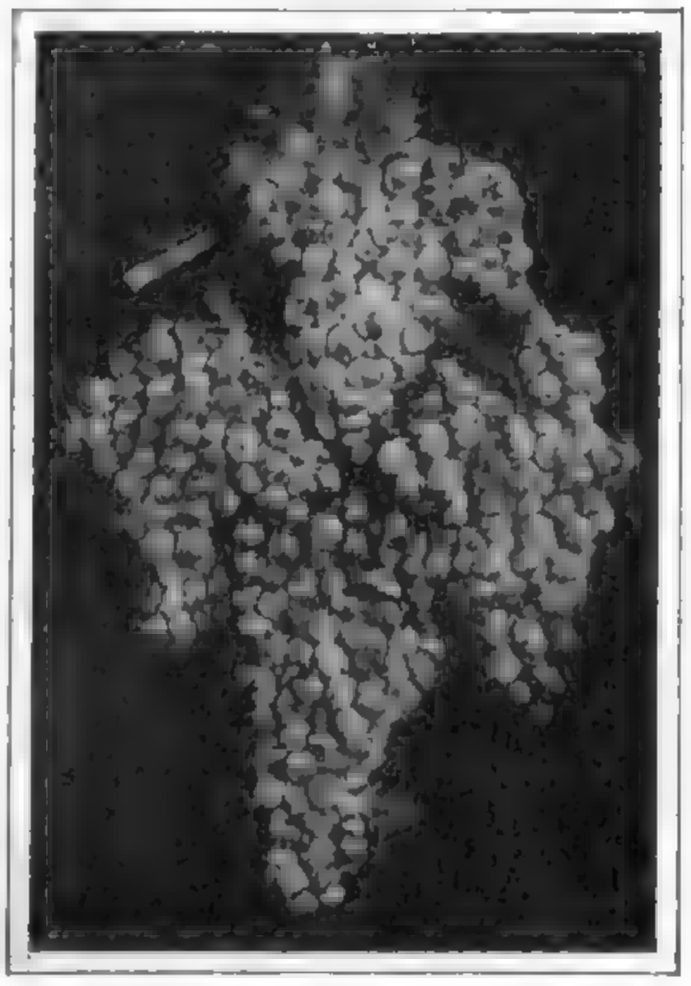
On Day's little place rest that winter was not. Others might be grubbing out their loganberry bushes, but Day had his hands full attending to his correspondence, which suddenly assumed unheard-of proportions. All day long and till late in the evening Day was writing, until his fingers stiffened and his steel pens were worn out. Though the neighbors gossiped and smiled, Day kept his tongue quiet and his pen busy all winter.

The Dried Berry Missionary

THE loganberry season came. With it came widespread grumbling at the small amounts returned by the commission houses. Since he sent no berries to commission houses, Day had no cause to complain. All his berries went out by express, at first in diminutive lots that increased in size. At the same time the money orders drawn in his favor called for larger sums. Gloom left the ranch as the berries went out and the money orders came in; and in the fall, when other growers took out their loganberry bushes, root and branch, Day prepared to plant some more.

The secret of Day's success lay in the two-cent stamp. With its help he had built up a mail-order business in his own product, eliminating one middleman and sharing his profit only with the retailer. While other growers were grumbling and gossiping, Day was writing letters to the grocers and fruit dealers in all the small towns of Oregon and Washington, extolling the virtues of the loganberry and soliciting trial orders at his risk, offering to stand the loss if the trial shipment did not sell. Few of these trial shipments were failures. Orders for larger quantities came in rapidly and by the end of the season Day had cleaned up twenty-five hundred dollars from the fifteen acres that the preceding year had brought him nothing. Largely owing to his and other energetic growers' individual efforts, loganberries found a wider market and once more became a profitable crop in Oregon.

For ever so many years The Man With the Hoe has been trundling his goods to market over the same old twisting and turning road, over the same old bumps, through the same old ruts, paying heavy toll at the same old gates. Coöperation aims to widen and improve the road, to build new stretches around some of



Woman's Artistic Temperament Doubled Their Value in the Market

the tollgates. Before coöperation can get around these toll stations, however, a way must be found; and this task, this survey of the new road, depends upon individual enterprise. Without it coöperation rarely succeeds.

Day made a success of loganberries by carrying the fresh fruit over a short cut of his own discovery, past the commission house straight to the retailer—the jobbers, despite their heavy toll, having failed to give his goods the wide distribution they needed in order to return a profit. W. E. Powell, a farmer producing cherries and prunes besides loganberries, had an even more difficult path to hew out before he reached a living price.

Cherries were below three cents a pound and loganberries still lower when Powell remembered his prune drier. If prunes brought a better price dried than fresh, perhaps loganberries and cherries, with the water evaporated out of them, might do as well. Anyway, it was worth while trying it. Powell put screens with a small mesh into his kiln, started the fires, had his cherries pitted, and dried everything left on the trees and bushes.

Though the reduction in weight and the increase in the keeping quality did not sell the product of the drier, it enabled Powell to take his time in developing a market for the new goods. On the Pacific Coast no one cared for dried berries; so Powell combined business and pleasure, filled a car with prunes, dried cherries and loganberries, and started for his old home in Dakota after New Year's.

"Dried what?"

The wholesaler eyed the open sample box in Powell's hand with suspicion. "Loganberries, you say? What's a fresh loganberry like, anyway?"

Powell explained in botanical detail the origin of the new species and its special virtues, inviting the merchant to taste the evaporated fruit. The wholesaler listened, considered for a moment and declined either to taste or to buy.

"No one around here ever heard much of fresh loganberries," he explained; "and dried cherries——" His eyebrows and shoulders went up eloquently. "We'll take all your prunes at four and a half cents a pound, though."

"No, you won't!" Powell's anger was aroused by the reflection cast upon his mummified cherries. "You couldn't get 'em for ten cents a pound unless you'd take the whole consignment." And he stalked out, determined to show the wholesaler that he had made a mistake when he refused to handle the new dried fruit.

Within two days Powell had unloaded his goods, rented a vacant store, filled it with the evaporated products and started to advertise his wares in the local papers. Samples of stewed prunes, cherries and loganberries prepared from the dried material were dispensed by a young woman, recipes for pie-filling, puddings and desserts concocted, and within six weeks the stock was sold, netting the owner six hundred dollars more than he would have received for the fresh fruit on his farm. The following year, when Powell repeated the experiment with two carloads, the wholesale houses were ready to take almost any variety of dried fruit; but Powell would not sell. He had tasted the middleman's sweet blood and he liked the taste. He loved the jingle of the wholesaler's and the retailer's profits in his own pocket; and he reproduced the pleasant sound by shading prices direct to the consumer. In 1910 Powell bought ten thousand dollars' worth of loganberries and cherries, dried them, added prunes enough to make five carloads, and started for the cities of the Middle West to dispose of the goods in the same manner during the winter.

Romance in Oregon Prunes

EVEN in prunes, that most prosaic staple, there is a touch of romance—of the glamour inherent in any contest, be it for glory, gore or gain. In its battle for supremacy a generation ago, the California prune won an easy and decisive victory over its French and Turkish foes, chased them across the Atlantic and successfully invaded the enemy's country to levy a tribute that is still coming over the sea every year. At home it monopolized the prune market to such an extent that Oregon, coming forward with a prune of its own, found every door to the market closed. Since consumers and retailers were well satisfied with the California product the jobbers refused to bother with an unknown prune variety. It seemed as though the prophecy of young Grimes, the inventor of a stump-puller, who predicted that he would make more money dragging prune trees out by the roots than planting them, might come true after all, when H. S. Gile, one of the principal prune men of the Willamette Valley, went East to investigate conditions in person.

His reception was not encouraging. Besides the wholesalers' reluctance to buy a new and unknown variety, he encountered more serious objections. His prune would not do, they told him. It was not sweet enough, they maintained; and it was too large compared with the California prune, the regular standard variety.

With these objections in his grip, Gile started home again, revolving the problem in his mind until he hit upon the solution. With a grim smile he selected the largest prunes grown in his orchard, had them packed carefully and symmetrically in boxes lined with lace paper, affixed a tasteful colored label and started East again, preaching the doctrine of non-conformity.

The Main Office and Half of the Employees Supported by the Three Hundred Acre Ranch of the Chicagoan Who Planted Summer Oranges

"Look at the size of these prunes!" he proudly said to the buyers. "Did you ever see anything like it? California can't come anywhere near it and the French stuff isn't in it when it comes to size. Here, take a bite! Notice that slightly tart flavor? Fine, isn't it? Makes you want to take another bite. Of course it isn't as sweet as the California prune. It isn't just sweet. It has an individuality all its own. That there prune has character. You mark my word: it's just the thing for the high-priced trade that wouldn't touch the common, ordinary California prune."

The plan worked. With the inverted objections as a club the doors to the market were battered down and today the Oregon prune has a recognized place alongside of the California product.

Quantity, size, overpowering mass, the superlative expressed in seven figures, have been Europe's strongest impressions of American activities and products. The bigness of things in the New World has ever been the wonder of the Old. Somehow, though, this admiration of the size and quantity of things American was always mixed with a slight disdain; its open expression was usually qualified with a "But ——." Europe did not believe that America would ever reach its standard of quality. That this European notion is not well founded, at least so far as American fruit is concerned, was proved by the enterprise of John D. Olwell, a fruit grower in the Rogue River Valley of southern Oregon, whose energy not only blazed the trail for Western fruit across the Atlantic but who also established the superiority of American-grown apples and pears over the choicest specimens of European orchards by the fire test, in which the American fruit panned out the highest percentage of fine gold.

Some seven or eight years ago Olwell heard a rumor concerning the reported sale of a shipment of Oregon Newtown Pippin apples in London. Though he could never confirm the rumor, his imagination was aroused and he determined to see for himself whether a market for Oregon fruit could be established in England. Though he rode all over the valley hunting for a son of Albion, who might put him in touch with a London commission house, he could not procure the information. Perhaps a London paper would help him out. He wrote; and in due time the name and address of a firm was sent him. That fall Olwell consigned two carloads of Newtown Pippins to the London house and waited.

A Message Too Good to be True

SIX weeks later Olwell received a cablegram announcing the sale of his apples and stating the proceeds in pounds and shillings.

"I guess I must be a little rusty on international exchange," muttered Olwell after calculations lasting an hour and covering a square yard of white paper.

"What's a pound and a shilling worth in real money?" he asked at the bank.

"About five dollars to the pound and two bits for a shilling," came the answer. "What's up, John? Did a rich English uncle die?"

"Much obliged. No; my old uncle over there is still alive. I just wanted to find out how much I had coming from him," said Olwell; and once more he translated the English currency terms into dollars and cents. The result confirmed his suspicions. Somewhere along the line a mistake must have been made in transmitting the figures. It could not be right. Here he had been getting seventy

By Leaving the Bloom on the Table Grape and Adding Baby Ribbon, its Value Grows Fifty Per Cent When it Reaches New York

to ninety cents a bushel box for years; this cablegram said the same apples had brought three dollars a box on the other side. Somebody must have gotten off wrong. Olwell said nothing and waited for the letter. It came, and the draft it carried called for the same incredible amount. Still afraid of waking up—of receiving a cablegram rectifying the mistake—Olwell carried the draft around for several days before he dared cash it. Once the three-dollar dream had become a concrete reality, he got busy. The next year no apples were left in the valley for ninety-cent buyers. Olwell took over the entire crop and shipped it to London as fast as the apples were picked, anxious to increase the gold imports.

As the Newtown Pippin, a green-yellow apple, had captured London, so the Spitzenburg captured New York. Under the stimulus of high bids from the fruit centers of the world, many young quality orchards are rising everywhere in the sagebrush country and the clearings of the Far West.

Keeping the nose everlastingly to the grindstone does not tend to widen the industrious grinder's horizon. It will make him nearsighted, just as the habit of keeping the eyes glued to the slow-moving hands of the clock tends to make the gazer overlook the opportunities in front of his nose. Close application is necessary for success in any vocation, not excepting all the branches of the farming business; but the worker will do well to sweep the horizon for new openings at frequent intervals.

For years the horizon of the California orange growers was bounded on all sides by the Washington navel orange. They could not see beyond it, and they could not suppress a smile of amused superiority when a newcomer from Chicago announced his intention of varying the time-honored program by planting Valencias instead of navels. "Another sucker with more money than sense," they thought. "Couldn't the blessed fool see that an orange ripening in summer and early fall, when the markets were glutted with apples, pears, peaches, grapes and melons, had about as much chance of selling at a profit as a rowboat in the Sahara? Why didn't he stick to the old-reliable, tried and true navel orange that matured in winter and spring, when no other fresh fruit was to be had? He, a business man of long experience, certainly ought to know the disastrous effect of cutthroat competition upon prices."

How the Valencias Made Good

THE Chicago man listened to the croakers, pocketed the advice and went ahead with his Valencias, not at all scared by the buguboo of competition. In his rise from the bricklayer's trowel to the presidency of a large printing and publishing concern he had looked competition in the white of the eye too often to be panic-stricken by its terrible mien. He did not see the mountains of apples and pears on the fruitstands that frightened the advocates of the navel out of the markets. To him the lack of oranges on the fruitstands in summer was the great fact that stood out before all others, and to this fact he pinned his faith. There were good reasons for the drop in the consumption of oysters and pork during the hot months, he decided, but no reason at all for the growers' failure to keep the summer and fall market supplied with oranges of good quality.

It took the man who escaped from Chicago several years to convince the doubters of his theory's soundness. By consistent shipments of the best fruit only, graded and selected with care; by confining his attacks to one point—the New York fruit auctions—he gradually built up a reputation and a market for his Valencia oranges that made the returns from navels seem puny in comparison. Today his three hundred acres, nearly all in Valencias, pay him an income of a hundred thousand dollars a year—and the nurseries cannot supply the demand for young Valencia orange trees.

Hopfen und Malz,
Gott erhalt's

says the sentimental German with a deep sigh of feeling as his glance glides along the side of the uptilted stein to the motto artistically done in four colors on the wall of the rathskeller. And he is sincere in his sentiments, for hops and malt, the basic ingredients of his national beverage, have a warm place in his heart all to themselves. Hops he places first in prayer for special protection; for hops, being a precarious and fickle crop in Europe, stand in greatest need of it. Continued stormy and wet weather hurts them; the red spider pounces upon the vines and multitudes of other insect pests cut down the yield in unfavorable seasons. Wherefore the hop growers of the Pacific Coast, from the hop magnate down to the Chinaman with a ten-acre yard, watch the European weather reports with even greater anxiety than the owners of summer resorts on the continent. Should both the European and the American hop districts turn out a full crop, the supply would exceed the demand, prices would drop below the cost of production and no one but the brewers would have cause for thanksgiving. *(Continued on Page 69)*

The Two-Cent Stamp Made George Day's Loganberry Patch a Paying Investment

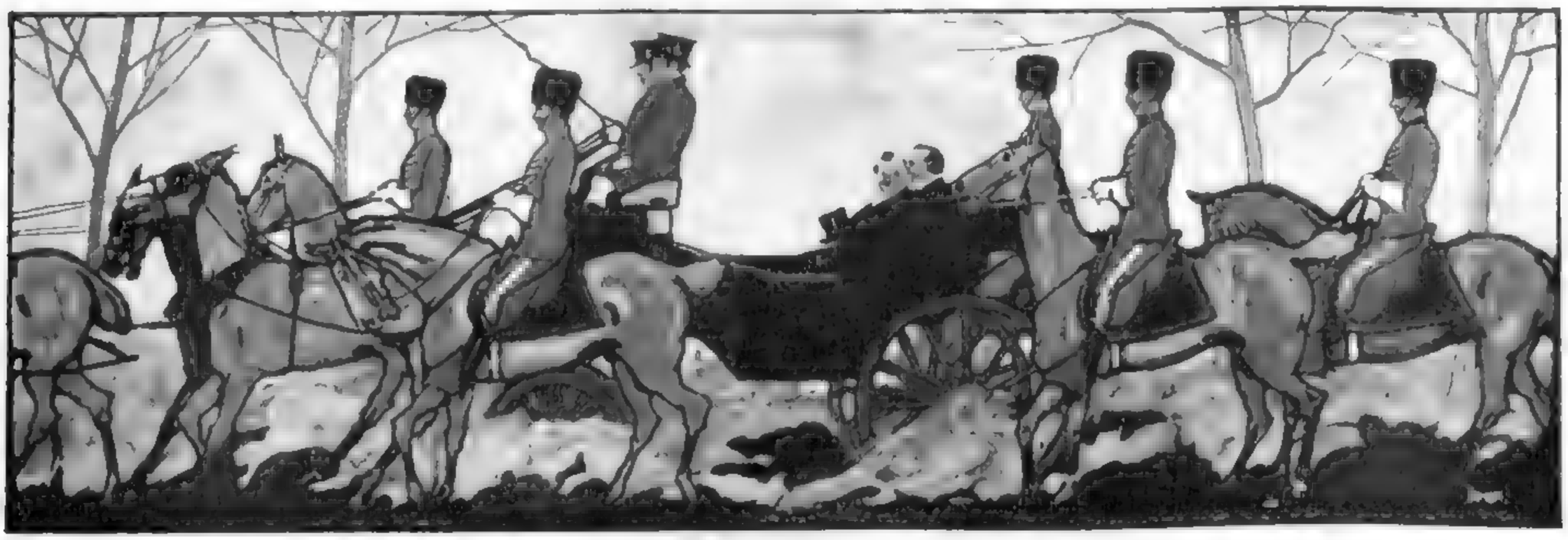
A Glimpse at a Four-Hundred-Acre Hop Field

The Home Life of McKinley

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF COLONEL W. H. CROOK

Disbursing Officer of the White House

DECORATIONS BY JAMES M. PRESTON



THROUGH all his long and busy public life William McKinley possessed—or was possessed by—two characteristics that set him apart from almost all other men of his generation, because of their intensity. These characteristics were his unswerving devotion to his country and his unceasing devotion to his wife—all the more beloved because of her invalidism. For many years the nation at large had had good and sufficient reason to understand the caliber and forcefulness of this man's patriotism. From the day when President Johnson signed and Edwin M. Stanton countersigned his commission as major in the army of the United States, McKinley had been growing in stature and in statesmanship. Twenty-two years later he made a memorable address before the Republican Club of New York, on the night of Lincoln's birthday anniversary; and the newspaper reporters who heard his ringing words there, in the old Delmonico building, tingled as they sent them flashing through the land, where next morning they were read by threescore millions of people.

During Major McKinley's life in Washington, as a member of the House of Representatives, he resided in the Ebbitt House, well known as the home of army and navy people. Though those in the hotel knew how tenderly he cared for his wife, it was not generally understood, perhaps, until he gave his first state dinner as President. These formal, precise and elegant entertainments are by no means an unimportant feature of any Presidency. It is through them that Cabinet Ministers, Supreme Court Justices, members of the Diplomatic Corps, and other high and powerful personages are welcomed in the White House. When a President gives a state dinner, not he alone but all the people of the United States are the hosts. The arrangement and the seating of the guests vary according to circumstances, and the tables accommodate thirty-six or fifty, or even a larger number of persons.

An Innovation at a State Dinner

IT HAD always been the unwritten and, I believe, the invariable custom for the President to take out to dinner the wife of the Secretary of State—the chief of his Cabinet. And this Secretary likewise had the honor of escorting to table the wife of the President, or, in her absence, whoever might be acting as the lady of the White House. Thus the President would sit in the middle of one side of the table, and next to him the wife of the Secretary of State; and the Secretary would sit opposite the President, and at his side would be the President's wife. But when the guests arrived for Mr. McKinley's first diplomatic dinner, and when they had been greeted and had greeted each other, they noticed that the President gave his arm to Mrs. McKinley. And when the elegantly dressed company walked out into the magnificent room where the table was waiting—the women wearing gowns and laces and jewels worth a king's ransom, the foreign diplomats scarcely less imposing in their splendid uniforms, gold lace and flashing orders and decorations—every one of them saw that an innovation had been made. The President took his place as usual, but first he himself carefully drew back the chair at his right and helped to a comfortable seat therein the frail, sweet-faced little woman on whom he ever lavished the great love and tenderness that filled his heart to overflowing. From that hour until the last hour he spent alive in the White House, Mrs. McKinley was always at her husband's side in any public affair, regardless of custom, precedent or tradition. And when he was falling to the ground that awful day in Buffalo, holding his hand to the wound in his side, his first thoughts, his first words, were of her.

Such was William McKinley as man and husband.

Because of his long residence in Washington and his prominence in national affairs for so many years, Major McKinley was familiar with every phase of official life when the day of his inauguration came. On Thursday, March 4, 1897, he drove to the Capitol in a landau drawn by four horses, sitting on the left of the outgoing President, Mr. Cleveland. When he returned to the White House, after having been inaugurated, their positions were, as usual, reversed—the incoming President sitting on the right of the outgoing. On the box were the coachman and footman; dashing ahead, to make sure the way was clear, rode a squad of mounted police, and surrounding the carriage was a troop of cavalry—the famous Black Horse Troop of Ohio, numbering among its members, in their brave uniforms, Webb Hayes, a son of a former President.

Other specially invited members of the President's inaugural party followed close behind him in carriages on the return to the White House; and while these guests were making merry that beautiful day in the corridors and the Green Room and the Red Room, President McKinley and Mr. Cleveland went by themselves into the Blue Room, where they spent a few minutes in quiet conversation. Both of them seemed to be very happy—one at the prospect that he might yet prove himself worthy of the trust placed in him by the people who had elected him to the most exalted office in their power, and the other equally elated because he now saw before him possible years of rest, of peaceful life with his beautiful young wife and their children. I am sure that a great load was lifted from Mr. Cleveland's broad shoulders that very hour.

As they stood there in the Blue Room, bidding goodby to each other, Mr. Cleveland caught a glimpse of me as I was hurrying past in the corridor, and called me in.

"I want to say goodby to you also," he said, putting forth his strong right hand, which I grasped for a moment. He added kindly words in regard to what I had been able to do for him and his during his two terms. I think he took this opportunity because, out of the goodness of his heart, he thought it might be better than any formal recommendation he might write to the new President. I am sure it accomplished the evident object; and I was so surprised that I could only respond awkwardly enough, I fear, to the good wishes he expressed. Whereupon he exclaimed heartily:

"God bless you, Crook!"

The next moment he and President McKinley were shaking hands in cordial farewell; for, whatever their political differences, each knew the true manhood of the other. Each knew that the other had fought not merely hard but fairly for his principles, and that is the kind of thing that makes respect inevitable between men of even the most pronounced partisanship.

"Goodby, Mr. President," said Cleveland. "I wish you success and happiness in the next few years, and for many years to come."

"Goodby, Mr. Cleveland. With all my heart I wish you happiness and peace and joy—for you and yours."

War Clouds Ahead

FOR a single instant these two men stood there, looking into each other's eyes, smiling, hopeful for the future and confident. Then they parted, Mr. Cleveland withdrawing from the Blue Room with his accustomed impressive dignity. Hardly had he done so when a frail little lady, dressed in black, entered, exclaiming:

"Major! Major, where are you? Oh," she added, with evident relief in her tones, "there you are! We'd better start now; the luncheon is announced and all are ready."

The President at once stepped forward and went out with his wife to join the guests who had assembled to welcome him to his new home.

There was nothing forgotten or left undone at this first luncheon in the White House, for President McKinley had wisely decided to continue as steward a colored man, William Sinclair, who had been steward during both of the Cleveland Administrations, and who had served Mr. Cleveland in Albany before his employer had been elected to the Presidency.

As soon as the luncheon had been disposed of, the new President went to the great reviewing stand erected in front of the White House and facing Pennsylvania Avenue, where he remained until the parade was over. A pleasant, beautiful day it was; and this fact remains clearly in my mind because the weather is so apt to be inclement at that season. We all hoped, in the Executive Office, that it might presage a calm, clear, pleasant Administration. Little did any of us suspect that so soon afterward was the world to be startled by the blowing up of one of our splendid warships in a foreign harbor, with war following quickly, which would largely if not wholly change our national attitude, which would add enormously to our responsibilities in remote regions of the earth, and would be the final, compelling reason for the immediate construction of a ship canal across the Isthmus of Panama.

When the parade was over, that afternoon of Inauguration Day, President McKinley returned to the White House and on his way to his office passed me as I was standing in the corridor.

As he reached the door of this room he paused, turned slightly, and said:

"Crook, will you come in with me?"

"Certainly, Mr. President," I responded; "with pleasure." President McKinley passed into the office, I following, and taking a chair he asked me to be seated. Then he said:

"I intend to get right down to business, without delay; and as there is much to be done I want to speak with you about the personnel of the office staff."

He paused long enough to light a fresh cigar—for he was a heavy smoker—and then continued:

"In the first place, I wish to make as few changes as possible. I do not want to make any changes unless necessary for the good of the service, and so I take the earliest opportunity to speak to you about the office staff."

Thereupon we entered into a discussion of the whole matter, he asking many questions regarding the office routine and the personal work of one man after another, which I answered carefully and truthfully. At the end of half an hour he had grasped the situation fully. Then I left him and went back to my desk, more than satisfied with the outcome. I had known Major McKinley for many years, of course, and had always found him kindly, agreeable, courteous; but I did not know, until after that first interview in the Executive Office, just what my relations with him would be while he was President. I found him absolutely unchanged: dignified, always conscious of his influence—therefore careful of his words; but in no sense other than the simple, true-hearted American citizen he had been from the day when I first laid eyes on him, many years before. At that first interview, and for weeks afterward, he thought he ought to pay out of his own pocket for the state dinners and other like expenses of the Government, and I had difficulty in making him see the other side of this matter.

Visitors at the White House

WHILE President McKinley's immediate family consisted only of himself and his wife, yet his brother, Abner McKinley, and Mrs. Abner McKinley, and their daughter, Miss Mabel McKinley, were frequent visitors at the White House, as were such intimate friends as General Hastings of Pennsylvania, and Governor Herrick of Ohio. The President's wife was not an invalid in the sense that Mrs. Andrew Johnson had been, and though she never was strong and well when I knew her, yet she generally was up and about the White House, doing her part, in every way desirous of aiding her husband so far as her physical ability would permit. When living in the White House she was in appearance rather frail, and her hair was turning gray; but the sweetness of her face and her eyes showed that in her younger days she must have been a very beautiful woman. At the formal receptions she would take her place by her husband's side, and there stand with him at the head of the receiving line as long as her strength held out, after which she would sit down; but she would remain close to him until the affair was over.

There was little of real gayety in the White House during President McKinley's residence there, for several reasons. In the first place he was a grave, serious-minded man who had been preoccupied with serious affairs for so many years that he had never cultivated the lighter side of life to any appreciable extent. Then again, gayety, lightness, music and merriment were foreign to his nature. Had he been the father of lusty, growing children, all this might have been altered; but he lived apart from that one element of human life which, more than any other, keeps men and women young despite advancing years. Furthermore, his wife's ill health was a constant source of anxiety to him, and because of her nervous disorder she was physically unable to endure, much less inspire in others, an atmosphere of singing joyousness. Also, President McKinley was the subject of fierce attacks, growing more and more bitter, on the part of opposing politicians and newspapers, which in themselves were sufficient to crush to earth the rising spirits of any human being, no matter how laughter-loving by nature; and to this was added a full knowledge of the conditions in Cuba, growing more terrible, it seemed, month by month. Altogether it is no wonder that President McKinley's home life in the White House was grave rather than gay. And yet, when his niece, Miss Mabel McKinley, visited there she brought with her a revivifying rush of good spirits and joyousness that was most welcome. We all knew when she came there; for soon after her arrival she would sit down at a piano, either in the Red Room or in the President's living rooms upstairs, and her truly remarkable voice would come rolling and swelling through the corridors in a way that made most of those in the office lay down their pens and listen intently.

The President and Mrs. McKinley usually had guests for luncheon at one o'clock or shortly after; and Mrs. McKinley received her intimate friends in her own reception room, both in the morning and in the afternoon, when she was not engaged in household duties; for these she attended to punctiliously, notwithstanding her condition of health. She did not go out so much as the wives of most other Presidents have done, and she spent a great deal of her time in reading, but even more, I think, in knitting or sewing fancy articles, which she freely gave away to be sold at church fairs all over the country or to be used for other charitable purposes. She was unable to take active part in such enterprises, but she felt that she could do something in the manner alluded to; and I have understood that the articles made by the President's wife often sold for a price that helped materially to swell the receipts of this fair and that. Her sister, Mrs. M. C. Barber, of Canton, Ohio, was a frequent visitor at the White House, but Mrs. McKinley was not able to have many other house guests.

President McKinley, like his wife, always dressed well, but neither of them had any expensive tastes that I am aware of. He was quite content to drive out, every pleasant afternoon, back of a pair of horses that were good enough roadsters for the average American gentleman to possess, but were by no means to be compared with the matched teams of Grant, or Harrison, or Cleveland. Mr. McKinley seemed to enjoy them, however, as thoroughly as if they had been a crack team from the Czar's stables. Beyond these daily drives in and about Washington and walks around the White House grounds with his secretary, John Addison Porter, Mr. McKinley did not take much exercise. He did not care for billiards or golf or tennis, or—so far as I knew—for hunting or fishing. One thing he thoroughly did enjoy, however, was a moderately good cigar—a fairly good cigar, I mean—well made, of suitable size, consisting principally of domestic leaf. For expensive, choice imported cigars he did not care at all. When he became President, and it was expected that on certain occasions he would have fine cigars to offer this visitor or that, he would provide the best that Havana could send to this country; but he always had a box of his favorite brand in a drawer of his desk for his own personal enjoyment, and the counterpart of that box was always kept open, day and night, at the cigar-stand of the Ebbitt House, ready for him should he happen to stop in.

Notwithstanding the fact that he was by nature and custom serious and dignified, President McKinley was kindness itself to the employees in the Executive Office. He had one habit that was really a part of himself. During his entire Presidency, on his return from a trip away from the city, he would always remember to step into the office, waving his hand to the entire staff and saying, cordially.

"Gentlemen, I am glad to see you all again!"

He never missed giving us this personal greeting from the day he entered the Executive Mansion as President until he left it for the last time. Furthermore, notwithstanding his dignity of demeanor he was always approachable by any one who had reason to call upon him; and he always seemed to have time to transact his business without being hurried. I never saw him out of temper, or even ruffled or disturbed—not for an instant. Perhaps it was because of his equable disposition and his self-control and ease of manner that he was so often called upon to use his personal influence to settle disputes for years before he became President. And it was because of his success in smoothing over differences that he was often called "the Pacifier" by his fellow-members in the House. This ability to calm down others I think resulted from the tact with which Mr. McKinley was so richly endowed, and which more than once served him personally in good stead.

The Cisneros Incident

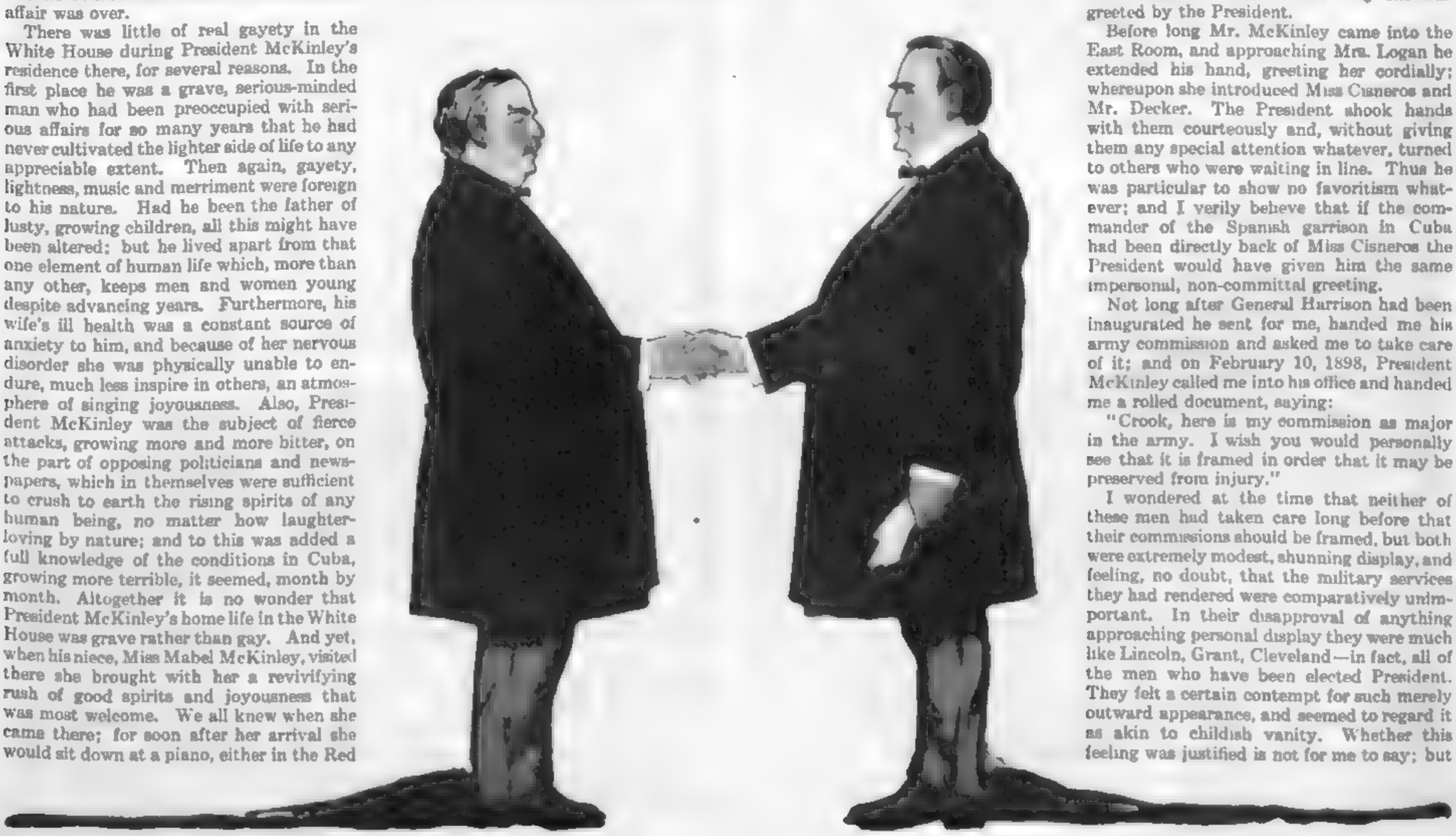
I RECALL one incident that illustrates the carefulness with which he guarded his words, lest misconstruction might be placed upon them. On one occasion the East Room was filled with people waiting to pay their respects to the President; and among them was Mrs. John A. Logan, who had brought with her Miss Cisneros, the young and beautiful Cuban girl who had been rescued from a Spanish prison by Mr. Karl Decker who, with his wife, was also present. Miss Cisneros had undergone an experience that had attracted to her the sympathy and admiration of the whole country, and she was placed in the front of those who had assembled to meet the President. At that time, of course, the talk of American intervention in Cuba was growing stronger and stronger; tales of alleged Spanish oppression and atrocity were being printed far and wide, and the more irresponsible of the sensational newspapers were doing their best to inflame the people in order to bring about the war that many felt was inevitable. At first it was not known, that October afternoon, that Miss Cisneros had come to the White House to pay her respects to the President; but soon this became noised about, and every one tried to get near enough to see what the President would do and to hear what he would say. The greater number of those present in the East Room—who did not understand McKinley—thought he might show by his words and manner what he intended to do in the Cuban situation, which all felt was rapidly nearing a crisis. It is by no means unusual for a ruler in some such way to give an indication of his attitude toward some great question that is agitating the whole people. Consequently all pressed forward, with manifestations of excitement, to see Miss Cisneros and note the way she was greeted by the President.

Before long Mr. McKinley came into the East Room, and approaching Mrs. Logan he extended his hand, greeting her cordially; whereupon she introduced Miss Cisneros and Mr. Decker. The President shook hands with them courteously and, without giving them any special attention whatever, turned to others who were waiting in line. Thus he was particular to show no favoritism whatever; and I verily believe that if the commander of the Spanish garrison in Cuba had been directly back of Miss Cisneros the President would have given him the same impersonal, non-committal greeting.

Not long after General Harrison had been inaugurated he sent for me, handed me his army commission and asked me to take care of it; and on February 10, 1898, President McKinley called me into his office and handed me a rolled document, saying:

"Crook, here is my commission as major in the army. I wish you would personally see that it is framed in order that it may be preserved from injury."

I wondered at the time that neither of these men had taken care long before that their commissions should be framed, but both were extremely modest, shunning display, and feeling, no doubt, that the military services they had rendered were comparatively unimportant. In their disapproval of anything approaching personal display they were much like Lincoln, Grant, Cleveland—in fact, all of the men who have been elected President. They felt a certain contempt for such merely outward appearance, and seemed to regard it as akin to childish vanity. Whether this feeling was justified is not for me to say; but



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I do remember with amusement that it was left for a civilian President, Mr. Cleveland, to be the object of military display which up to that time had not been shown any of our Presidents, so far as I can ascertain, since the organization of the nation. And you may be sure that Mr. Cleveland, with his honest, bluff simplicity of taste, was not responsible for the innovation, which came about in the following way:

During one of the earlier of Mr. Cleveland's public receptions a large number of guests arrived quite early in the evening, and just before the President came downstairs and took his place at the head of the receiving line Colonel Lamont hurried up to me, as I was strolling through the rooms, inspecting the company gathered there, and said:

"Crook, there are a good many army and navy officers present. I wish you would ask them all out into the corridor and have them form in two lines, leading from the foot of the main staircase, so that when the President comes down he may pass between the lines."

"You wish the army and navy officers lined up from the foot of the main staircase?" I asked, to make sure.

"Yes," he replied; "and I think you had better start at once, for the President will soon come down."

Whereupon I at once approached officer after officer, saying:

"Colonel Lamont would be greatly obliged if you would kindly form two lines, leading from the foot of the main staircase, so the President may pass through and thus be received with military and naval honors."

Political Attacks on McKinley

Some of the officers started at once for the great corridor, but others looked sharply at me to see if I were serious. I assured these latter that I was entirely serious in delivering Colonel Lamont's message and that he had been wholly serious in making the request. In a few minutes the lines were formed, the Marine Band started to play Hail to the Chief, and Mr. Cleveland came down the stairway with dignified, deliberate step. If he was surprised to see at the foot of it the two lines of army and navy officers, resplendent in dress uniforms, he made no sign, unless it was to glance even more sharply than usual from under that calm, firm brow. At any rate he passed through the rigidly composed lines without comment, and the reception took place as usual.

Of course the innovation quickly became a topic of general conversation, which continued during most of the evening. Some of the guests, particularly the civilians, thought it a good thing for the Commander-in-Chief to be shown such honor and deference, but most of the officers kept their own counsel. Before the reception was over, however, one gray-haired old warrior, who had fought Indians all over the Plains before going to the front in 1861, backed me up into a corner and delivered himself of an opinion. His neck and face were deep red with suppressed emotion, and his eyes had a steely glint as he said:

"Crook, I want to know if that is to be the usual thing at public receptions after this? Do you know what I felt like? Well, I'll tell you: I felt as if we were a lot of blooming flower-pots stood up there in two rows for the President to saunter in between, and if this is an example of Democratic simplicity you'll find that the country doesn't like it and doesn't want it!"

I explained that the request I had delivered came not from the President but from Colonel Lamont, and did all I could to pacify the indignant officer. But such things were wholly absent during Mr. McKinley's Administration, as they had been under Harrison's.

The first year of President McKinley's home life in the White House was burdened with many public issues, and especially with news from Cuba, which grew more and more serious as the months went by. It has often been said that this country was forced into the war with Spain by certain inflammatory newspapers, especially in New York, the reiterated sensational articles and cartoons of which drove the unthinking part of the people into a condition of unreasoning hysteria. On the other hand, it has been said, also, that some sort of intervention by the United States was inevitable, and that Spain could not have effected a sale of Cuba to

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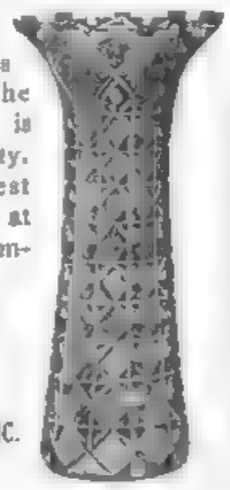

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this country, or allowed us to take charge of Cuban affairs in any other way, without undergoing a revolution at home. Be that as it may, of one thing I am certain: President McKinley did everything in his power to avert war. He knew what war meant. He knew that almost anything, barring loss of honor, is preferable to war, and to avert hostilities he toiled day after day, night after night, regardless of personal fatigue and danger to his health because of the strain and consequent exhaustion. During all those weeks and months, too, when he was laboring as few other men have labored under like circumstances, he was the object of as venomous newspaper attacks as if he were a monster, a traitor to his country, an unmitigated scoundrel, devoid of compassion and common humanity. Those who were constantly in the White House during that winter of 1897-98 knew what he went through; and they were gratified when word came from city after city that clubs and civic bodies and commercial organizations had passed resolutions refusing to admit to their reading-rooms the worst of those perverted sheets. Through it all President McKinley gave no outward sign that he was affected by these attacks. He was ever calm, quiet, self-contained; and, if possible, his care of his wife grew more and more tender as the assaults upon his motives and his integrity grew in intensity. The President and his wife could not be so much together in those anxious days and evenings as they had usually been. Yet, when he was with her at table, or for a few minutes in the afternoon, or for a little visit in the library following dinner, he looked after her as if she were a child. When she wanted a pen, or a needle, or a book to read, all she did was to say so and the President would start at once, hurrying after it as quickly as possible. This devotion to his invalid wife was beautiful, but it was also pathetic when we knew the weight he was carrying of affairs of the nation, which in their ultimate aspect could hardly fail to change the position and relations of the United States with all the rest of the world.

The Sinking of the Maine

I left my home on the morning of February 15, 1898, without having glanced at a newspaper. Matters relating to Cuba had become so critical that each morning I went to the office as soon as I could eat a little breakfast, and without pausing to read a paper or do anything else. And as soon as I set foot in the White House that day I knew that something terrible had happened. Clerks and messengers were hurrying to and fro; the rooms fairly buzzed with excitement; additional emergency operators were swarming into the telegraph room, where messages addressed to the President were arriving from all over the country, from scores and hundreds of private citizens, and from newspapers as well as from officials. Reporters and correspondents were crowding the big hallway upstairs, and word was brought that the President wished to see me at once in his private office. I hurried thither, and entering found Mr. McKinley bending over papers and telegrams and maps spread out on his desk. As I came in he looked up, and though his words were calm and his voice unchanged he looked greatly distressed. He had done all he could to avert war, but the sinking of the Maine was the climax, and nothing could avert hostilities.

Scarcely had he given me my instructions when, early as it was, Cabinet Ministers and Senators began to arrive, and from that day until April 25, when Congress declared war, the President scarcely took time to eat or sleep. During these tense days Mrs. McKinley was greatly disturbed because her husband was so worried, and of course this added to his anxiety; but when Dewey's success at Manila was assured, the load of sadness was lifted from both of them, and the President seemed to be greatly elated; for he knew that this brilliant victory meant an early ending of the war.

When the treaty of peace had been signed there remained much to do in reorganizing some sort of government in Cuba and in trying to help the Cubans to support themselves; for which reasons, largely, McKinley's home life in the White House was composed of the hardest kind of work. All employed there were glad, I think, when in the first week of September, 1901, he went to Buffalo, with Mrs.

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Fussy Package Chocolates, $1.00 the pound. Super Extra Chocolates and Confections, 80 cents a pound; Honey White Nougat, 50 cents a box; Chocolate Covered Maraschino Cherries, 50 cents a box. Other specialties at list prices. Write for "***Suggestions.***"

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McKinley, to make an address at the Pan-American Exposition.

It so happened that not a single member of the Cabinet was in Washington on the afternoon of Friday, September 6th, of that year. The Vice-President, Mr. Roosevelt, was at Isle Lamotte, in Lake Champlain, as guest of the Vermont Fish and Game League. Members of the office staff, of course, were attending to their duties in the White House, and business was going forward as usual when a key in the telegraph room snapped out a few words which caught the ever-alert ear of Colonel Montgomery, superintendent of the White House telegraph bureau. With an exclamation of horror he sprang out of his chair, flashed an order for a through wire to the telegraph office in the Pan-American Exposition grounds, and while this was being made ready he stepped out to the main office and read us the telegram he had just received, which came from the chief operator in Buffalo. It was a brief message, hurled through to Washington with the utmost dispatch, and gave merely the salient fact that the President had been shot "by an American anarchist." Somehow news of impending tragedy flew like wildfire through the White House, and as Colonel Montgomery slowly and solemnly read the first message the office became crowded with employees, officials and newspaper men on duty there who hurried in.

Of course, none of the office staff thought for a moment of going home at the close of the business day, or of doing anything else than waiting for further news, which came in brief bulletins.

President McKinley died at 2.15 A. M., Saturday, September 14, and just before he passed away his wife was taken into the room where he lay, to bid him final farewell. As she was tenderly led away from that chamber of death, he whispered very distinctly:

"Nearer, my God, to Thee"—words of the hymn always dear to his heart. Feebly, and with effort, he added, "Goodby, all; goodby. It is God's way, not ours."

When the office staff came to the White House, a few hours later that Saturday morning, the great flag was already at half-mast, and on the front door was posted a printed card bearing a single word: "Closed."

The train bearing the body of this martyred President arrived in Washington Monday evening, September 16, and the mortal remains of McKinley lay in the East Room, surrounded by a guard of honor, until the following day, when they were taken to the Capitol.

Editor's Note—This is the eighth of a series of articles by Colonel Crook on the Home Life of Our Presidents in the White House. The ninth will be published in an early number.

MISS 318

(Continued from Page 15)

was not quite satisfactory. And she had a heartache every time he gave her a curt order. He called her "318" now—always.

One evening, after the shop was closed, the wilted Myrtle was stretching upward to push a bolt of goods on a high shelf when she reached the exact limit of her energies. She just ceased to be alive and swooned to the floor, striking against the counter as she fell. Miss Mooney from a distance saw her go and went tearing through the crowd that formed. She went with rough shoves and harsh commands:

"Lea' me pass! Get out the way! Give her air! Here, lemme take her. Put that bolt of silk under her feet. Go on, I say! Whatta I care if it is silk? Bring me some water, you idiots!"

Swiftly she opened the girl's waist at the throat and would have had her corset loosened if Myrtle had not come back to life with a sick and weary reluctance.

By now Mr. Sterling was bending over the two girls. He had seen numberless women faint; sometimes they were only overworked, underfed shopgirls. He was used to swoons. But now he was white and his lips trembled. He lifted the pretty bundle in his arms and spoke to her soothingly.

Miss Mooney felt a strange alarm, but she forgot herself at once and raged:

"She'd otta go home and lay down. Somebody's got a right to take her home."

She asked if she might be excused, but the floor-manager needed her. He offered

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You can buy this clock in a handsome leather case for $3.00. If you cannot buy the Junior Tattoo in your own town, send the price for as many as you want. We will ship them, express prepaid, if you give your dealer's name.

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Here are possibilities of tone-color such as only the composer of the "Ballads" could conjure. Immensity of tone, also, a *pianissimo* that is but a whisper, a *forte* overwhelming by contrast, so beautifully shaded are the gradations.

With Baldwin-tone, de Pachmann, authoritative Chopin-Player, reaches heights denied by the limited keyboard of Chopin's day.

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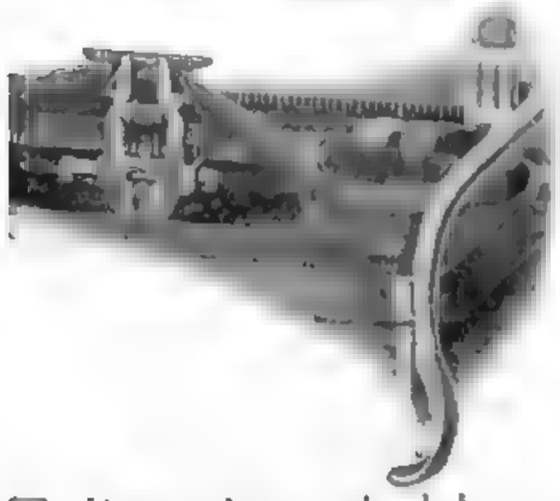

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Most economical, healthful and satisfactory for old or new houses, different patterns to match furnishings. Outwear carpets. Stocks carried in the leading cities. Plain or Ornamental. Thick or Thin. Write for Book of Designs

THE INTERIOR HARDWOOD CO. Indianapolis.

to send one of the little girls in the gathering department. Mr. Sterling came to the rescue.

"I'll take her home myself."

"That's a grand idea, Poicival," Miss Mooney whispered. But he did not hear. He was sending one girl for Myrtle's hat and coat and another to order a taxicab.

A taxicab! A floorwalker taking a saleslady home in a taxicab! It was "unhoid" of and romantic—and gee, how swell!

Miss Mooney went back to her work. She had never found the boxes so heavy, the shelves so high. Everything she strained for was just out of her reach.

She went home alone, grimly, doggedly. She intended to climb on up to see how Myrtle was, but when she reached her own floor she found her mother in despair over the condition of Claryce.

Claryce had been working for fifteen hours a day for three days, eternally wrapping chocolate creams in tinfoil. The monotony of it had driven her into hysteria. She was making such a racket with her sobs and laughs that Lisette had to calm her by threatening to beat her if she went to the candy store the next day.

"But I'll lose the day's pay," the girl blubbered; "and I was goin' to get a present for George with it."

"I'll make up the loss out of me own pocket; but if any member of this family gives anybody a Christmas present I'll commit moider."

An hour after midnight Father Dennis Mooney came in. He had left the stable at seven-thirty in the morning and had driven his express wagon till midnight in an icy wind. Then the horses had to be driven to the stable and bedded down. Then he had to walk home. His legs and arms were so benumbed that he felt himself growing old and he was in mortal dread that sickness or accident might disable him. The express company, instead of paying overtime, made each employee a gift of ten dollars for doing the seven labors of Hercules in seven days to oblige the impatient Christmas spirit. Presents must be on time at whatever cost.

Dennis Mooney had already provided a place for that ten dollars. It meant more to him than any amount of rest, warmth, comfort. The weather threatened a blizzard, but that would make no difference in his necessities and his children's necessities. He could afford better to die December 26 than to fall sick December 22.

The Crilley family had troubles of its own too. Father Crilley, working in the Mammoth, had managed to crush three of his right fingers under a falling packing case; and Mother Crilley's rheumatism was that bad in her she had been unable to get through the store-scrubbin' at all at all that night. One day's pay gone was a calamity; to lose two would be a cataclysm.

In the face of this situation Myrtle had not the courage to spare herself. She tottered into the Mammoth the next day only an hour late; but even Mr. Sterling could not get her fine remitted.

Lisette's vague jealousy of her vanished at the sight of Myrtle's face. She felt spurred even to a compliment:

"You're lookin' awful well, Moitle."

"Lookin' well! I'm dying."

"I know you are, but it's becomin' to you. You got one of them faces that sufferin' improves. You look so kind of wistful it makes everybody feel like pettin' you. When I'm wore out and sick I get so dog-on green and stringy everybody thinks I got the epizootic and starts to run."

Myrtle was deeply interested in her own woe. She described her sensations as she fainted, how appalling they were; and how doleful the family condition when she reached home in Mr. Sterling's cab.

"That cab must have set him back about four dollars," sighed Miss Mooney.

"It was $3.80. I read it on the cash-register those taxicabs has in front. But he didn't make any fuss about it. He's a gentleman if ever there was one—and so consid'rut. He said I mustn't work any more this week. When I told him I just had to he offered to lend me what I would 'a' earned—and more. But I wouldn't take it. I remembered what you told me."

Miss Mooney's feelings were mixed. Myrtle went on:

"Paw and Maw are both so stove up they've got to lay off a day, but Alice and Maude can work nights now; so they get somep'n for overtime."

Alice was fourteen, and an affidavit stated that twelve-year-old Maude was fourteen; so that both had been permitted

WELCOMED FOR XMAS BY
FATHER. MOTHER. BROTHER.
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PARKER
LUCKY CURVE FOUNTAIN PENS
Wisely given because they become lifelong tokens of regard, warmly welcomed because they are helpful lifelong companions. If they are broken by accident inside of a year, I will repair or replace them.
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The Lucky Curve
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The curved ink feed—the Lucky Curve—instead of the straight ink feed common to other fountain pens, makes the Parker cleanly, and always ready to write; no need of ever wiping ink off the barrel before writing.
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On request you can get free with every Parker pen, a presentation box, artistically decorated and typifying the Christmas spirit.
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Solid gold bands and emblems of all prominent fraternal organizations, including K. of P., K. of C., I. O. O. F., Masons, Elks, etc. $12.00.
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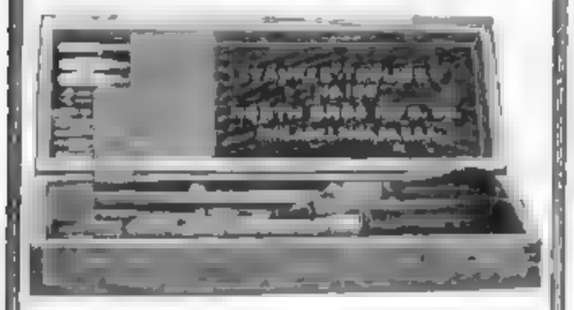
"Yankee" Tools for Christmas

GIVE the man a "Yankee" Tool Set. The big boy, too. Every man (and boy) likes clever tools. The cleverest tools of the kind are "Yankee" Tools. Splendidly made, finely finished and wonderfully efficient. He will be delighted.



This Set (No. 100) consists of—

(1) "Yankee" No. 30—A big, strong, able tool which drills holes, and drives or draws screws by means of a SPIRAL operated by pressing on the handle. Provided with eight drills (1-16 to 11-64 inches), a countersink, and three different size screw-bits.

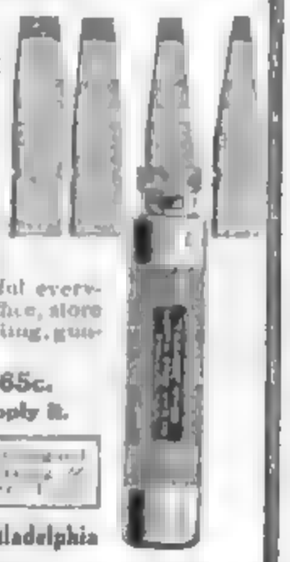
(2) "Yankee" Ratchet Screw-driver No. 11, with blade 6 inches long. A tool with which screws are driven or drawn by turning the handle from the handle.

(3) "Yankee" Ratchet Screw-driver No. 15, with blade 3 inches long and finger-turn on handle. The tool that gets the best of hard-to-turn screws.

(4) "Yankee" Tool Case of highly-finished solid oak, especially made for these tools and attachments.

Ask your dealer for "Yankee" Tool Set No. 100. Price, $4.50

Here's a "Yankee" Pocket Screw-driver for Christmas



Only three inches long when closed—about the size of a pocket-knife. Nickel-plated steel handles protect. Tool blades in handle. Useful everywhere—at home, the office, store or shop—motoring, hunting, gunning.

No. 60. Price, 65c.

Your dealer can supply it.

Free Tool Book [illegible] kinds and sizes of "Yankee" Tools.

North Bros. Mfg. Co., Philadelphia

Brighton Garters

For Christmas Gifts

At all the good shops — *or we mail them direct to you*

THE handsome holiday boxes of 1910 will make a gift of famous Brighton Flat Clasp Garters doubly welcome. Three artistic designs in the cheering colors of Christmas especially designed for this season.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO.
718 Market St., Philadelphia

to work, at least during the daytime. But a kind provision of the New York child-labor law fortunately suspends the edict against night work from December 18 to December 24 and the inspectors are graciously careless during this glad week. Otherwise the younger children of the poor would be denied participation in the Christmas privileges of night work and overtime; and those who forget to shop till the last few days might find their gifts delayed in transit.

The Crilley family suffered another disaster that afternoon. Alice, the cash-girl, who was fourteen years old and should have known better, had had so few playthings in her lifetime and was so dazzled by the fairyland paradise of the store that, after carrying several hundred beautiful dolls from one counter in the toy department to the wrapping-counter and back, she thrilled with such a spasm of longing to call one of the exquisite creatures her own that she lost the discretion one demands of a woman of her years.

She made a desperate resolution to kidnap one maddeningly attractive doll, sneak it home and adopt it. But the purchaser had given a two-dollar bill for her to change. Wondering how to dispose of all this wealth, Alice decided to take that home to her mother as a consolation for being unable to scrub half the night.

As she was making her way to the cloak-room, with the intention of concealing the doll in her ragged coat, one of the store-detectives nabbed her and demanded an explanation in so gruff a tone that guilt and terror combined with grief at the loss of the doll to throw the child into convulsions of despair.

To avoid alarming and exciting the already insanely excited shoppers, Mr. Finn, the detective, dragged the sobbing culprit out of sight and hearing into a corridor.

Miss Mooney happened to be passing through on her way to a four-o'clock luncheon. She paused, learned the history of the crime and asked Mr. Finn what he was going to do about it.

"Turn the little sneak-thief over to the cops, of course. She ought to go to the reform school. I got her redhanded."

Miss Mooney lost her temper without delay: "Redhanded!—that little white rag! Reform school?—why, she's only a doll herself! Do you really think I'm going to let you toin that kid over to the cops for swipin' a dollar doll that cost the store about thoity-nine cents? Not if I see you foust, Mr. Finn."

"Wh-what else can I do, Miss Mooney?" the terrified official exclaimed.

"Send her back and say nothin', you big lunkhead. I'll pay for this doll m'self and get another one just like it for the darne that's waitin' for this. She won't do it again—will you, Alice? O' course you won't. If you do I'll spank the life out of you. Now go on up to the cloakroom and leave this; and gimme that two-dollar bill. Then come down and get busy and forget it. As for you, Jim Finn, take your big feet back in that crowd and try and ketch some of them slick shoplifters that's been walk'n' off with sealskin muffs and real lace doilies, instead of s'arin' babies to death. You overgrown cradle-snatcher!"

The frightened child went sniffling to the cloakroom with her booty, and it was the detective who wore the guilty look as he sneaked back into the crowd.

The whole transaction was hideously immoral and an odious blot on Miss Mooney's record of perfect fidelity to the store, above all things; but perhaps the Recording Angel was sufficiently confused to set it down in the wrong column—to her credit instead of to her expense.

Miss Mooney said nothing of this to Myrtle, not even when she saw Mr. Sterling hanging about after store-closing time, waiting to escort Miss Crilley home—this time by the street car, the taxicab of the poor.

Lisette was kept half an hour later. When at last she entered the little entrance-hall of the flat-building, and set her key to the lock of the inside door, Mr. Sterling was just finishing his farewell to Myrtle. He tossed Miss Mooney a staccato "Good night" as he hurried away.

Lisette did not help Myrtle up the stairs that night. Myrtle did not need help.

IX

WHEN Miss Mooney's fiendish alarm-clock exploded its clamor at six o'clock on the morning of the day before Christmas the room was still dark. After the five

The Favorite Breakfast of a Nation

No man in all the country will eat a better breakfast than you tomorrow, if you have delicious, crisp, golden brown waffles with maple syrup.

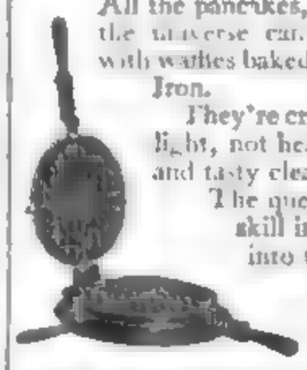
Even a king's table could boast nothing more appetizing.

So ask your wife, or your mother, or the boarding missis, just for the sake of variety, to give you waffles for the morning meal.

If you eat them once, you'll demand them always, for waffles are the choicest food ever baked on a griddle.

Griswold's Waffle Iron

"Makes Waffles at Their Best"



All the pancakes, muffins or biscuits in the universe can't begin to compare with waffles baked on a Griswold Waffle Iron.

They're crisp, not soggy; they're light, not heavy; they're delicious and tasty clear through.

The question of knowledge or skill in baking doesn't enter into the matter at all. All that is necessary to produce the waffle of perfection is to follow the recipe in mixing the dough—and the Griswold Waffle Iron does the rest.

The iron is easy to handle, for patent ball socket permits turning pan without lifting; while wooden handles, set in air-cooled sockets, prevent burnt fingers. Specially designed grooved base plate catches overflow of grease or batter.

Sold by all dealers from 95c upwards.

Helpful Hints and Recipes—FREE.

Send for our free recipe book. It contains an article by Miss Janet McKenzie Hill of the Boston Cooking School. Your name on a postal will bring it.

THE GRISWOLD MANUFACTURING CO., 1045 West Twelfth St., Erie, Pa.

CHOICEST GIFT OF THIS SEASON

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

MANY GIFTS IN ONE. Besides the dictionary of English it is a dictionary of art, fiction, golf, music, synonyms, geography, in fact, of all trades and sciences. *The New International* contains the *pith* and *essence* of an authoritative library. Type matter is equal to an encyclopedia of 15 volumes.

THE MOST USEFUL GIFT. Of constant service to lawyer, business man, school-teacher, farmer, physician, and editor. Not a mere word book but *full of just the information needed* by every busy man and woman. More words defined (400,000) than ever appeared between two covers. 2700 pages. 6000 illustrations. The only dictionary with the new divided page.

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WRITE for full particulars and pamphlet showing the new divided page, illustrations, etc.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.

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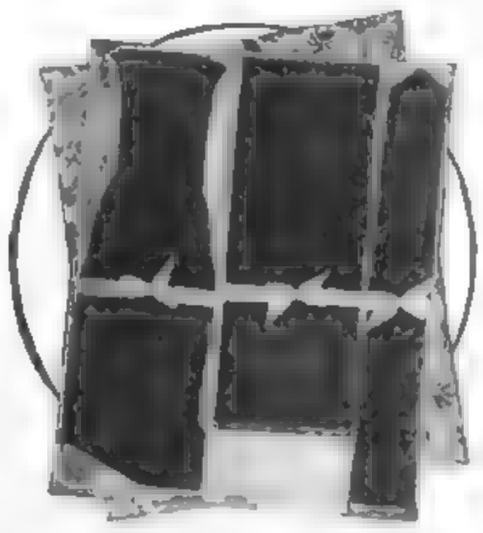
For Any Man— A Superba Combination



THE Superba Combination solves the gift problem. Superba three-piece combinations consist of a rich four-in-hand scarf, a handsome silk handkerchief and a pair of well-fitting sox,—all three pieces perfectly matched in color, at $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00. The two-piece combination (four-in-hand and sox to match) at $1.00 and $1.50. Colors,—pearl, grey, light blue, navy blue, lavender, purple, brown and garnet.

SUPERBA CRAVATS

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Travelight

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Patent Club Bag

Light as a Feather
Strong as Good Leather

A Most Useful and Desirable Christmas Gift

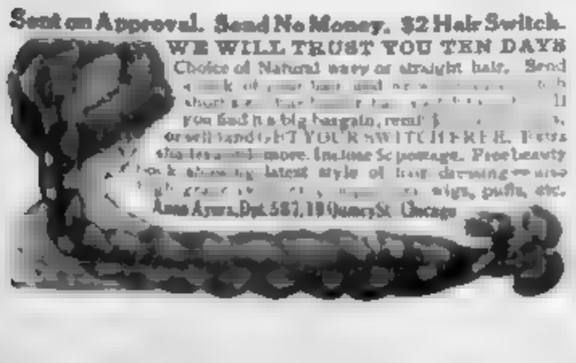
The [illegible] Travelight [illegible]

HERMAN LOEB & CO., Mfrs. and Patentees, 237 N. Lawrence St., Phila.

Sent on Approval. Send No Money. $2 Hair Switch.

WE WILL TRUST YOU TEN DAYS

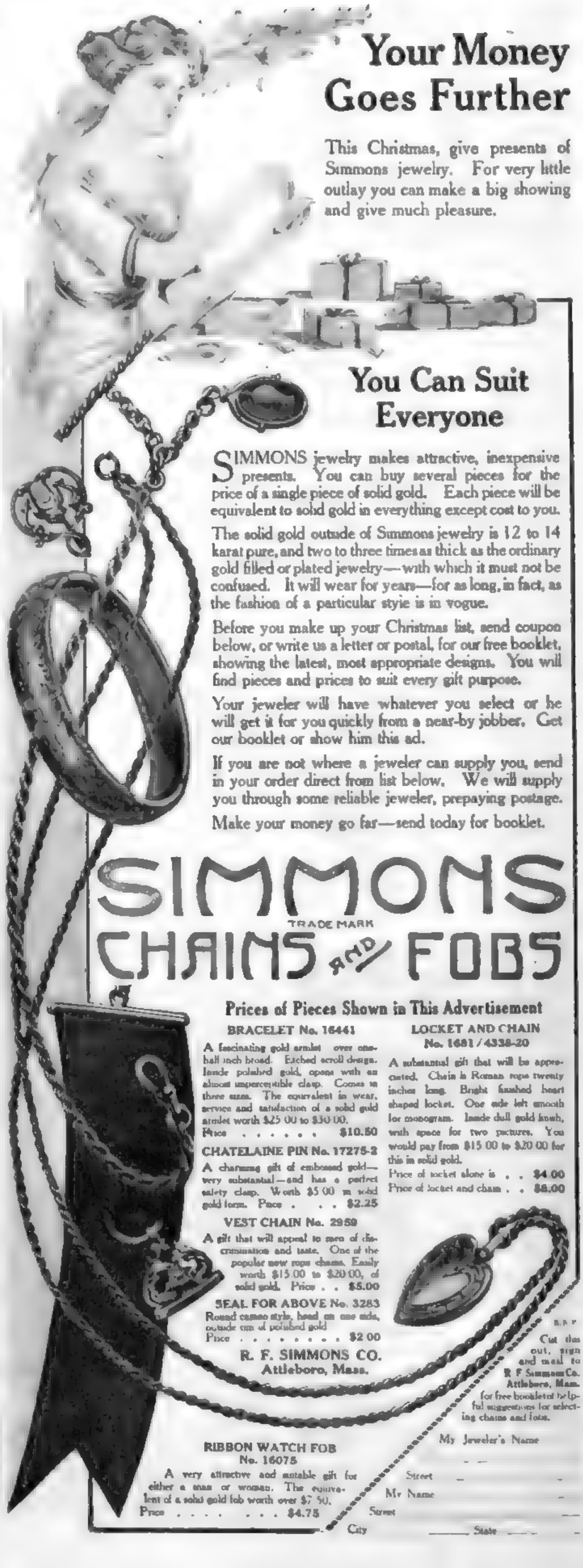
Choice of Natural wavy or straight hair. Send a lock of your hair and [illegible] about size. [illegible] If you find it a big bargain, remit $[illegible], or will send C.O.D. YOUR SWITCH HERE. Extra shades a little more. Include 5c postage. Free beauty book showing latest style of hair dressing we also [illegible] high grade [illegible] wigs, puffs, etc.



Anna Ayres, Dept. 587, 19 Quincy St. Chicago

Your Money Goes Further

This Christmas, give presents of Simmons jewelry. For very little outlay you can make a big showing and give much pleasure.



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SIMMONS jewelry makes attractive, inexpensive presents. You can buy several pieces for the price of a single piece of solid gold. Each piece will be equivalent to solid gold in everything except cost to you.

The solid gold outside of Simmons jewelry is 12 to 14 karat pure, and two to three times as thick as the ordinary gold filled or plated jewelry—with which it must not be confused. It will wear for years—for as long, in fact, as the fashion of a particular style is in vogue.

Before you make up your Christmas list, send coupon below, or write us a letter or postal, for our free booklet, showing the latest, most appropriate designs. You will find pieces and prices to suit every gift purpose.

Your jeweler will have whatever you select or he will get it for you quickly from a near-by jobber. Get our booklet or show him this ad.

If you are not where a jeweler can supply you, send in your order direct from list below. We will supply you through some reliable jeweler, prepaying postage.

Make your money go far—send today for booklet.

SIMMONS TRADE MARK CHAINS AND FOBS

Prices of Pieces Shown in This Advertisement

BRACELET No. 16461

A fascinating gold armlet over one-half inch broad. Etched scroll design. Inside polished gold, opens with an almost imperceptible clasp. Comes in three sizes. The equivalent in wear, service and satisfaction of a solid gold armlet worth $25.00 to $30.00.

Price $10.50

CHATELAINE PIN No. 17275-2

A charming gift of embossed gold—very substantial—and has a perfect safety clasp. Worth $5.00 in solid gold form. Price $2.25

VEST CHAIN No. 2959

A gift that will appeal to men of discrimination and taste. One of the popular new rope chains. Easily worth $15.00 to $20.00, of solid gold. Price . . $5.00

SEAL FOR ABOVE No. 3283

Round cameo style, head on one side, outside rim of polished gold

Price $2.00

R. F. SIMMONS CO.
Attleboro, Mass.

LOCKET AND CHAIN No. 1681/4338-20

A substantial gift that will be appreciated. Chain is Roman rope twenty inches long. Bright finished heart shaped locket. One side left smooth for monogram. Inside dull gold finish, with space for two pictures. You would pay from $15.00 to $20.00 for this in solid gold.

Price of locket alone is . . $4.00
Price of locket and chain . . $8.00

RIBBON WATCH FOB No. 16075

A very attractive and suitable gift for either a man or woman. The equivalent of a solid gold fob worth over $7.50.

Price $4.75

R.F.S.

Cut this out, sign and mail to R. F. Simmons Co. Attleboro, Mass. for free booklet of helpful suggestions for selecting chains and fobs.

My Jeweler's Name _____

Street _____

My Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

hours of sleep Lisette had had, she felt that the room ought to be dark.

She tore her protesting frame from the bed, groped to her washstand and beat her hot eyes with a cold wet rag till she had shocked them open. She peered past the window-shade.

Down the dark airshaft huge snowflakes were fluttering grayly, ominously.

Lisette began to pummel her sister awake.

"Goitrood! Goitrood! Get up! Didn't you hear the alarm?"

Rousing Gertrude of a morning was always a miracle: it was recalling life to the dead. This morning Gertrude was deader than ever. The box factory had required overtime too, to supply an unexpected demand. But eventually she was up, if not awake. Claryce was harder still to galvanize. She had worked till three o'clock that morning packing nauseating sweets into the gift-boxes Gertrude's factory was showering forth.

Lisette essayed a mockery of cheer:

"The people that have been hopin' for a white Christmas get their wish."

"Poor Paw!" sighed Gertrude.

"Poor all of us!" sighed Claryce.

The necessity of making haste with the breakfast stimulated all the Mooneys to an artificial vitality. The father dashed off to his stable, the mother ran to her sewing machine to finish an eleventh-hour job that had been dumped on her. The two boys fled to their posts and the three girls skated to the street cars, for the pavements were covered with ice and the thickening snow was disguising the trickiest spots.

The girls would have made a lark of it if their hearts had not been squeezed so dry of cheer; if their feet had not been squeezed so full of pain. The street cars were tumbrels of wretched, exhausted, early-morning martyrs, wild-eyed for sleep. The girls were lucky to get aboard at all, happy to find straps to hang to.

Wind and sleet came later in the morning. Lisette, smothered with the overheated, overbreathed air and the stifling atmosphere of packed and jammed humanity, envied the delivery drivers and wondered if she could ever endure to the end of the ordeal. On this blessed occasion the store kept open till ten o'clock in the evening, so that the most unlucky, the most procrastinant lover of his friends and family could dash in to buy the neglected gifts, at whatever cost of privation and pain to the prisoners behind the counters.

Miss Mooney had lived through five Christmases and she supposed that she would live through this one—perhaps an indefinite number more. But today her heart was dead in her. The little encounter in the entrance hall; the haunting fact that Mr. Sterling had taken Myrtle home—Myrtle, for whose advantage Lisette had unwittingly cooked Mr. Sterling's Thanksgiving dinner; the dreadful fact that Mr. Sterling had lingered for half an hour to say his "Good nights" to Myrtle and had not lingered half a minute to say "Good night" to herself—these things she thought of instead of the things she was selling.

Therefore she made mistakes, quoted wrong prices, added figures up wrong, gave the wrong parcels to people, the wrong change to others. The shoppers were furious with her. The frenzy of the last chance to shop, the indignation at finding the best things gone, the enormous fatigue of the ambulant population of the store almost rivaling the fatigue of the stationary populace, the incredible denseness of the crowds and their immobility—all these and other factors in the annual Christmas Waterloo made the shoppers peevish to the edge of hysteria.

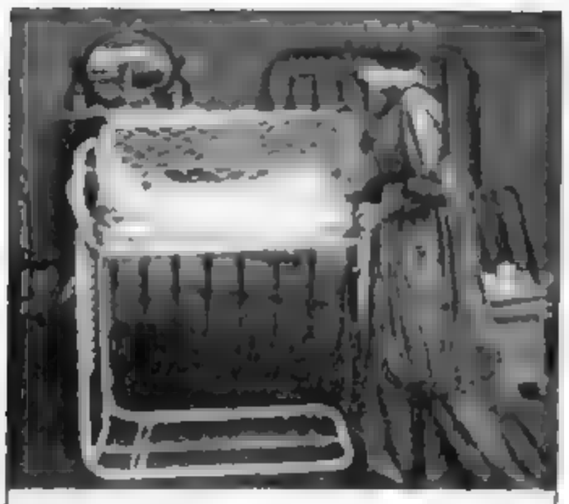
They bullied, harried, criticised all the salespeople. Even Miss Mooney they bullied. And she made no fitting replies. There was no fight in her.

Some of the girls were talking about her in the lunchroom when she dragged her listless feet thither at half past four for her first nibble or sip since breakfast. One of her elbow neighbors was saying:

"Lisette's come-backs at them dames useta be as good as a show. No matter how swell the party might be, Lisette would pass it right across the counter to her. But today she ain't laid out a one of 'em. Low-brows have walked all over her. I bet she's sick. I bet she's goin' to die!"

"Who's goin' to die?" said Lisette herself. They turned in horror, but she had heard only the last few words. She repeated: "Who's goin' to die—Moitle?"

"Naw; Myrt's as chipper as a canary today," said Constance, the change-angel.



Guard Your Baby's Health

The ills of infants are not all caused by wrong feeding. Not a few have been due to the wrong sleeping place for baby.

It is such ills that *rob mothers of health and strength* and force them to give up nursing the little ones.

"The Taylor Nursery"

The Twentieth Century Trundle Bed

is a *godsend to mothers*. It protects the baby from all ills due to wrong sleeping, and also aids in overcoming other ills by giving the child the perfect rest it needs

"The Taylor Nursery" is so constructed that baby's mother can take care of the little one by *simply sitting up in bed*. Baby is always within reach of mother's loving arms.

No more getting out into cold room. No danger of catching cold. No risking baby's health by taking the little darling from its warm nest.

A Sanitary Night Box at one side of the "Nursery" holds napkins powder and other toilet articles. While a Safety Hood keeps baby secure from all harm.

For Baby's Sake Investigate

"The Taylor Nursery," which helps take care of baby night and day *from birth to three years and over*, will be sent anywhere *on 5-days trial*. Along with the "Nursery" you get the *free mattress, safety hood and sanitary night-box*, all complete. Write today for full particulars.

Booklet of Motherly Hints—FREE

Our booklet "*How baby sleeps*" is filled with golden suggestions of information that will *help the young mother take care of her baby*. This booklet is full of pictures taken from life and stories that tell mothers tell of their little one's sleeping place. Write for it today. It's free.

TAYLOR NURSERY BABY BED COMPANY
9 Madison Ave., Cor. 23d Street, New York City, N. Y.

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

"And Gas Stoves Too"

Spend One Cent For This Big FREE Book

Oven Thermometer Makes Baking Easy

We prepay all freight

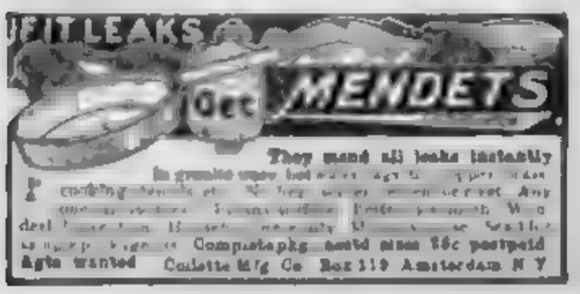
—30 Days Free Trial

—360 Days Approval Test

CASH OR CREDIT

Free Catalogue No. 187

Kalamazoo Stove Company, Mfrs.
KALAMAZOO MICHIGAN



They mend all leaks instantly

Agts wanted Collette Mfg Co Box 119 Amsterdam N Y

"But what ails you, Lisette? You look awful chalky round the gills. You ain't sick?"

"Me sick! Where'd I get time to get sick?" said Miss Mooney. Then she made an effort at her old spunk; but she was so tired she fell back on used material: "I'm just broken-hearted that tomorra's a holiday and the store won't be open. I just hate to lay abed late in the mornings!"

There was a volley of protests: "Oh, slush!"—"Oh, hush!"—"Don't talk about sleep or I'll begin to snore right here!"

"It'll take a month of Sundays to set me right."

As weary arms lifted burdensome spoons or leaden cups, and weary jaws munched slowly at tasteless food, the girls fell to exchanging experiences of their ante-Christmas endeavor, bragging about their misfortunes.

Two of them, whose task was the careful packing of cut glass, had worked from 8 A. M. to 11 P. M. the day before without sitting down, except to two hasty meals. A member of the photograph-developing department had worked till midnight every night for a week and till three o'clock the morning before, finishing work for those who gave their own pictures as gifts. A heavy-eyed woman from the packing department had worked for the last four days from 8.30 A. M. till 1 A. M. A spectacled damsel from the audit department claimed the palm: since December 7 she had been kept over the accounts from 8.30 A. M. till nearly midnight; she lived in Fordham and, in consequence, she had almost half a mile to walk along a country road when she reached home at night or left it extra early in the morning.

Listening to these victims of the blissful holiday spirit, Lisette felt that she had had an easy week of it. Her bitter heart turned against herself for thinking that she was unlucky. Now she lacked even the support of self-pity.

Just one throb of it came to her at nine o'clock that night, when she made a Lisettian retort to a shopper who complained of her to a floorwalker—to Mr. Sterling of all. The woman came back with him in tow. For the greater glory of the Mammoth he felt called upon to uphold the sacred rights of the customer.

"Miss 318," he called sharply. "This lady says that you ——"

"Yes; that's so. I'm sorry. I apologize," said Lisette, and the listening girls, who knew her of old, almost fainted with amazement. A week ago Lisette would have floored the floorwalker and the customer too, but tonight she did not wait to be accused. She confessed before she heard the charge.

"Don't let it happen again!" said Mr. Sterling in a tone of cold steel; then, with quick reversion to his most floorwalkerly unction, he purred to the triumphant customer: "Do you accept her apology, madam?"

The offended shopper completed Lisette's effacement.

"Oh, I guess so; but it's shameful—the impudence of these creatures! I don't know what makes them so discourteous. Well, I suppose it's because they're only shopgirls after all."

Then she swept out, hastening to the Christmas tree she was dressing for her dear family and a few friends.

Constance gaped incredulously from her crow's-nest.

"Lisette, you let her get away with it! What's the matter of you?"

But Lisette did not hear. She was crying. Her tears were exposing the pretenses of a guaranteed washable fabric, but what did she care? Her gentleman friend had given her a call-down before everybody!

She shed only a few tears, but a few were many for Lisette. In a moment she lifted her head and began answering questions, tapping her pencil and calling:

"Cash! Cash!"

The girl who answered next was Alice Crilley, wavering on her spindle legs. When she came back with the change she motioned Lisette to bend down while she whispered:

"Merry Chris'mus, Miss Mooney! I love you!"

The Crilleys were grateful at least, very grateful, as the outcome showed.

An effort to shut up shop was made at ten, but the incoming crowds prevented. At eleven the doors were forcibly put together in the face of a number of indignant persons who were outraged at the laziness and selfishness of the employees.

Manage Your Home by Telephone

Then any servant, any member of the family will be in sound of your voice at any time of the day or night.

You save steps—you save time—by using

Western Electric Inter-phones

Simply pushing the proper button on the little switchboard rings and connects you with the desired party.

Inter-phones require no operator. They will last a lifetime, and cost less than one cent a week per station to maintain.

Inter-phones are made only by the Western Electric Company. This is assurance of highest quality. They can be installed complete, including labor and all material, at a cost ranging from $6 to $30 per station, depending upon the type of equipment selected.

This telephone is the desk type. The wall type combines both telephone and switchboard. All types are neat, compact and beautifully finished.

"SAVE TIME AND FREIGHT" WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY "TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH SUPPLIES"

Write our nearest house for Booklet No. 8268 containing complete information. No home is complete without an Inter-phone System.

The Western Electric Company Furnishes Equipment for Every Electrical Need

EVERY BELL TELEPHONE IS

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

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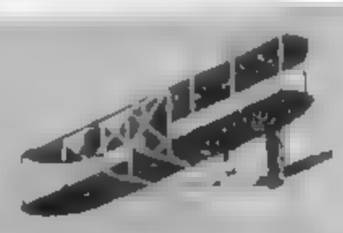
Manufacturers of the 5,000,000 "Bell" Telephones

Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver Antwerp London Berlin Paris Johannesburg Sydney Tokyo

WRIGHT'S ABOVE ALL OTHERS



Wright's Health Underwear

WINTER WINDS

have no terrors for the man who wears Wright's Health Underwear. The one underwear known that actually ventilates the body while keeping it warm. WRIGHT'S HEALTH UNDERWEAR is lined with the "Fleece of Comfort," consisting of many little loops of purest wool so woven that they never lose their softness nor mat in the laundry.

Ask for WRIGHT'S, the real health underwear at a moderate price.

WRIGHT'S FAMOUS SPRING NEEDLE UNDERWEAR DEMANDS THE ATTENTION OF EVERY MAN

Just the kind of underwear for the man who is looking for Quality at popular prices.

It is permanently elastic, fits perfectly and holds its shape indefinitely

Made in cotton, wool and worsted. The superiority of the fabric in our "SPRING NEEDLE RIBBED UNDERWEAR" suggests garments of much higher price, and the fit and finish confirm the "Wright's" reputation in the underwear field. Union suits and two-piece garments.

ASK YOUR DEALER—BE SURE YOU GET WRIGHT'S

Free Booklet, "Dressing for Health," explains the famous loop. Write for it today.

WRIGHT'S HEALTH UNDERWEAR COMPANY 75 FRANKLIN STREET NEW YORK CITY

Finishes for Concrete Surfaces

Ordinary paints when used on concrete, peel, crack and wear off. Trus-Con Floor Enamel becomes a part of the concrete and resists wear.

Trus-Con Floor Enamel is dampproof, stainproof, and prevents the formation of concrete dust on cement floors. Produces a tile like surface which resists wear and is easily cleaned by mopping. Furnished in a variety of colors.

Trus-Con Wall Finishes make walls absolutely dampproof and allow the masonry to retain its natural texture, preserving its beautiful grain and replacing a cheerless monotony with delicate artistic tints.

Tell us condition and size of surface to be finished and we will send *free sample*. Booklet and Color Card free

TRUSSED CONCRETE STEEL COMPANY
401 Trussed Concrete Building DETROIT, MICH

"Pure live-fleece wool—every thread of it!"

"'Live fleece': What does that mean?"

"Means the best wool there is—the long flexible fibre from live sheep. This gives that silky finish and the pliable 'draping' quality that you notice in these *Shackamaxon* fabrics. I can shape them to your figure *in the making*. And the shape *stays*. That's the only way."

"Yes. I know. I've tried the other way. Never again!"

"*Shackamaxon* fabrics are woven perfectly; from double yarn; perfectly dyed; and shrunken to the limit. There are no better-made fabrics."

'How about imported goods?"

'Can't touch *Shackamaxons* at the price! Look at these styles. *Feel* of them. *Shackamaxons* are made for merchant-tailors *only*. I buy direct from the mills. *You* get the benefit of that. And here is the manufacturer's signed guarantee. Read it:"

If any fault develops in any *Shackamaxon* fabric at any time, write to us and we will make it good.

J R Keim & Co. Shackamaxon Mills
Philadelphia

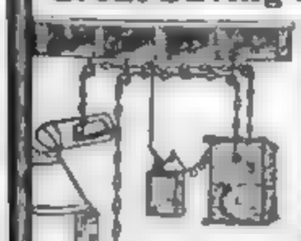
"Shackamaxon"
Guaranteed fabrics.

Have an Even Heat All Winter

IT MEANS HEALTH
IT SAVES TIME AND WORRY

30 DAYS TO TRY, 60 DAYS TO PAY.

Great Saving on Fuel Bills



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1007 Diversey Blvd. Chicago, Ill.

HAVE YOU A TALKING MACHINE OR A PLAYER PIANO?

Let us program your selections. Ideal for home use and when entertaining. Artistic and inexpensive, a dozen costing but a trifle. Send for sample program and literature. Give name of Player Piano or Machine.

Innovation Program Co., 1400 30 Church Street, New York

An hour more and the crowds that had been closed inside had been waited on and had straggled out piecemeal.

The day's work was now finished save for a matter of two hours' labor clearing up the Augean disorder and arranging the display of the great White Sale, with which shop-weary womankind would be decoyed back into the store the day after Christmas.

Christmas morning was two hours old when Lisette's work was done and permission was given her to set out for One Hundred and Forty-seventh Street. She was so tired and lonely that she looked about for Myrtle. She was reduced to the estate of wishing to lean on Myrtle.

She made inquiries in Myrtle's department. A sick-eyed girl, in the last stages of collapse, moaned:

"Myrtle Crilley, you mean? Oh, I think she resigned and went home at six o'clock. I guess the work was kind of hard for her. Her mother's downstairs. You can ask her."

Miss Mooney slouched to an elevator. The boy was asleep standing up. She took to the stairs. In the basement she found little Jimmie Crilley *hors de combat*. He had been filling the big-wheeled bins with packages for the delivery wagons since early morning. The last truck had set out at eleven and Jimmie had fallen asleep in one of the bins.

Eleven-year-old Maude was one of several shriveled little "gatherers" darting about picking up waste-paper, torn boxes, bits of string and like clutter.

"Me woik's almost finished, Miss Mooney," she said.

"And I guess you are too. Where's your maw?"

"Oh, she's scrubbin' round here somewheres. There she goes, just crawlin' behind that counter."

Miss Mooney followed the crouching old woman and asked if she might go home with her.

Mrs. Crilley sat up on her heels with a yowl of rheumatic agony, then twisted a sleepy smile:

"The Lord love ye, Miss Lizzie! I'm here these next two hours yet."

"I guess this is where I beat it for home all by my lonesome."

"If it would be anny coompany to you—and you'd be doin' me a favor at that—you might trundle them two childer home wit' you. It's gittin' kind of late for the cr'atures."

"I'd be glad to take them; of course I would."

Mrs. Crilley beamed up at her: "I'm thinkin' you're always glad to be doin' good to people, Miss Lizzie. And it's little I know where us Crilleys would be this blessed Chris'mus if you hadn't come our way, God love ye!"

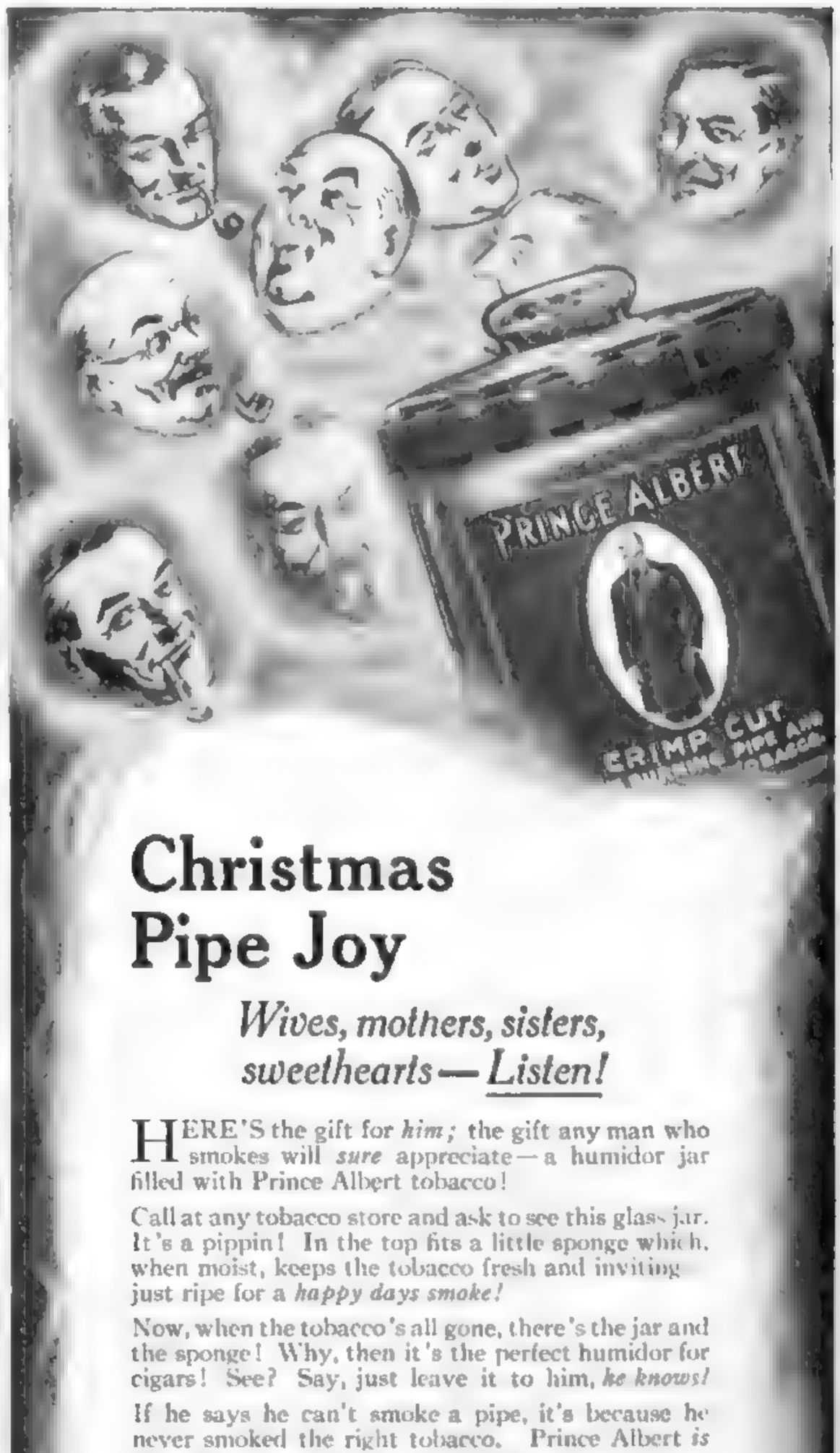
Miss Mooney was so unused to praise of this sort—or of any sort—that her cheeks were amazed to find themselves blushing. She darted away from the confusion of gratitude, woke the Crilley boy, bundled up the Crilley girl and set out for home with them.

The streets were hushed a little with snow and the shopping district was as quiet as a last year's battlefield. They passed a dark and lonesome church. Some hours ago it had been all alight and harmonious with carols. It was deserted now. Street cars were infrequent and their passengers were mostly drugged with fatigue. A few who had found the leisure to get drunk were regarded with envy.

The residences along the car line were generally dark and still. Hours before, they had been hilarious with holiday cheer, with gleaming pine trees and with the exchange of gifts that Miss Mooney and her sort had displayed and sold and delivered. But these houses were dark now.

Down many a side street great trucks were still pounding, the tormented horses slipping and scrambling, the overdriven drivers fiendish with hurry and merciless, as they had received no mercy. Small boys were helping the drivers, shivering on the snowy seats and at every stop dropping to the ground, lugging bundles up stoops and waiting for some one to answer the bell. Flocks of messenger boys in uniform were still busy about the town, carrying telegrams of good will and parcels of all shapes and sizes.

It seemed an age before the car reached Miss Mooney's street. On either side of her the Crilley children slept. Sleep was pleading with her too, but she was afraid of being carried past her destination and she agonized against the stupor.



Christmas Pipe Joy

Wives, mothers, sisters, sweethearts—Listen!

HERE'S the gift for *him;* the gift any man who smokes will *sure* appreciate—a humidor jar filled with Prince Albert tobacco!

Call at any tobacco store and ask to see this glass jar. It's a pippin! In the top fits a little sponge which, when moist, keeps the tobacco fresh and inviting just ripe for a *happy days smoke!*

Now, when the tobacco's all gone, there's the jar and the sponge! Why, then it's the perfect humidor for cigars! See? Say, just leave it to him, *he knows!*

If he says he can't smoke a pipe, it's because he never smoked the right tobacco. Prince Albert *is the right tobacco!* Simply buy him a

Humidor Jar of PRINCE ALBERT

You get the tobacco into the house; he'll take care of the smoking! *Sure thing!*

Prince Albert is the tobacco men everywhere are smoking and talking about. Hasn't bitten anybody else's tongue; *won't bite his!* Has the pleasantest odor of any tobacco made. The ideal pipe smoke for the man at home, or anywhere else!

No man who ever smoked a pipe—no matter how long ago he quit, discouraged like—can resist the delights of Prince Albert!

Get this gift right off your mind. Buy it now—while dealers have plenty in stock.

Prince Albert is sold everywhere. In humidor jars, in 10c tins and 5c dry proof bags. Or send 8c for introductory can.

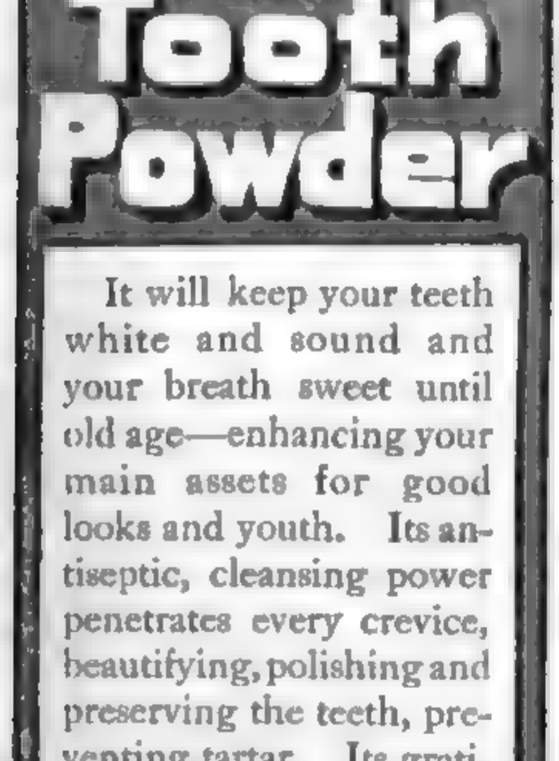
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

For Pearly White Teeth

Use Dr. Graves Unequaled Tooth Powder

It will keep your teeth white and sound and your breath sweet until old age—enhancing your main assets for good looks and youth. Its antiseptic, cleansing power penetrates every crevice, beautifying, polishing and preserving the teeth, preventing tartar. Its gratifying flavor makes it delightful to use and it will not scratch the enamel or irritate the gums.

All Druggists
25c—50c



At last the car approached her district. She wakened the complaining, stumbling, half-clothed waifs and, with an arm about each, helped them out into the snow and along the slippery pavement. So they reached home, their day's work done—the shopgirl flanked by the bin-boy and the gatherer.

Lisette navigated the children up the stairs somehow. Their father met them at the door.

"Make no n'ise," he cautioned them in a whisper. "Your poor sister Myrtle is sleepin'. Thank ye very kindly, Miss Mooney, for ahl ye've done for us. I'd give ye me right hand, but I hurted it and lost two days' pay. But here's me left hand. It's n'arest the heart; and so the Lord love ye and give ye a Merry Christmas and manny of them!"

"Thank you, Mr. Crilley. The same to you. Good night." She tottered for the stairs, whispering to herself: "A Merry Christmas!—oh, yes! Many of them—no, thanks!"

She was halted by a shrill whisper. She turned to see Myrtle Crilley at the door, beckoning to her. Even to Miss Mooney, at that time, in that mood, the girl was p etty, standing there in her nightgown, with her long hair free. She was trembling with the cold and with her new rapture.

"I heard you whispering. I wasn't asleep yet. I'm too happy to sleep. I've just got to tell you, Lisette, for I owe it all to you."

"What you talkin' about, Moitie?" said Miss Mooney, who had a dreadful knowledge of what was coming. The girl seized her and murmured:

"Mr. Sterling made me leave the store. He said I was too ——"

"Yes; I know you are. Go on."

"Well, we're going to be married. He's got a day off, you know; and he's just crazy about me, and I think he's the grandest man on earth. And we'll be so happy. But I owe it all to you, Lisette. If you hadn't invited him to that Thanksgiving dinner and sent for me we'd never met. It was awful generous and consid'rut of you, Lisette. You're the best-hearted ——"

"Kinely omit flowers!" snapped Miss Mooney, who could never do anything gracefully. "I hope you'll be turrible happy. Good night!"

"Good night and Merry Christmas! Mr. Sterling and I have bought you a lovely Christmas present. I'll give it to you later. Good night, dearie!"

"A Christmas present!—the nolve of them!" said Miss Mooney aloud, though she was alone—very much alone.

She limped down the creaking stairway on feet that seemed to creak. She tiptoed into her own flat, fearing to wake the sleepers, whom Gabriel himself would have had to blow at twice. She wavered as she stood up to peel off her clothes; and as she stretched herself out in bed she was too tired to be lonely or to regret anything, or to wish for anything but what was about to be hers. Her prayer was brief—one whole-souled sigh:

"Thank God for the takin' off of shoes! Thank God for sleep!"

■

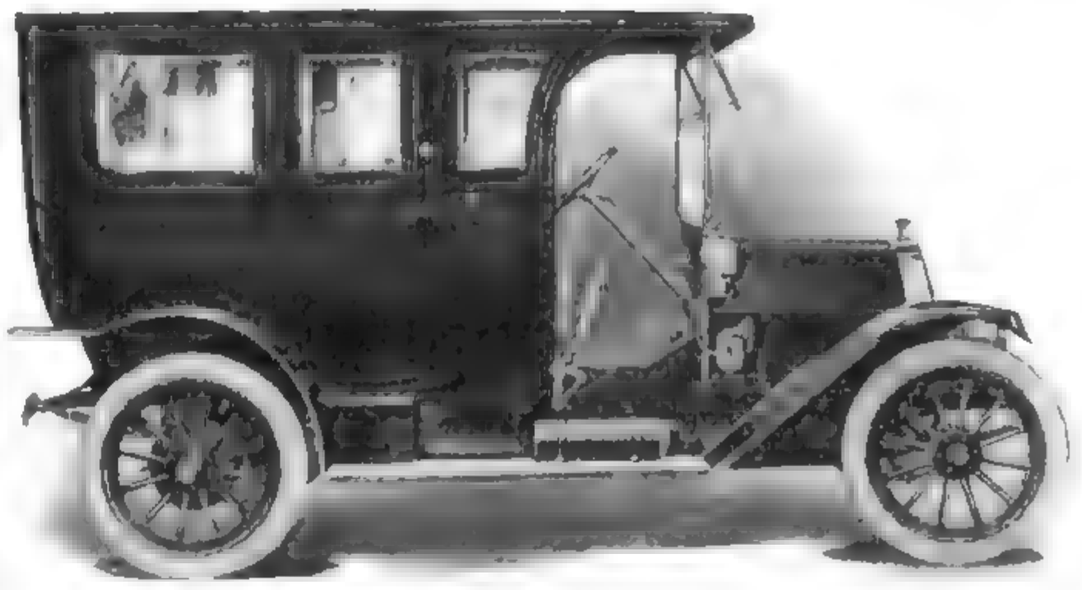
THE day after Christmas the Mammoth Shop was again crowded and rumorous as a huge beehive. There was missing the frenzy of Christmas shopping. Things had settled down to their normal routine.

The White Sale was on. In the less-advertised aisles a few women idled about, examining things in a leisurely way. Miss Madeleine McCann was showing a new diamond ring to the other saleswomen, who expressed their own ideals by their envy or by their scorn. Around the counters where the day's prime bargains were exposed there were fierce struggles, but their ferocity lacked the fanatic element of altruism that had embittered the holiday war. Mr. Percival Sterling moved here and there, gracious as of yore, but with a certain aloofness, a certain added dignity.

In one of the bargain kiosks a tired-looking woman with hair of a sulphurous tint was rebuking the impertinences of the hostlers about her. At a slight distance one could hear little but—

"What's that? Yes, m'm! No, m'm! The price is plainly marked. What's that? Yes, m'm. No, m'm."

In the rotunda a number of men on long ladders were removing in sections a colossal statue of papier-mâché. The iconoclasts were handling it with careless irreverence. From what remained it had evidently been a hollow image of Santa Claus.



Model E—4 cylinder, 50 H. P., Seven-Passenger Limousine—$3850

Speedwell

for 1911

Your preconceived ideas of completeness and luxury in the appointments of a Limousine will seem very narrow after a critical examination of the Speedwell Model E.

Its extraordinary range of conveniences and minor comforts—its adequate lighting and heating systems—the rare beauty and good taste of its furnishings—are all in perfect accord with the sterling worth of its mechanical equipment.

Permit Us To Send You Detailed Description.

The Speedwell Motor Car Company, 140 Essex Ave., Dayton, Ohio

Licensed Under Selden Patent

A box of Barker Brand Collars for his Xmas

They will be appreciated by any man and your choice of the brand will be noticed because Barker Brand Collars are generally known as being the Best.

Barker Brand Collars are the only "Warranted Linen" Collars selling 2 for 25c. and are made in ¼, ½ and ¾ sizes. Any first-class dealer can show you many different styles to choose from, and any dealer will be glad to make an exchange of style or size if not satisfactory.

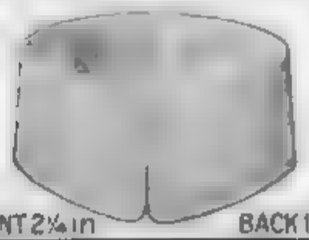
If for any reason you cannot easily procure the genuine BARKER BRAND, we will send you a dozen prepaid on receipt of $1.50 or 8 for $1.00.

If you have collar troubles, write us. We have had 44 years' experience and may be able to advise you.

Send for Booklet

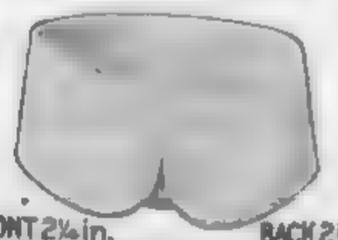
CLINTON

The newest style. Points come close together and stay there. Narrow tie space and perfect fitting.



CANTON

A new Barker style bound to be popular. Just the right height to look well and feel comfortable.



WM. BARKER COMPANY, *Makers*, Troy, N. Y.

LeMar Cravats

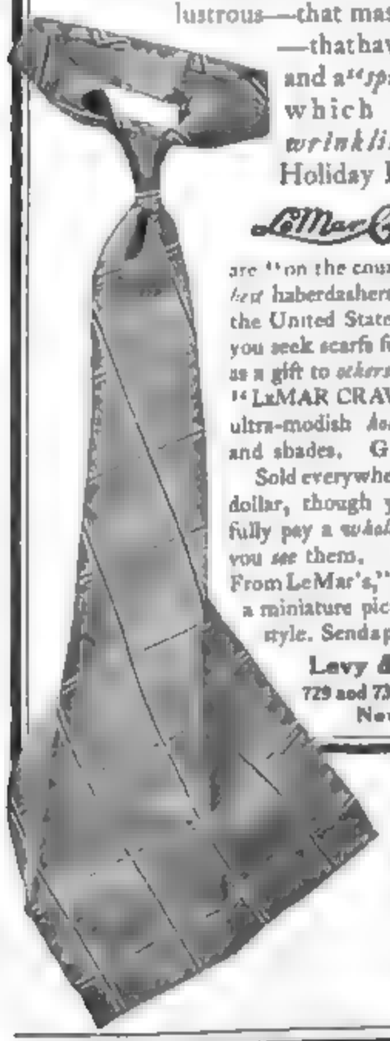
A "LeMAR CRAVAT" *outwears* the ordinary scarf, but you can't *wear it out*. It's cut of *picked silks*, that keep ever lustrous—that mask pinholes—that have a "heft" and a "*springiness*," which defeats *wrinkling*. The Holiday Lines of

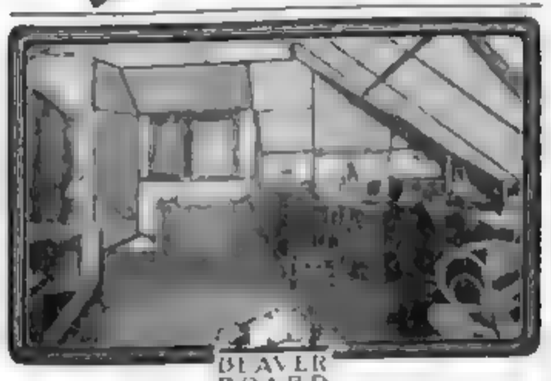
LeMar Cravats

are "on the counters" of the *best* haberdashers throughout the United States. Whether you seek scarfs for *yourself* or as a gift to *others*, let them be "LeMAR CRAVATS" in the ultra-modish *holiday* shapes and shades. Guaranteed!

Sold everywhere for half-a-dollar, though you'd cheerfully pay a *whole* one, when you *see* them. "A Message From LeMar's," Booklet B, is a miniature picture-book of style. Send a postcard for it.

Levy & Marcus
729 and 731 Broadway
New York





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BEAVER BOARD

Any Room Can be Remodeled in the Same Way

BEAVER BOARD

PANELED WALLS AND CEILINGS

THEY take the place of lath and plaster in every type of new or remodeled building. Invaluable for partitions, false ceilings, etc

They are quickly and easily put up and give the most artistic, durable and economical results.

They resist sound, cold, heat, shock, strain and vibration. They do not crack, chip or deteriorate with age.

Sold by hardware, lumber, paint, wall-paper and builders' supply dealers, and decorators. If your dealer doesn't handle, we shall be glad to see you are supplied.

Write for interesting free booklet, "Beaver Board and Its Uses," which treats the subject in full detail. Many illustrations.

The BEAVER COMPANY of BUFFALO

In U. S., address 308 Beaver Road, Buffalo, N. Y.
In Canada, address 168 Beaver Triangle, Ottawa, Can.

THRIFT

Thumbnail Stories of Management

A COLORED man, unable to write, has worked as a foundry hand in a Southern city for twenty-five years. When he began this work his wages were sixty-five cents a day and at present they are only one dollar and ten cents. In 1887—he was at that time married and had three children—he took three shares in a building and loan association and bought a little home that cost him three hundred dollars, the association paying for the property and taking a mortgage for the full amount. His payments were made weekly, amounting to one dollar and five cents every Saturday night. The foundry hand's wife and youngsters earned a little money to help him; and, though their humble house was on a very small plot of ground, they managed to cultivate a tiny garden. It took him some years to pay off the mortgage. Then he immediately borrowed two hundred dollars and built an addition to the place. This second debt has also been paid off. The place today is estimated to be worth somewhere between fifteen hundred and two thousand dollars. Two of the colored man's sons are now grown men and all his children carry shares in the building and loan association.

An Irish lad landed in New York and learned the trade of a parquetry floor-layer. He sometimes earned as much as twenty dollars a week; but work was very irregular. At twenty-two he married a girl who was a good manager. They lived in three rooms for a time, but the wife began putting away a dollar or so weekly from household money, and when she had two hundred dollars she asked her brother, who was frequently among real estate men, to find them a house. After some months a two-family place was located in Brooklyn. It was decidedly run down and it took the eye of an expert to see that it was a bargain at thirty-five hundred dollars. The brother knew values, however, and when the parquetry floor-layer inspected the place he saw possibilities in fixing it up. A building association lent twenty-nine hundred dollars on this house and the couple scraped desperately in every direction for the other six hundred dollars. Living in the basement and first floor themselves, they put in their spare hours repairing the second floor.

At the end of a few weeks the second floor was fit to rent and they got a tenant who paid seventeen dollars a month. Then a room on their own floor was rented to the wife's sister, who paid four dollars a week for board, which gave them twenty-one dollars a month to pay toward the mortgage and brought their own rent down to about ten dollars a month, with taxes and incidentals. At the end of a year their tenant had to move. While the upper story was vacant they laid a parquetry floor and made other improvements, so that it was soon rented for twenty-one dollars. Since then the place has practically been paid for. At times there has been sickness and also lack of employment, so that temporarily only the interest on the mortgage could be met; but the property now has a selling value of about six thousand dollars.

Struggles With Mortgages

A carriage-trimmer who has worked for the same employer for twenty years is now receiving wages of two dollars and seventy-five cents a day, but for a long time he got only two dollars. About fifteen years ago he took two shares in a building society that required regular monthly payments, and when he had two hundred dollars bought a house for one thousand dollars, which saddled him with an eight-hundred-dollar mortgage. When the debt was finally cleared off, after years of management, he and his wife decided that they would continue to save something, but would make deposits in a bank as they were able to spare money. The outcome of this plan, however, was that they never had any money to spare. They therefore took out some more building shares and, as their lot was very large, soon started building another house, assuming a mortgage. This was rented to advantage and paid for more quickly than the first. As soon as it was clear of debt they found room for a third. Today their property is worth from twelve thousand to fifteen thousand dollars. They still save on the original plan and say that they mean to do so for the rest of their lives, for without some definite obligation to meet they would probably have had nothing to show for their work.

Five years ago a man just starting in the lumber business in a very small way decided that his work ought to show some tangible return from year to year. He therefore bought a small vacant lot for one hundred dollars, built a three-hundred-dollar cottage on it and assumed a building society mortgage for four hundred dollars, meeting the payments out of the profits of his business. This place was rented. When it was paid for the lumber dealer figured out results and found that the tenant had paid for the house and twenty-five dollars over, so that the property represented to him a cash outlay of only seventy-five dollars. It was then worth fully one thousand dollars—a concrete knockdown argument for the man who believes that it is cheaper to rent than to own a home. Since then, as the lumber business has grown, he has paid for a home for himself and bought sixteen other small houses. In all, he has paid twenty thousand dollars for property without crippling his business. His property is now valued at more than double his outlay. At present, though much of it is still mortgaged, the income from his tenants virtually meets payments.

Self-Denial That Paid

A colored barber had lately finished his apprenticeship and was working for eight dollars a week when he took his first shares in a building society that tied him down to regular monthly payments. When he got around to marrying, these shares had matured and he bought a house with the money. The shares yielded two thousand dollars cash and he paid fifteen hundred dollars for the place outright, using the balance and an additional two hundred dollars in making improvements. He also took some more shares and has since followed the plan of carrying from fifteen to twenty shares all the time, buying real estate with the cash as they matured, but never borrowing money from the society to build, as most members do. Today he has a shop of his own, is educating a family of ten children and is worth from thirty thousand to thirty-five thousand dollars.

A young man of twenty, working as a compositor on a country paper at eleven dollars a week, married. Both he and his wife were a bit shiftless—the printer having spent all his money on clothes, and the girl being one of a big, happy-go-lucky family. After the knot was tied they had so little in the way of possessions that their honeymoon was a day's trip on a couple of passes the editor of the paper couldn't use himself, the bridegroom spending a dollar and a half for their dinner. The editor gave him an order on a store, which enabled them to get some furniture as an advance in wages; and they set up housekeeping in a six-dollar cottage with a small garden.

For four years they were so green and shiftless that, after the expenses of sickness and the coming of two children had been met, they had only a hundred dollars saved. But a house ten minutes away from the office was found for eleven hundred dollars and by desperate financing they managed to buy it. There was no building and loan society at hand. They paid one hundred dollars cash, borrowed one hundred and fifty dollars more of the boss on a three-year note, payable in one-dollar-a-week installments taken from the pay envelope, and gave the seller a mortgage for the remaining eight hundred and fifty-dollars at six per cent, payable in hundred-dollar installments. Fifteen years have passed since then, and they now have eight children. The husband now earns only thirteen dollars a week. There have been many setbacks; but last Christmas the final installment on the home was paid and now the youngsters are beginning to leave school and earn money.

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Misses', *Red or Gray (Spring Heels)*	1 25
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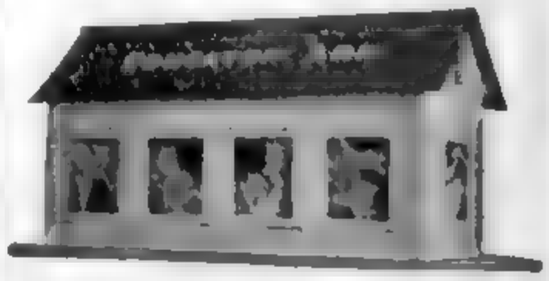

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SOLVING A FARM PROBLEM

By John R. Spears

AFTER a well known American farm periodical had printed a letter from an educated reader setting forth that "the present price of milk is less than the actual cost of production," another reader wrote to say:

"What C. T. Y. says about the cost of milk may be true. I am not prepared to dispute his figures; but I know for a fact that many farms have been bought and paid for out of the sales of milk at lower prices than we are now getting."

This letter is of special interest because it shows how many farmers—how nearly all of them, in fact—view their business. The smaller villages of the country are full of retired farmers. They are, as a rule, men who not only bought and paid for their farms out of the sales of farm produce when the prices were "lower than we are now getting," but they accumulated property enough to enable them to move to town and enjoy life. If any one asks these farmers for definite statements of incomes and expenses no adequate answer will be given. Not one in a thousand can tell if he robbed the soil, or merely made day wages, or really secured a profit above a fair interest on his investment.

Observe, too, that one may search the files of the farm periodicals in vain for a farm balance sheet properly so called. Of all the kinds of business done in the United States there is none conducted in a more haphazard way or with less knowledge of actual results than farming. Why, when the Secretary of Agriculture announces that the farms of the country are producing billions of dollars' worth of grain and meat, the unthinking public read with complacent wonder. They never ask and the Secretary never tries to tell to what extent, if any, the immense investment in farmlands and the tremendous work done upon them are profitable. "The increase in production proves an improvement of methods," says the Secretary. No one asks for further information on the subject; but fancy a great railroad run on such a plan! As long as the directors were able to show an increase in the gross income no statement of expenses—no balance sheet—would be required by the stockholders.

Farm Costs Analyzed

Of course, this is not to carp at anybody. These statements are made because they emphasize the need of an inquiry that is at last receiving, at the hands of competent investigators, the attention its importance demands. As is well known, every state and territory has at least one agricultural experiment station. At these stations sets of books are kept and from these the expense of producing various crops at the stations can be learned; but the University of Minnesota was the first to plan a systematic investigation that would show with some accuracy what farm products cost upon the farms as managed by the owners. This investigation has been carried far enough to warrant publication of some of the facts learned. This article is, therefore, to give briefly some of these facts, together with similar facts incidentally learned elsewhere.

The plan of the investigation was simple. Three statistical routes were laid out in the state, on each of which fifteen farmers agreed to coöperate with the investigators. Then a student of the university was detailed to work each route every day of the year, reporter-fashion, in order to gather in detail, on each farm, all the facts needed for the keeping of a set of business books and the writing of an annual balance sheet. All the fields were accurately surveyed. Inventories of stock, machinery and tools were made. Depreciation was charged up. Purchases and sales were recorded. Every hour of work, no matter whether it were done by the farmer, a member of his family or hired help, was charged at the rate paid in the district for the kind of work done. The cost of board as well as that of cash wages was ascertained. Milk was weighed and tested, the products consumed on the farm were noted as carefully as those that were sold; and thus the cost of the "keep" of animals was learned. Interest on the investment, taxes and insurance were charged, but when it came to a consideration of soil-robbery no account was made, because it seemed impracticable. In a published statement the authorities of the university say: "Good farm management continually maintains the productivity of the soil, while poor farm management gradually decreases it. If loss of soil fertility were charged as an expense in the cost of producing wheat it would also be fair to decrease the cost of producing clover by the estimated value of nitrogen returned to the soil."

Some of the facts learned are not a little surprising. For example, if there is any one thing that people commonly think they know about farming it is that farmers work more hours a day than any other class of men. Why, "Uncle Josh" certainly does the chores by the light of a lantern at both ends of the day and works as long as he can see between times in the fields! But the observed and carefully recorded facts of the Minnesota farms were not so. During the one winter month the farmers of one county averaged but five and four-tenths hours a day; in another the average was six and eight-tenths. In the planting months the hours in the one county averaged seven and sixty-five hundredths; in the other nine and eighty-eight hundredths. The longest days of any period averaged but eleven and three-hundredths hours.

Note, too, that the daily average time in which horses were employed varied from .71 of an hour a day in winter to 6.56 hours in the longest harvest day.

Stable Bookkeeping

The wages of farmhands vary from $11.69 to $15.80 a month in different parts of the state during the winter; in summer, or rather during the crop season, the average rates are from $25.66 to $26.77. The hired hand is also boarded, and the cost of board ranges from $10.02 to $14.36 a month, according to the location.

The account kept with farmhorses developed the fact that it costs from $65.23 to $90.40 to keep one on the farm a year. This includes depreciation and the work of caring for the horse as well as the feed. It also includes harness depreciation. When the actual cost of horse-labor was computed it was found to vary from 7.46 cents to 9.25 cents an hour. Of the dairies it need only be said that a good one returned $1.45 for every dollar invested, while a notably poor one gave but ninety-nine cents for each dollar that the owner put into it. As a matter of fact, the poor dairy was like that mentioned above; farms have been paid for with such dairies, but the owner, when feeding the produce of his own farm to the cows, received less than the market price for it in the return of milk or else he received less for his labor than the hired men received.

Some particularly interesting statistics were gathered in connection with farm machinery. Thus, the annual depreciation of all classes averaged but 7.3 per cent. When the machines were charged against the crops it was found that grain binders cost 18.1 cents an acre a year, corn cutters and binders 82.6 cents a year, and harrows only 1.7 cents.

Turning, now, to the cost of producing the usual Minnesota farm crops, it appears that all expenses were charged including rental of land. When corn was husked from standing stalks the cost was $9.662 an acre; when cut, shocked and shredded the cost averaged $15.297; when put in the silo, $20.627. With winter wheat the cost was as low as $6.056 an acre on a large farm where all kinds of up-to-date machines were used. On small farms, worth more an acre but carrying inferior machines, the cost ran up to $9.861 an acre. On these farms a fourteen-bushel crop of wheat, salable at 70 cents on the farm, would not quite pay the cost; and yet, paradoxical as it may seem at first, men have paid for their farms as noted above, with even poorer crops.

The most profitable farm crop of the state was the potato. With the latest

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YOUR husband, brother or father can't strop a razor expertly. Few men can, and they never hope to learn how. That's why they can't shave themselves satisfactorily. That's why they kick, ever and always, about their shaving.

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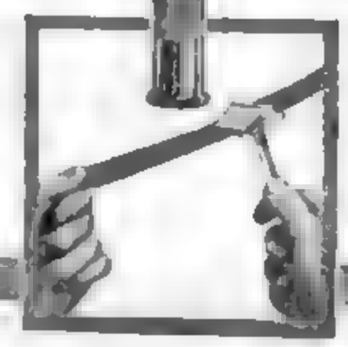

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NATIONAL Roller Bearing Carpet Sweeper

makes one of the most sensible presents that can be given because it lightens labor, is a daily reminder of the giver, lasts for years and the price is within the reach of everyone.

National Roller Bearing Carpet Sweepers run easiest and do the work more thoroughly—test it against any other make in the market.

Brush made of imported Bristles keeps its map. Dust pans empty separately. Handle stays tight.

The designs are attractive and they are beautifully finished. Made in Oak, Mahogany and Bird's Eye Maple, Walnut and Curly Birch.

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machinery, it cost $26.966 to produce an acre of potatoes; produced with the common amount of hand labor the cost was $37.721.

A most interesting inquiry was that relating to the influence of the price of the land upon the profitableness of the crops. Where a field of twenty-dollar land produced fifteen bushels of wheat at a farm price of sixty-six cents, the net profit was found to be 13.6 per cent. The same crop on fifty-dollar land gave a profit of only 1.84 per cent, while the crop on one-hundred-dollar land was produced at a loss of two per cent. In order to make a profit of 13.6 per cent on one-hundred-dollar land it was necessary to produce 38.8 bushels of sixty-six-cent wheat an acre. Such a crop is not often seen in the United States; but even fifty bushels is by no means the record.

A crop of 100 bushels of potatoes on an acre of fifty-dollar land gave a net profit of 25.3 per cent; on two-hundred-dollar land the profit was 1.8 per cent. The price of potatoes was thirty-nine cents a bushel. A crop of one hundred and thirty-nine bushels of these potatoes on two-hundred-dollar land gave a profit of 9.6 per cent. Under good farming, crops of two hundred bushels of potatoes to the acre are much more common than thirty-bushel crops of wheat.

The Finances of Corn

Statistics gathered incidentally at other experiment stations in the country might be quoted at considerable length, but a few statements made by Dr. Cyril G. Hopkins, of the University of Illinois, will suffice. Because the university has been engaged in a soil survey of that state, in the course of which all the different soil types were carefully analyzed in order to learn how much of each kind of plant food is on deposit in each sort, it was natural that Doctor Hopkins should take some account of the loss of fertility in estimating the costs of crops—that is to say, in making up the account, the expenses are increased by a sum that will pay for enough plant food to replace that removed by the crop, thus maintaining the fertility of the soil. In Illinois the average sum received for a crop of twenty bushels of corn an acre was eight dollars; that of a hundred-bushel crop, forty dollars. In producing a twenty-bushel crop Doctor Hopkins allows four dollars an acre as the expense of the growing and one dollar for harvesting and marketing. The tax on such land is placed at eleven cents. To these items he adds $1.80 for the treatment of the land—the addition of fertilizers—to maintain fertility. Thus the total expense amounts to $6.91. The profit to the acre on the crop would therefore be $1.09. With interest at five per cent the income-producing value of such land is $21.80 an acre. Where the land produces one hundred bushels the expense of growing—that is, planting and cultivating—is the same as for the smaller crop, four dollars; but to harvest and market the larger crop costs five dollars, while the tax on the land amounts to two dollars. To this the doctor adds nine dollars as the expense of a rational system of fertilization for maintaining the plant food intact. The net value of the crop is therefore twenty dollars an acre, which brings the income-producing value of the land up to four hundred dollars. In the course of his calculations the doctor shows that land producing a fifty-bushel crop of wheat salable at seventy-five cents a bushel is worth $445.45 an acre, and that the plant food which ought to be restored would cost no more than five dollars, if purchased in car-lots.

Though the reader is abundantly able to draw his own inferences from these figures, it may not be amiss to note that thousands of acres of the land that can now be purchased in the East for less than forty dollars an acre are offered at such low prices only because the land has been handled by men who did not know what it cost to produce the crops they were selling, and because they had no idea of what they needed to do to maintain the virgin fertility of the land—not to more than mention improving the original quality of the land. Moreover, these lands are now deficient, as a rule, in but one kind of plant food that need be purchased in the market; and a thoroughly educated farmer with small capital can supply this at an expense so small that the annual increase in the farm product would pay it after a year or two and yield returns on the investment quite equal to any obtained in other kinds of business.

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No matter how many umbrellas a person may have he or she will welcome a BEEHLER. For no other umbrella is like it! The BEEHLER umbrella splendidly answers every gift requirement; it is useful and sensible—the modern gift-idea; it is NEW and novel—because it Folds and Fits the Suit-case; and it has that intimate *individual touch* that no other umbrella and few other gifts can have—*the recipient's name and address worked in the fabric*, like a made-to-order thing. Think a moment—wouldn't you like to receive such an umbrella with your name worked in? Wouldn't you appreciate the extra thoughtfulness of the giver as shown by this touch? To say nothing of the added value of an umbrella that's virtually loss-proof by reason of its owner's name indelibly worked in!

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BEEHLER Suit-Case UMBRELLA with genuine American stag-horn handle, sterling silver mounted. Beehler's best folding frame, with patented reinforced joint, and rubber-enameled ribs. Covered with a fine, tape-edged, water-proofed gloria silk which won't crack or split. Furnished with all-silk case and tassel. A light, close-rolling, snappy, satisfying umbrella.

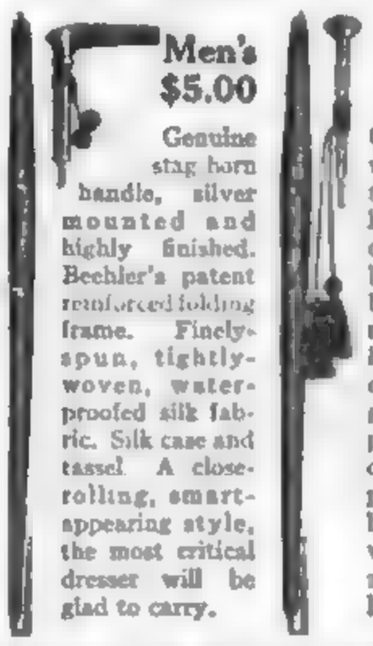
CANE, with handle to match the umbrella handle—same material and trimmings. Rich dark green ebony stick, with an invisible, folding screw-joint. English round nose ferrule. Folds and Fits Suit-case same as the umbrella. Doesn't this appeal to you?

Packed in a unique and beautiful Christmas box, tastefully fastened with ribbons, and provided with card and envelope. No other set like this; no such value possible except with Beehler. Price $6. Ask your dealer; if he can't supply you order from the factory; shipped anywhere, express prepaid.

This is NAME-ON

Beehler works the owner's name [illegible] the fabric of comely texture, not showing coarse nor to be seen of passersby; but a marvel *able* by anyone who opens the umbrella, and *indelible*.

Or; if you wish to give a beautiful umbrella, without a cane, pick from these Folding NAME-ON Umbrellas:



Men's $5.00

Genuine stag horn handle, silver mounted and highly finished. Beehler's patent reinforced folding frame. Finely-spun, tightly-woven, waterproofed silk fabric. Silk case and tassel. A close-rolling, smart-appearing style, the most critical dresser will be glad to carry.

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Choice of sterling silver or 14K rolled gold plate, handsomely hand-chased and embossed, over a beautiful white mother-of-pearl handle. Richly designed and gracefully proportioned. Cover of Milan twilled pure black silk, boiled in oil for waterproofing and finish; absolutely fast black.

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Selected, clear-grained, highly-polished ebony handle. Beehler standard frame—reinforced folding joint; rustless ribs; brass joined. Beautiful high lustre waterproofed gloria silk that won't crack or split. Guaranteed the same as our high-priced umbrellas.

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A tapering, graceful handle of the finest green ebony, inlaid with pearl, and beautifully finished. Imported from Paris one of the most charming of the French designs and authoritative in style. Beehler standard reinforced close-rolling frame—covered with a fine high lustre water-proofed gloria silk.

Ask your dealer for the Beehler Folding NAME-ON Umbrella. If he can't show it (with "William Beehler" stamped in the rib) send your order to the factory. Name and address worked in free. Orders filled same day received. Express prepaid. Any handle exchanged free after Christmas if the one you order doesn't exactly suit. Money refunded if you're not entirely satisfied.

Write for "Beehler Umbrella Book" showing 165 handles for men, women and children and containing samples of Beehler umbrella fabrics. You will find in it exactly the gift umbrella you want. A postal request brings book free.

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I Mean *This* When I say "Havana"

When I tell you that the filler of my Panatela cigar is long Havana leaf tobacco there is no hidden meaning in my words.

I do not mean that the tobacco is grown from Havana seed in Florida or Pennsylvania. I mean that the filler is actually grown and cut on the island of Cuba, then baled and shipped to me at Philadelphia. When the duty is paid, this tobacco is removed to my model factory where skilled men cigar-makers roll the cigars by hand, using a wrapper of genuine, imported Sumatra.

My next step is a purely original one. The usual course would be to sell these cigars to a jobber and let him distribute them to retailers who would sell them over the counter at 10c. each. Instead, I sell direct to you without the assistance of middlemen and thus make it possible for you to buy a real Havana filled cigar for five dollars per hundred.

MY OFFER IS: I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatela Cigars on approval to a reader of The Saturday Evening Post, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased, and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

This offer has not been changed in seven years, because it is as fair and liberal a proposition as I know how to make.

[illegible]

HERBERT D. SHIVERS
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Out-of-Doors

Hints in Trapping and Selling Fur

THE current high prices for furs have started out a good many men and boys as trappers who hitherto have given little attention to the matter. Customarily we associate the idea of the trapper's art with wide reaches of wilderness country; but, as a matter of fact, a very large percentage of the commercial fur supply comes from countries that may be called civilized and long-settled. Especially is this true of such furs as those of the fox, muskrat, mink, skunk, raccoon and opossum. Otters and beavers are usually found in remote districts and the same is true of the marten. The farmer boys of the Middle and Eastern States, who put in odd hours during the winter, produce in the aggregate a vast amount of fur and their catch today runs into a lot of money.

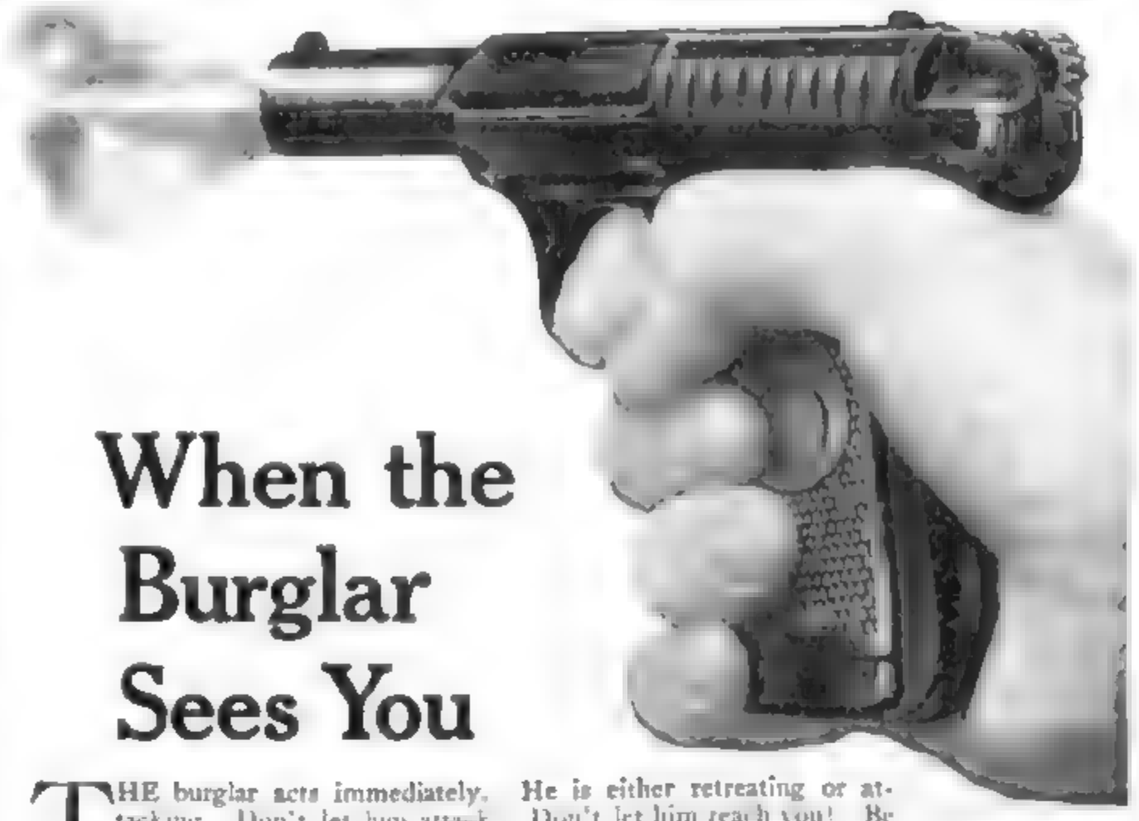
The farmer boy, or even the old professional trapper, would make more money if he could get a square deal from some of those who buy his furs. The buying side of the fur trade is unique. The shipper is obliged to depend upon the honesty of the dealer, and some dealers have no honesty. This, of course, is not in the least true of reputable firms. It does not apply to the great fur companies which today collect their furs at their own outlying posts and ship them to themselves at their foreign depots, as they did a century or more ago. None the less the country is full of fly-by-night dealers who advertise in most alluring fashion. There are peripatetic fur collectors whose methods are not much different from or better than those of the men who remain in the big cities and send out gold-brick-literature.

The dishonest commission man has stolen thousands and millions of dollars from the producers and shippers. This is true in farm products, fur products and pretty much everything else that offers any opportunity for fraud. The methods vary slightly, but the result to the shipper is pretty much the same. Some of these fur houses never make any returns whatever to a shipper, but simply disappear. If they have succeeded in deluding a dozen or two of trappers to send in their year's take they have done a good business at the modern prices. Others, again, give the trapper a little something to keep him encouraged. Of course one of their common customary dodges is to report that the goods were badly damaged when received. Theshipper cannot prove anything to the contrary and is entirely in the hands of the dealer.

The Work of the Grader

A good grader is the moneymaker in any fur-buying house, as he is in any concern that buys the products of farm or wilderness. It is an easy thing to send out circulars to trappers, quoting prices a third higher than those that honorable dealers offer. Of course such prices cannot be paid on the market, hence the necessity for the grader. When the trapper gets his returns on his shipment he finds that all of his dark mink and marten were graded light or pale-dark, although he himself knew very well that he had a lot of fine prime dark skins in his shipments. Again, perhaps the shipper may not know the distinction between light, pale-dark, medium and dark, and he may think that his skins ought to have been graded higher than they were, when, as a matter of fact, the expert could not fairly classify them higher.

The matching and grading of furs is an art in itself, at which the amateur can readily find himself inexpert. The tare, however, has to come out of the shipper. If a big house that makes up fur garments buys five hundred marten skins it may offer a flat price of thirteen dollars for the lot, including all skins, from those of the prized blue shade to the coppery ones only suitable for blending or dyeing. Nearly all marten or sable garments are blended and are very much darker than any natural fur. Perhaps the country shipper may take that flat price. Yet in the lot there may be ten dark skins worth seventy-five dollars each and perhaps twice that many that will be graded medium. Out of these dark skins the manufacturer will make up his fancy pieces—say, a stole and muff composed of twelve skins, retailing at



When the Burglar Sees You

THE burglar acts immediately. He is either retreating or attacking. Don't let him attack. Don't let him reach you! Be ready. Be armed *ten times stronger* and quicker than he.

Have overwhelming odds on your side at that moment—be armed with a Savage Automatic protector.

You should count on being attacked, and look to your defence *now*. Ask yourself if any arm is too modern for you when the burglar is attacking.

Are 10 shots any too many? Is self-loading too quick? Is instinctive aiming too easy?

Go to the dealer's to-day and by examination convince yourself of the Savage's absolute safety, its natural aim, its simple positive action. If you wait until after the burglar has visited you, this knowledge won't be worth so much.

"Bat" Masterson, famous western ex sheriff, wrote "The Tenderfoot's Turn." It's a fascinating book about famous bad men and crack shots. Send us your dealer's name, and we'll send you a copy free.

YOU SHOULD SEE THE FAMOUS SAVAGE RIFLES

Your dealer will show you the new Savage .22 cal. repeating rifle, 1909 model. Price $10. Also the feat newweight Takedown at $25. Send to-day for free rifle book. Savage Arms Co., 712 Savage Ave., Utica, N. Y.

THE XMAS GIFT FOR A PROPERTY OWNER

10 Shots Quick

THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC

The Christmas of a Lifetime!

The Christmas that brings into the home

THE NEW 88 NOTE

ANGELUS PLAYER PIANO

the piano that anyone can play artistically with personal expression

Each Christmas brings its own most treasured gift to be cherished above the rest But there is one Christmas like which there can be no other—the ANGELUS CHRISTMAS.

We would wish that all who ever have the Angelus might receive it, or bestow it, as a Christmas Gift For a Christmas Gift is a thing whose value in dollars is its smallest part. And the Angelus can never be measured in terms of money. The Angelus is a gift of man's genius to man. It is priceless.

You pay for in the Angelus only what you pay for in any other player-piano—the cost of its material and manufacture. You pay nothing for the higher genius that endows the Angelus-pianist to attain at once the same artistic individual interpretation that marks the playing of the concert pianist. This gift can be yours with no other player-instrument whatever.

Only the Angelus can give you the most wonderful and important device on any player-instrument—

THE PHRASING LEVER

This is the device that enables you to control the tempo artistically and personally—exactly as you would if you were a trained musician playing by hand.

Almost equally essential are these additional devices exclusive to the Angelus—[illegible]ant, the Melody Buttons, the Diaphragm, Pneumatic, the Sustaining Pedal Device and the Art Style Music Rolls.

Our Agency in your City will demonstrate the Angelus to you. You can have it delivered for Christmas on the most liberal terms of payment ever known.

Make this Your Angelus Christmas—the Christmas of a lifetime for your whole family.

THE WILCOX & WHITE COMPANY Business Established 1877 Meriden, Conn.
Regent House Regent St. London

A Unique Gift—

TEXAS Broncho Buster Hat **$3**

Express prepaid
A regular $5 Hat

[illegible]

Be sure to state size

We guarantee to refund your money if you are not entirely satisfied with the "Broncho Buster."

HAT STORES—Write for Agency Plan.

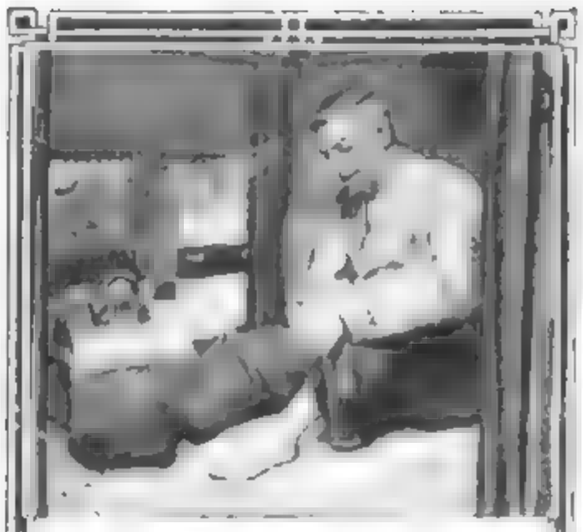
HOUSTON HAT CO., Dept. A, Houston, Texas

Chairs & Tricycles

For Invalids and Cripples

Worthington Co.
351 Cedar St., Elyria, O. (2)

3000 GUMMED LABELS, size, 1x2 inches, printed to order and postpaid. Send for Catalog. **$1.00**
Fenton Label Co., Philadelphia, Pa.



Togards

WHETHER you are traveling or at home, *Togards* end the annoyance, discomfort and embarrassment of holes in your stockings.

"Darning Day" becomes merely a memory when every member of the family wears *Togards*.

Togards make it less expensive for either men, women or children to *wear sheer, fine stockings* than it has been in the past to wear coarse, heavy, ill-appearing hosiery.

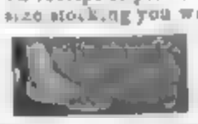
Togards are slipped on *before* you put your stockings on. *Never conscious that you're wearing them.*

Made in natural color—not dyed—Togards absorb all moisture.

Togards are made in both lisle and silk. All sizes for men, women and children.

Lisle, 10 cents a pair; $1 per dozen pairs. Silk, 25 cents a pair; $2.75 a dozen pairs.

Sold by all dealers in men's and women's apparel—or we will send to you postage prepaid, on receipt of price. In ordering, be sure to state size stocking you wear.



H. L. NELKE & CO.
Tenth and Norris Sts.
Philadelphia

A "Fairy" Velocipede or Tricycle

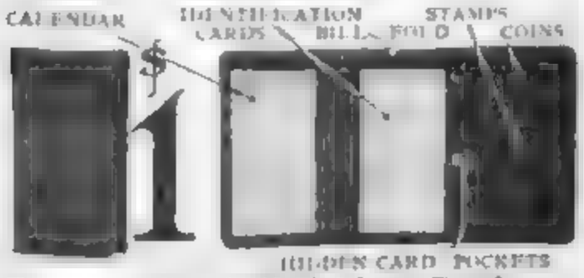
Just anything on wheels won't do for *your* child. The risk of accident from cheap machines is too great, they look common, are always needing repairs and are so hard to operate that injury to the child often results.

Fairy" Velocipedes and Tricycles have *high-grade bicycle construction*—steel tubing throughout—the wheels run by ball bearings throughout—are adjustable—easy running—afford beneficial exercise without enough effort to be harmful.

The "Fairy" gives the best service—is the longest lived—costs the least for repairs—and is a little beauty. As well made as the best "man's size" bicycle. Write for descriptive booklet.

The Worthington Co. 312 Center St. ELYRIA, O.

Originators of Ball-Bearing Vehicles for Children



Fine Leather Bill-Fold and Cardcase

[illegible] $1 NAME STAMPED IN GOLD FREE [illegible] Makes a handy and acceptable fancy Xmas gift for [illegible]. Money refunded if not as represented. Address

U. S. LEATHER GOODS CO., 2-4-6 S. Clark Street, CHICAGO

ZEPHYR SHOWER for XMAS

[illegible] complete bath with curtain, sent on receipt of $6.50. Free Book on Bathing describes it fully.

BENJAMIN STERNFELD 1116 Chestnut St. Phila.

one thousand dollars. These prices are a long way from what the original producer of the fur got. About the only recourse he has is that which is left to any other man engaged in business in this vale of tears. He must learn the values in his own business from the ground up and he must invoke the aid of competition. Coöperation is not possible for him. When once he has found a dealer who treats him squarely he should stick to that dealer. When he knows that he has a choice piece of fur he ought not to be in a hurry to sell. Sometimes it pays a trapper to get on the train with his catch and go to the city himself. When he has had several graders pass on his catch he can have a better idea what he should get for it.

The time has gone by when a fur collector can buy a choice marten for a string of beads. The average trapper is getting educated; even the Indians of Alaska and the upper wilderness now hold out for big prices for their fur. None the less, some houses, widely known as buyers and called honorable, take just a little from the trapper both in grading and in pricing. A few cents held out on each skin make a handsome total when the receipts are many hundred each day. The big houses usually work to a certain scale of profit and their graders must make this good. The unscrupulous ones have all kinds of systems for beating the shipper. For instance, if the latter makes a howl about being told that his goods were received in poor condition, sometimes inferior furs are substituted and returned to him in place of those that he shipped. What chance has the trapper to prove the facts in a court of law? Suppose a shipper turns in a fine bunch of rat—call it a hundred skins—on each of which he expects to net fifty cents. The dealer returns him forty-seven cents a pelt, knowing that the skins grade high. It is not much of a steal and very likely the trapper stands for it; but this, kept up all day when thousands of ratskins are coming in, makes a lot of money. Some of these rapacious dealers grow bolder and bolder in their stealing. Again, some dealers advertise that they will pay the expressage on all shipments of furs sent to them. This looks good to the trapper or farmer boy, and he does not stop to reflect that, as a matter of fact, he himself is going to pay that expressage, somehow or somewhere, either in grade or price.

Tricks of the Trade

Considerable fur is collected by country storekeepers. They buy the chance pelts brought in by farmers, who also turn in wool, beefhides, rabbit skins; and the like. The hides have grades the same as furs, and it is not in the least unusual for unscrupulous dealers to falsify grades in hides and to make substitutions in shipments to brokers. Sometimes a shipment of wool or hides is purposely thrown in with a lot of other stuff of much inferior grade. The returns are then made on the average, or on the inferior grade, and not on that of the higher-priced shipment. In other words, the great commercial institutions of the city are playing for safety all the time and averaging their grades, offsetting one shipper against the other. This means that the receipts of John Smith, in Ohio, are less than they ought to be because John Smith, in Oklahoma, has sent in furs of a poorer quality. There is, of course, no justice in this sort of thing.

A number of these houses put out literature that contains little or no information not already in the possession of the trapper of ordinary experience. Sometimes, again, a shrewd house may turn a pretty penny selling poison for wolves or other animals, getting higher prices for strychnine, cochinealed and capsuled, than plain strychnine in crystals would pretend to bring. The trapper can make his own wolf bait out of cyanide of potassium—desperate, deadly stuff to have about, however—or, better, out of strychnine, using a little sugar and soda—and, if he likes, a little red coloring matter to take off the glaring white of the capsule and its contents. In the same way the trapper can make his own scent, although some fur houses make a pretty penny at selling, under the guise of great secrecy, their own particular product. The old-time trapper guards his scent religiously—as an Indian does his medicine bag—and many different ingredients are used among the elect. If you buy a bottle of scent from some high-priced dealer you very likely are buying alcohol and beaver castors for the most part, sometimes with

A PRIVATE TALK
With Men Only

ARE you doing your duty by your family? What would happen to your wife and children if you were taken away? Would your wife have what she has now? Would your children be educated? Would they be dependent on others? Would your wife have to earn her own living? ¶ These are most serious questions which every good man should answer to his own satisfaction. ¶ Life Insurance is the one sure way to make provision for your family after you are gone. ¶ There is no other luxury in the world like the thought that whatever happens to you your family is provided for. ¶ Get some Life Insurance before you become disqualified.

"Strongest in the World"

The Equitable Life Assurance Society
OF THE UNITED STATES
PAUL MORTON, President—120 Broadway, New York

Agencies Everywhere! None in your town? Then why not recommend to us some good man—or woman—to represent us there—Great opportunities to-day in Life Insurance work for the Equitable.

THE EQUITABLE SOCIETY, 120 Broadway, New York

Without committing myself to any action, I would like to know what it would cost to secure an Equitable policy for $_____ issued to a person now _____ years of age.

Name _____

Address _____

541

THE IDEAL GIFT

"U. S." Ice Skates

Most acceptable gift for skaters. All "U. S." Skates are accurately made of finest material; strong, light weight; the finely hardened and tempered steel runners preserve their keen edge longest; beautifully nickeled and finished.

"U. S." Hockey and Club styles, "U. S." Rink and Racing Skates. Our products are the result of 20 years' experience in the perfection of skates.

Ladies "U. S." Hockey Skate Our No. 417.

"U. S." Rink Skate

Our Key Locking Style, No. 98½ A

Positive lock grip stands the severest strain for straight ahead or fancy skating.

If your dealer does not keep "U. S." Skates, write us now for Catalog B—and see all our styles.

P. Lowentraut Mfg. Co., Newark, N. J.

Selling Agents: John H. Graham & Co., 113 Chambers St., N. Y.

A Xmas Gift *Everybody* Wants

the Guaranteed Vacuum **Bottle** as your selection for a Christmas Gift you may make a host of people happy and spread your money farther than ever before. It's a gift suited to everybody. With it the worker, the traveller, the school child may keep his coffee fresh and hot for 24 hours, or a cold drink 72 hours—stay-at-homes, mothers, invalids can keep cracked ice, hot beef broth drinking water, milk, right at hand in just the condition it is wanted, hour after hour—a continual source of comfort and actual luxury.

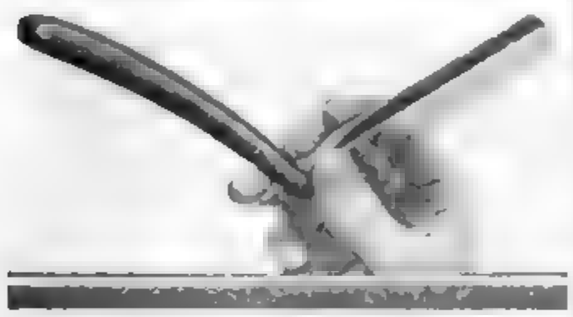
$1 [illegible]

For sale everywhere—but if you cannot [illegible] send a VACO [illegible]

Holds a full pint

A Richer Gift The famous Caloris is a handsome [illegible]

THE CALORIS CO.
2110 ALLEGHENY AVE. PHILADELPHIA



Here's a Razor Without a "Pull"

It cuts the beard clean—shaves close and smooth—yet leaves the skin without smart or roughness. It is the famous Torrey edge that does this—the edge that has taken thirty years to bring to its present state of perfection.

Why not use this real man's razor?

Torrey Razors

are made by expert workmen under careful supervision. Each one is put under a most rigid inspection before it is passed; so the razor must be perfect before it gets to you. Ask any one of the many millions of Torrey Razor users.

If your [illegible] Torrey Razor, write to us. We [illegible] and [illegible] a copy of our book, which tells how to [illegible] and care for a razor.

Use the New Torrey Honing Strop—the result of half-a-century of experience.

THE J. R. TORREY RAZOR COMPANY
Dept. Y Worcester, Mass.

BRIGHTEN UP *Your Stationery in the OFFICE, BANK, SCHOOL or HOME by using* WASHBURNE'S PATENT **PAPER FASTENERS.**

75,000,000

SOLD the past YEAR should convince YOU of their SUPERIORITY.

Trade **O. K.** Mark

Made of brass, 3 sizes. In brass boxes of 100. Handsome. Compact. Strong. No Slipping. NEVER! At stationers. Send 10c for sample box of 50 assorted sizes. Illustrated booklet free.

The O. K. Mfg. Co., Syracuse, N. Y. No. 1B

fish-oil added and very likely oil of anise. It is not unusual to find fish-oil the main ingredient. One can get a barrel of fish-oil at no very great expense and two beaver castors are sometimes forced to do for thirty gallons or more of liquid. As sold in little packages, the profit on this mixture is from two to five thousand per cent, certainly handsome enough to please even a fur buyer. Of course a trapper knows that a small vial of scent will last all winter. A drop or so is all he needs or dares to use around his traps. A little shaving thrust into the scent bottle and then stuck under the bark of a tree is scent enough to attract a marten or mink that may be passing by. If a trapper can get aniseseed oil and beaver castors he can make all the scent he needs for himself. He can make a very fine quality of fish-oil by putting minnows in a glass bottle and standing it in the sun. He can also use the scent-glands of animals.

The trapper in some little Western or Canadian village miles away from a railroad—and that railroad itself by no means a trunkline—can hardly be expected to know all the changes in fashions of furs or to be posted on the sudden leaps in value that this or that fur may have. Thus the time was when a man thought five dollars a very good price for a prime red fox. Lately, one saw a bunch of splendid red foxskins from Alaska in the hands of a perfectly reputable department house that manufactures fur garments. The price paid for these was thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents a skin. They had paid, to be sure, one or two middle profits and were phenomenally large and fine. This same house not long ago paid seventeen hundred dollars for a single silver-gray foxskin; and five hundred to twelve hundred dollars for good examples of the latter rare peltry have not been unusual prices. There are only about one hundred and fifty genuine silver-gray foxskins in the country this year.

Double-Price-List Men

In values such as these it behooves a shipper not to sell his furs to the first itinerant trader who comes through and not to believe implicitly the first price list that he sees. Such things have been known as a firm of fur dealers issuing two price lists—one for its customers and another to send out to rival dealers. The game is to get the other fellow to pay less for furs than he ought to. This leaves all the more margin for the double-price-list man to operate on, when he is trading with his own customers. At best the business is a risky one all down the line, for fashions change and, moreover, a grade is not always a grade. If a firm pays prices under those of competitors it loses its shippers. If it grades too liberally or pays too liberally its own profits are cut down. Moreover, if it does not play for safety in grading against the original shipper it may itself "get stung" in the final grading in the great London market, where the annual auction that handles most of the fur of the world is held.

Some dealers advertise that they hold each shipment separate, so that each trapper gets grades and prices exactly in accordance with the values of his shipment. This, of course, is the fairest system that can be devised; and it is one that the trapper ought to claim when possible. It does not, however, necessarily mean that he will get top prices, even if he gets fair grades. To keep all these little shipments separate means a lot of bookkeeping and clerical help. It means, also, that the capital of a dealer cannot be turned as often as it otherwise would be. There is an economic waste in this; and for this waste it is the trapper and farmer's boy who pay after all. If, therefore, there seems to be no actual protection to the shipper, even when his shipment goes in on its own merits, the answer to his query must simply be this: Learn your own business, get posted and take care of yourself. When you have found a square man stick to him. When you have found one who is not square advertise him among other shippers.

The art of trapping is a very old one and certain rules regarding it have been known for generations, although in actual application individual methods vary considerably, some men being ingenious and successful trappers where others get but moderate results. Of course success depends upon a knowledge of the habits of the game you are pursuing; without this there can be little more than accidental results. Many handbooks have been written telling trappers how to take fur, but in some way the

A Victor

Hear the Victor today at the nearest Victor dealer's. He will gladly play any Victor music you want to hear.

Don't let this Christmas go by without getting a Victor.

It will bring more joy and entertainment than anything you can give.

Victor I, $25
Other styles $10 to $250
Easy terms can be arranged with your dealer if desired.

The famous Victor dog is on the horn and cabinet of every Victor, on the lid of every Victor-Victrola, and on every Victor Record.

for Christmas

To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records
New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month

Christmas Gifts by Mail from WANAMAKER'S

Price $5.00 Order No. 113

The Wanamaker Christmas Chafing Dish

Maybe you've seen a chafing dish as good as this—but not for $5.00. Finished in Dull Copper, the [illegible] on heating handles pleasantly contrast with the metal. The improved alcohol lamp is fitted with a new regulator which assures a constant, even flame. The cooking [illegible] are just right and [illegible] with a water pan of extra heavy material. The neat and graceful lines of the cover [illegible] complete a excellent [illegible] and [illegible] both ornamental and useful. Also furnished in Bright Copper, or Nickel-plated.

[illegible]

Express prepaid to Mississippi River

Practically every page of our General Winter Catalog contains suggestions for Christmas Giving, and 32 pages are devoted especially to that purpose. If you haven't a copy, ask us for it.

Our Special Christmas Catalog of selected Gift Items, and 1,000 illustrations of toys and games, the latest novelties of foreign and domestic manufacture, will be ready November 25. Just write us on a postal, "Send me Christmas Catalog No. 41." We pay postage, anywhere, on mail shipments of $5 or more.

See Catalog for Freight and Express Free Delivery Terms throughout the United States.

JOHN WANAMAKER
New York

Base Ball at Home

The Ball is thrown by a pitcher and batted by a batter. Balls thrown through the air in every imaginable direction. Batting [illegible] and thrown [illegible] in the old time game. Sensational [illegible] and [illegible] while playing this game. This game will increase your speed and develop your ability as a ball player. To any address upon receipt of price, $3.00. Express prepaid.

JORDAN & DEAN CO.
143 Nassau St. Tribune Building, New York City.

XMAS CARDS POST CARDS [illegible] in colors, 25 for 50 cts. In sets at 25 cts. 35 cts. DAINTY FOLDERS, in colors, embossed, 10 for 25 cts.

MacCalla & Co. Inc., 235 Dock St., Phila., Pa.

PATENTS That Protect and Pay Send Sketch or Model for FREE SEARCH

Books, Advice, Searches, and Big List of Inventions Wanted **FREE.**

WATSON E. COLEMAN, *Patent Lawyer*, Washington, D. C.

A Perfect Christmas Gift
for Wife or Sweetheart

The soul of a gift is the memory it brings. I want to send your sweetheart, wife or friend the daintiest and sweetest of memory gifts.

Rieger's Flower Drops

is the purest essence of flowers; made in California, the land of flowers. It contains no alcohol. Just the soul of the flowers themselves, so concentrated that the odor of hundreds of blossoms is in a single drop. Fifty times the strength of ordinary perfumes and yet as dainty and rare as a fresh bouquet.

In its cut glass bottle with long glass stopper and packed in a tufted polished maple case; it makes a beautiful Christmas memory gift.

If your druggist does not carry "Flower Drops,"

SEND US $1.50

in check, stamps or money order and we will send it to any address in the world and guarantee safe delivery. European packages specially packed.

Four odors—Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet and Crabapple. Rieger's perfumes are known all over the world.

Or Twenty cents in stamps and the name of your druggist will bring you a little bottle for a personal trial.

But above all send now for the perfect Christmas gift, the $1.50 bottle. Address

PAUL RIEGER & CO.
243 First Street, San Francisco.
163 U. Randolph Street. Chicago.
306 E. T. Bank Building, Montreal.

For our sausages we use the loins and shoulders of our own and our neighbors' little milk-fed pigs, mixed with home ground spices and pure salt.

The spices which we use lend piquancy—not a piquancy which burns the tongue and makes you think of spice instead of sausage—but a subtle, delicate flavor which makes Jones Dairy Farm Sausages taste *real* and "country sausagey."

At grocers or from us.
Write for Free Booklet of Farm Recipes.

MILO C. JONES
Jones Dairy Farm
Box 695, Fort Atkinson, Wis.

No More Shiny Elbows

You can remove that gloss in short order with the

NAP-ARISA

Simply lay the garment on a hard surface and work the Nap-Arisa over it. The rocking motion causes tiny hooks to pick up the nap of the cloth—your clothes look like new in a few minutes.

The Nap-Arisa can't get out of order. A child can use it.

Don't take our word for it. Send us 50c in silver or stamps today, and try it yourself. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

THE NAP-ARISA CO.
105-A Broad St., Boston, Mass.

printed page differs from the blank page of the wilderness, which latter only the expert eye can read. There are, however, a few simple tips that may make a dollar here or there for some one and, therefore, are worth remembering—if not already known.

The first rule is to locate your country and get a line that will not infringe on any other man's preserves. The rule of first come, first served, applies here absolutely. If you find another man trapping on the line that you have established first take up his traps and spring them, throwing them face down or leaving them thus on the top of his trap stakes. Do this once or twice; if he does not take the hint go and see him personally and make it plainer.

Steel traps are the common means of taking fur today, but the use of the steel trap is so unspeakably cruel and brutal that one hardly finds heart to offer instructions in its use, beyond saying that any trapping line ought to be run regularly and frequently, so that the captured animals shall not be allowed to suffer a moment longer than is necessary. There is a steel trap on the market, or rather a trap made of steel, which catches an animal around the neck and chokes it to death; and there are one or two traps made that deal the animal a blow upon the head at the moment the trap springs. This is something like the principle of the old deadfall, which always was far more merciful than the steel trap. These different forms of death-dealing traps are worth investigating, if only for the reason that the live animal will sometimes eat off its own foot and escape from the trap.

Water animals, like muskrats, otters, mink, and the like, soon drown when held below the surface of the water. You can make for yourself, out of wire screening, a trap with a swinging gate, like the multiple rat trap. By using this at the entrance of rat houses or channels you can very often catch a number of rats at once or sometimes more than one mink. The rats very soon drown. You can use box traps of this sort, made out of screening, to catch land animals, but then you must cover up any metal parts with dirt, leaves or trash as much as possible, excepting the body of the trap itself, which will be all the better for the light shining through it.

The Deadly Skunk Trap

A death-dealing trap is a good thing in handling a skunk, although sometimes a deadfall will not prevent the animal from emitting the effluvium. A choking trap very often will leave the animal odorless. If you are trapping with steel traps approach the skunk slowly, pick it up on the end of your long stake or pole and carry the skunk to the nearest water, where it can be drowned. The banks of streams are usually desirable for the trapping of this animal. You will probably place your mink traps along the edges of little creeks, in paths in the grass, or around heaps of driftwood, where you find signs. A mink is a great creature to run into hollow logs, holes and cavities of all sorts. You can even dig a hole in which to set your trap, although, if you change the earth much, it is better to throw water over your operations. A trap set at the openings to culverts or tile drains has a big percentage of success. Mink also live under newly broken sods which the plow has left thrown up in ridges.

The mink is a great traveler, especially after the late days in February, which is the running season for this animal. As it is hard to trap out all the mink in the country, even though it be in a long-settled farming region, the mink is well worth figuring on in the winter's profit list. After the running season begins it is desirable to use mink scent. This can be made from the musk-glands of the mink, which should be preserved and bottled. A small twig dipped into the liquid and dropped below or near the trap will be found sufficient. Of course, any flesh bait, like the head of a bird, a piece of rabbit or of fish, is attractive to the mink, but a little scent will usually help. A good way to use scent is to take elder-pith and drop on it a few drops of the liquid. A little piece of pith left around a trap or along the line will attract animals from great distances. The mink is easy to fool in this way. He will run up a log or a stump very readily. A good way to catch him is to set your trap on a little box or a sawed-off log, put on end so that it will never be buried by the snow. The trap is protected on top of this by a little house to keep out the snow. The trap that you set for mink

Orchids are Rare —not so A Fair Complexion

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HINDS
Honey and Almond
CREAM

Pure as the flowers and as harmless is this most highly refined toilet cream. Delightful to use and sure in its helpful results, it has won favor throughout the land with more ***particular women*** than any other preparation for the skin and complexion. Every ingredient has its positive beneficial value. You can see improvement from the first application. Probably your

Complexion is Clear, Fresh and Attractive,

but there may be times when exposure to the weather has roughened or dried the skin, or caused irritation and chapping. It is ***then*** that you should apply ***Hinds Honey and Almond Cream,*** for it will soon restore the skin to its natural soft, smooth, perfect condition. Any tendency to

small wrinkles will be overcome.

Complexions that are dull, sallow or show eruptive conditions will be benefited within a short time by the cleansing, purifying, invigorating and wonderful healing properties contained in ***Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.*** For baby's skin and scalp troubles there is nothing so quick to give permanent relief.

Guarantee: We positively guarantee that Hinds Honey and Almond Cream is absolutely pure and safe to use at all times; that it contains no bleach; that it is not greasy; that it

cannot possibly cause hair to grow.

Men who shave are rapidly becoming users of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. It stops the smart, heals the ***close shave,*** and keeps the skin soft and smooth.

Our Free ***Trial Bottle*** and Booklet for the care of the skin will be gladly sent to any lady or gentleman who requests it.

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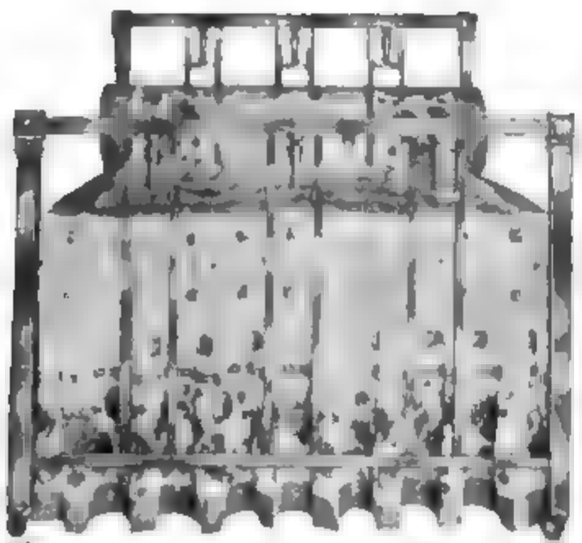
A. S. HINDS
14 West Street 89 Portland, Maine

Send 10c for this beautiful HINDS CREAM GIRL Calendar in colors, Size 11x46 inches, no advertising on the front



Give a Brass Bed *This* Christmas

Three qualities you want your gift to have—beauty, utility and heirloom permanence. Nothing will satisfy your needs so fully as a *solid brass* bed. That means a

Kimball & Chappell

bed—the combination of enduring metal and age-proof finish with correct and charming designs in Flanders, Colonial and period styles, or bungalow models like that shown above.

The solid brass tubing and imported Rylamber lacquer, twelve coats thick, are exclusive *Kimball & Chappell* qualities. Let us send you our Style Book and samples of tubing, showing the startling difference between our solid brass and the veneered iron pipe used in beds "made to sell."

Dealers in nine hundred cities. If not in yours we'll supply you direct. *Ask us about it to-day.*

KIMBALL & CHAPPELL COMPANY
28th and Loomis Sts. Chicago, Ill.

$1 English Knock-about Hat

A stylish, serviceable hat for dress or business. Genuine English Felt. Rolls into compact roll without damaging. Broad outside band. Would sell for $2.00 in most hat stores. Colors: Black, Gray Mixture, Brown Mixture, Dark Blue and White. Weight 4 ozs. Sent prepaid on receipt of $1.00. State size and color wanted.

Genuine Fur Cap $3

For men and boys. Satin lined. Head and ear-muffs turned down or up. All sizes. Color, black. Prepaid on receipt of $3.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Packed in beautiful Ho-Ray Boxes.

PANAMA HAT CO.
Dept. A 35 Broadway, N. Y.

How would you like one of these?

No. 43 8 in. high.

Everyone appreciates a beautiful candlestick. These are the real thing—cast brass (not a cheap stamping) finest brush finish—artistic to the fullest degree. A most acceptable gift for any occasion. Offered now direct from the Foundry, at FIRST COST either design, $2, charges prepaid. Remit cash, money order or draft. Order by number.

No. 66 9½ in. high

ALLOYS FOUNDING COMPANY
Buffalo, N.Y.

Brass and aluminum castings of all descriptions.

Do You Keep A Cash Account? Wooleon's Expense Books for personal and household accounts, costing from 25c to $3.50 each, furnish a complete system of expenses by days, weeks, months and years. Interesting descriptive circulars free. George B. Wooleon & Co., 31 Elm Street, New Haven, Ct.

and bait with pieces of meat has a good chance of getting a skunk, although the ground-set is better for this animal.

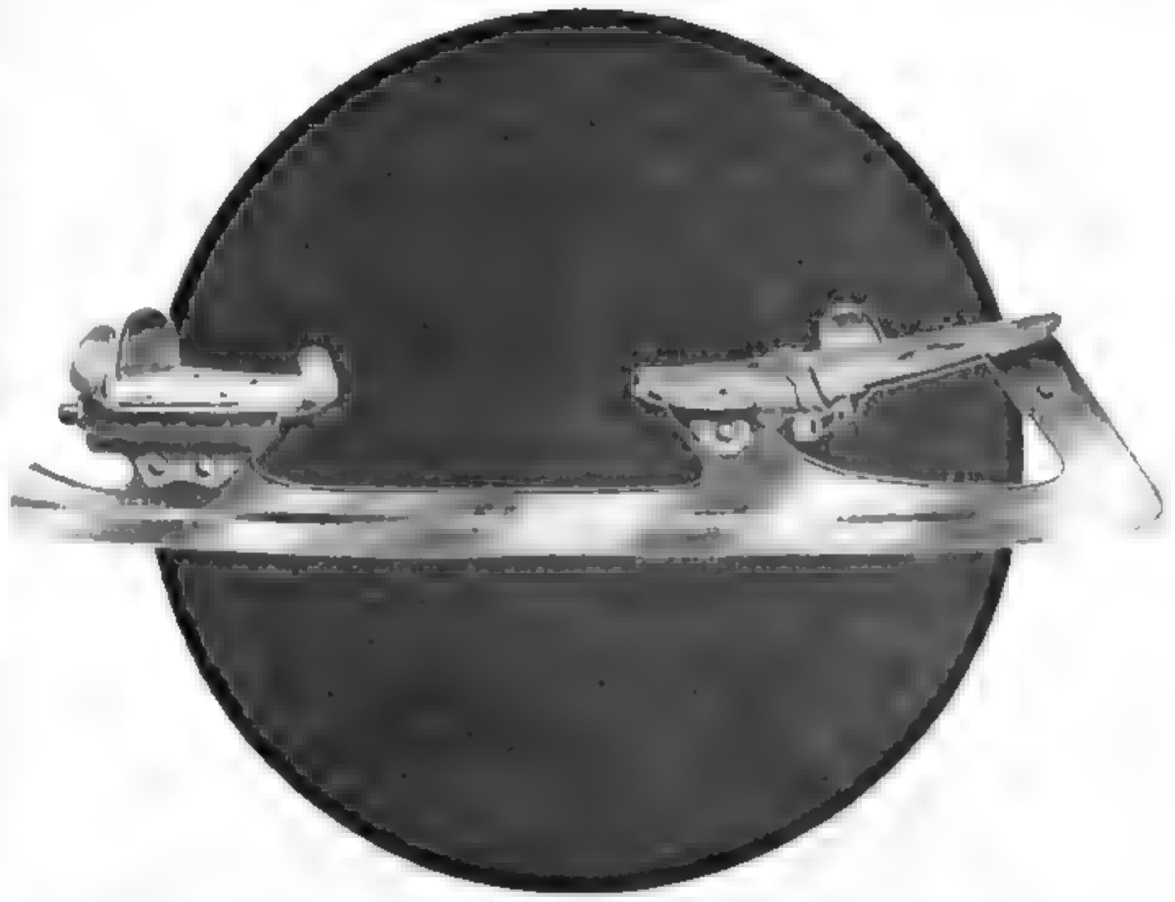
It is very well known that most fur-bearing animals are themselves hunters and all hunting animals would rather eat live bait than dead. Here we come into the nice question of what is and is not cruelty. Anglers for ages have used minnows and frogs as bait and we have become accustomed to that practice. Sometimes a live frog or even a live minnow can be used as bait in a water-set; and if you can keep alive until winter—in a live-box—a lot of frogs, minnows, crawfish, and the like, you will find them very good for use in winter-time, even if you have to freeze them then. One trapper, who counsels this, advises the use of English sparrows as live bait. He also counsels the employment of field mice and house mice, and suggests calmly that these can be secured as bait and kept alive by running a wire through the gambrel of the leg. The brutality and absolute lack of humaneness in this suggestion find little condonement in the retort that still more cruel things are done in fishing and shooting. If live bait is used it should be used unconfined and unharmed. There seems to be nothing intolerable in the thought of taking a rabbit in a box trap or even of taking a mink in a steel trap, but when it comes to using a live rabbit in a swing-door trap, as a bait for mink, a sort of sense of horror comes upon one at once. Most trappers, thank Providence, do not care to bother with live bait, although there is no doubt of its attractiveness.

A marten is another predaceous little traveler, more of a climber than the mink, but also a great hunter among thickets, logs, and such things. In very cold weather it is well to pad your steel traps with deer hair, if you have any, to keep them from freezing or from stiffening up with snow. Throw a few leaves or trash over the trap and house it so that it will not be buried in the snow. Bait with pieces of fish or bird and, when possible, use a spring pole to throw the marten in the air when it is caught. This is better with skunk, also, although not for the same reason. A suspended skunk is more apt to be peaceable, and a suspended marten is less apt to have its twenty-dollar coat eaten by some other animal. A fisher, or black-cat, or fisher-cat is larger than either of these animals, but in habits not very dissimilar; and the set for this animal should be about the same as the ground-set for marten or mink, although it is very much more powerful than either.

Trapping Water Animals

Large water animals, like the beaver or otter, ought to be trapped in such a way that they will drown themselves promptly after being caught. The old way of setting an otter trap was to press down into the water a long pole, along which the ring of the trap-chain played freely. A crotch or two was left sticking out under water, so that when the ring of the chain slipped down over the crotch it would not pull upward again. The animal, thus held under water, would soon drown. Sometimes it is not easy to get a pole of this kind. To supply this deficiency an ingenious trapper has put on the market a substitute that is superior to the old device. This is simply a piece of wire that runs from the trap down into the water, where it is stretched by a stick or by heavy stones. Toward the lower end in the water a sort of spearhead or barb of metal is laid, which precisely takes the place of the old crotch. The trap-ring slips down the wire, of course, very readily, but not back.

Probably rats and mink will make the best average profit for the boy or man who likes to get out in the wintertime. He can get baits enough from the home kitchen in default of anything better—fresh meat, chicken heads, and the like. Muskrats can be attracted with a mussel, left with the shell open. Sweet-flagroot, pieces of corn-stalk, apples, parsnips, carrots, turnips—all will attract the muskrat. One trapper even suggests thorn apples. The muskrat is very liberal as a signmaker and is easy to trap, whether at houses or at runways and landing places. You can use vegetable bait, such as apples or persimmons, as well as fresh meat or pieces of fish, to catch the opossum. It prowls around logs and tree-tops, something like a raccoon, which latter animal is also easy to inveigle with vegetable bait. In these days even raccoon and opossum work up handsomely into near-sable, although the trapper very probably will not get nearly a sable price for them.



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THE luxurious comfort of *Vellastic* Underwear makes warm friends of all who wear it. So soft and pleasant to the skin—so easy-fitting, and so refined in finish.

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is lighter than the ordinary heavy fleeced underwears, but equally as warm. Ribbed for strength and elasticity. Fleece-lined for comfort and warmth. And so woven that the fleece will not wash out, knot or mat.

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Separate Garments and Union Suits 50c and up. VELLASTIC is one of the famous Bodygard Underwears. At your dealer's. Look for the Bodygard Shield. It is your Safeguard. Write for Bodygard Book No. 1.

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Flexible Flyer

"The sled that steers"

Of course you want a *steering sled*, but you want more than that—you want a Flexible Flyer. It has over seven inches [illegible] Just the sled for boy or girl. [illegible] Get the advantage of its exclusive features. Look [illegible]

Card-board model free

Let us send it. Also booklet, beautifully illustrated in colors, showing coasting scenes, etc. A postal will bring both. Write to-day.

S. L. Allen & Co., Box 1100S, Phila., Pa.

"Coffee?" "Yes."

"Mighty poor lately."

"Same old story."

"Even worse than usual."

"Can't we get good coffee?"

"What a shame."

"If it's to be had I'll get it."

"Absolutely reliable, Madam."

"I'll soon know."

"One for the cup—one for the pot."

"Won't Tom be tickled."

"But it cost less."

"Can it be better?"

"It certainly is."

"Now for the real test."

"Now Tom, don't say that."

"One taste will tell."

"Try it."

"Well?"

"You're right."

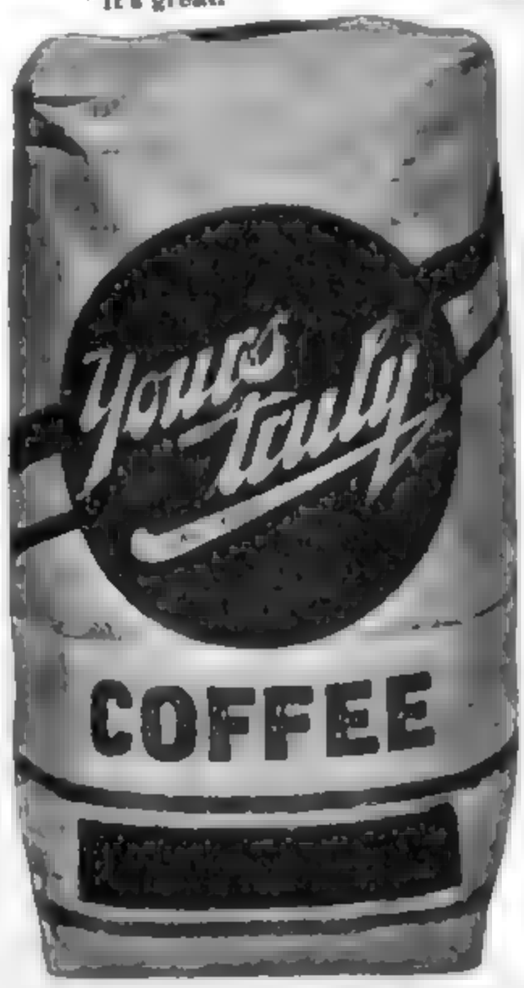
"It's great."

"'Yours truly'—eh?"

"That's real Coffee."

"Now you've got it."

"Yours truly."



One of the greatest coffee experts in the world selected the many blends that go into **"Yours truly"** Coffee. His own representatives gathered the berries **right in the coffee groves.** The **quality** was determined first—the price **afterwards.** Many matrons are wisely reducing the high cost of living by saving money and getting better coffee than they ever bought before at **any** price. You can do the same by insisting on getting from your grocer

Yours truly
TRADE MARK
COFFEE

THE ONE BLEND OF COFFEE THE SAME ALWAYS—EVERYWHERE—TODAY—TOMORROW—AND FOREVER.

Phoenix Mufflers

SELECT your muffler with the same care and discrimination you display in buying outer garments, hats or shoes.

Mere protection for throat and chest is not sufficient; you should demand perfect fit, trim, smart appearance, and more especially

Real Style-Quality

Phoenix Mufflers possess this in the highest degree combined with exclusive designs, materials and fitting features. Just snap the button in front, and your muffler conforms instantly to the lines of neck, shoulders, back and chest, insuring perfect fit, complete protection and attractive appearance. *New, patented* neck-shapes prevent bunching or crawling usually associated with knitted mufflers, and keep the muffler always in place.

Your dealer has Phoenix Mufflers in many styles and colors in beautiful silk-finished yarns, Australian wool and finest silks. Made with our new Shaped-neck; Turn-over collar effect, or old-style V-neck at 50c. each. Auto or full-dress scarfs extra wide and long with fringed ends, retail from $1.00 to $5.00.

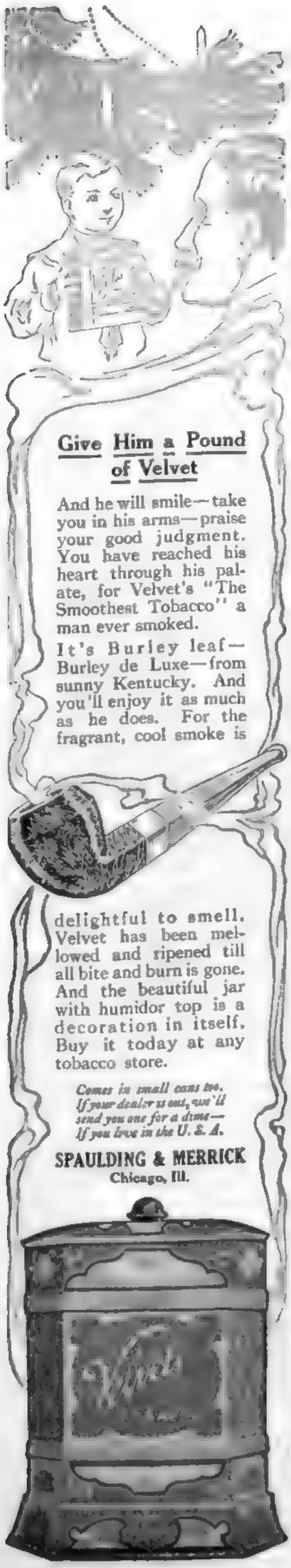
Phoenix Mufflers are knitted in collar sizes for men, women and children. This trademark is sewed on every muffler. Insist on seeing the label, and do not accept a muffler without it. If you cannot secure genuine Phoenix Mufflers bearing this label, write to us, enclosing price, stating style, color and size (same as linen collar) desired.

Interesting booklet descriptive of mufflers and other knitted goods especially suitable for holiday gifts, sent free on request.

Phoenix Knitting Works

231 Broadway, Milwaukee

Fill in the many chinks in your Christmas list with Phoenix Mufflers. Easy to buy, reasonable in price, and gladly received. Packed in handsome individual boxes.



Give Him a Pound of Velvet

And he will smile—take you in his arms—praise your good judgment. You have reached his heart through his palate, for Velvet's "The Smoothest Tobacco" a man ever smoked.

It's Burley leaf—Burley de Luxe—from sunny Kentucky. And you'll enjoy it as much as he does. For the fragrant, cool smoke is delightful to smell. Velvet has been mellowed and ripened till all bite and burn is gone. And the beautiful jar with humidor top is a decoration in itself. Buy it today at any tobacco store.

Comes in small cans too. If your dealer is out, we'll send you one for a dime—if you live in the U. S. A.

SPAULDING & MERRICK
Chicago, Ill.

THE RAINCOAT KING

(Continued from Page 19)

and one thing I must got to say to you, Sidney, before I go: Stand in your own shoes and don't try to excuse yourself on account you got a rich father. Also, if the old man makes you an offer you should come back to him, turn it down. Take it from me, Sidney, you got a big future here."

With a parting handshake all around Abe started back to his place of business. Five minutes later he boarded a Broadway car, and when he alighted at Nineteenth Street he picked his way through a jam of vehicles, which completely blocked that narrow thoroughfare. As he was about to set foot on the sidewalk he caught sight of the gray, drawn countenance of the Raincoat King, who sat beside his chauffeur on the front seat of a touring car.

"Say, Max," Abe cried, "I want to speak to you a few words something."

Max Koblin turned his head and recognized Abe with a start.

"What d'ye want from me?" he said huskily.

"I want to tell you the boy is all right," Abe replied.

The color surged to Max's face and he leaped wildly from the automobile.

"What d'ye mean, all right?" he gasped.

"I mean all right in every way, Max," Abe answered; "and if you would step into Hammersmith's for a minute I'll tell you all about it."

"Where is he?" Max cried.

Abe led the way to a table.

"He's where he should have been *schon* long since already," he said as they sat down. "He's got a job and he's going to make good on it."

"What are you talking nonsense?" Max exploded. "Where is my Sidney? His mother is pretty near crazy."

"She shouldn't worry," Abe replied calmly. "The boy is coming home tonight; and if I would be you, Max, I would see to it he pays anyhow eight dollars a week board."

Once more Max grew white—with anger this time.

"Jokes you are making with me!" he bellowed. "Tell me where my boy is quick or I'll ——"

"*Koosh*, Max!" Abe interrupted. "You are making a fool of yourself. I ain't hiding your boy. Just listen a few minutes and I'll tell you all about it."

Forthwith he unfolded to Max a vivid narrative of that morning's adventures; when he concluded Max had grown somewhat calmer.

"But, Potash," he protested, "I don't want the boy he should work by somebody else. Let him come and sell goods by me."

"He couldn't do it and you couldn't neither, Max," Abe said. "If he goes back to you, Max, you couldn't change over the way you've been treating that boy ever since he was born, and he sure would go back to the way he has been acting. Let the boy stay where he is, Max."

"Say, lookyhere, Potash," Max burst out, "what are you butting into my affairs for? Ain't I competent to manage my own son?"

Abe deemed it the part of friendship to remain silent, but Max misconstrued his reticence.

"O-o-h!" he exclaimed. "I see the whole business now. You got an interest in this here pants factory and so you practically kidnap my son. Do you know what I think? I think you are trying to jolly me into letting him stay there because you expect maybe I would invest some money in the business."

For two minutes Abe gulped convulsively and blinked at the Raincoat King in stunned amazement. Then he rose slowly to his feet.

"All right, Koblin," he said. "I heard enough from you. I wash myself of the entire matter. For my part you and your son could go to the devil; and take it from me, it won't be your fault if he don't."

▼

WHEN Abe entered the firm's showroom that morning it was nearly half past eleven and Morris Perlmutter sat behind the pages of the Daily Cloak and Suit Record in a sulky perusal of the Arrival of Buyers column. Before he looked up he permitted Abe to discard his coat for an office jacket.

"You was taking a sea bath, Abe?" he said at length. "Ain't it? I suppose we would pretty soon got to close up the store so's you could take all the sea baths you want. What?"

Abe refrained from uttering a suitable rejoinder and made straight for the office.

"Mawruss!" he yelled; "ain't the safe open yet?"

"Never mind is the safe open *oder* not, Abe," Morris replied. "So long as you are attending to business the way you are, Abe, it ain't necessary the safe should be opened."

Abe grunted and squatted down in front of the combination. At length the big doors swung open and he drew the box of cigars out of the middle compartment.

Morris looked on with ill-concealed curiosity while Abe took a banded invincible from his waistcoat pocket and restored it to the box whence it originally came.

"What's all that for?" Morris asked.

"That's a souvenir from a pleasant morning," Abe replied as he thrust the box of cigars back into the safe and slammed the doors. He was about to return to the showroom when the telephone bell rang and Morris took the receiver from the hook.

"Hello!" he said. "Yes, this is Potash & Perlmutter. He's right here. Abe, Max Koblin wants to talk to you."

"He does, hey?" Abe replied. "Well, I don't want to talk to him."

"You should tell him that yourself," Morris said as he walked away from the telephone. "I ain't got nothing to do with your quarrels."

Abe watched Morris disappear into the showroom and then he ran to the telephone and slammed the receiver on to the hook with force sufficient almost to wreck the instrument. At intervals of a few seconds the telephone rang for more than half an hour. Fifteen minutes after it had ceased the elevator door opened and Max Koblin entered.

"Cutthroat!" Koblin exclaimed. "I rung up my son and he wouldn't come back. You are turning him against me—you and them two other crooks. You think you would get my money out of me. Very well. I'll show you. I ain't through with you yet. I'll put you fellers where you belong."

"Don't make me no threats, Koblin," Abe said calmly, "because, in the first place, you couldn't scare me any, and, in the second place, if you think I am trying to keep your boy away from you, you are mistaken—that's all. I already wasted a whole morning on him and, just to show you I ain't such a crook as you think I am, I would go right down there now; and if I got to do it I would drag that young loafer out of there by the hair of his head."

Twenty minutes later Abe burst into Katzberg & Schapp's business premises and asked in loud tones for Sidney Koblin. Before the astonished Shapolnik could reply, Max Koblin, who had followed Abe on the next car, arrived all breathless and panted a similar demand.

"He ain't in now," Shapolnik replied; "he is just going to his lunch."

"What d'ye mean by talking to me on the 'phone the way you did this morning?" Max shouted. "You ain't got no business to keep my boy from me."

"I ain't keeping your boy from you," Shapolnik answered; "and I would speak to you whichever what way I would want to. Who are you anyway?"

"*Koosh!* Shapolnik," Abe interrupted. "You are talking too fresh. Mr. Koblin is right. You should fire that young feller right away, because I am telling you right here and now I wouldn't guarantee nothing for him after this."

"What do I care what you would guarantee or what you wouldn't guarantee?" Shapolnik replied. "The young feller already sold for us this morning for five hundred dollars a bill of goods, and he could stay with us *oder* not, just as he wants. Furthermore, Mr. Potash, I don't give a snap of my fingers for your guarantirt; this is my shop and if you don't want to stay here you don't got to."

He seized a pressing-iron in token that the interview was ended and Abe and Max started for the stairs without another word. As they reached the sidewalk Abe paused. Across the street a dairy lunchroom displayed its white-enamel sign and through the plate-glass window he thought he discerned a familiar figure. He ran to the opposite sidewalk and entered the restaurant, closely followed by Max, just as

The Woman Speaks:

"I thought it all over. It wasn't easy, but I have decided. *A good watch* is always an acceptable gift for a man. It is beautiful and serviceable. It companions him. It *helps* him. It lasts. It is always reminding him of the giver and of the regard which prompted the gift. I chose a jeweled *Ingersoll-Trenton* because I could not find anywhere so fine a watch at anything like the price."

From the woman to the man;
From the man to his friend;
From the merchant to his employee;
No gift can be more pleasing than the

Ingersoll-Trenton

7 and 15 Jewel Models

$5 to $15

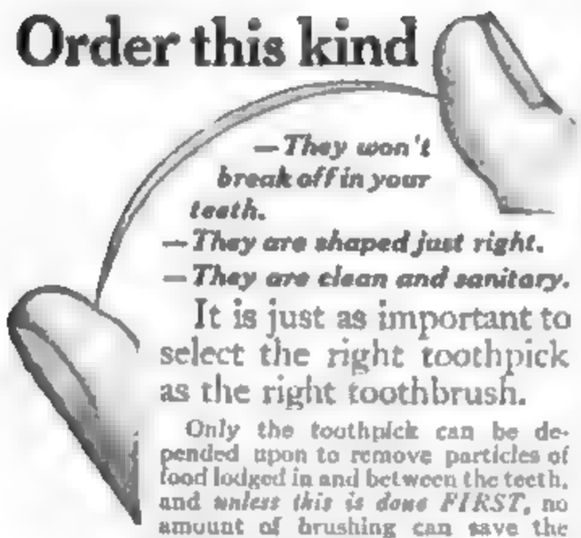
Faithful timekeeping is the characteristic feature of these Watches. The finest materials and the most skilled workmanship are used in their construction. Timed accurately, tested rigorously, and guaranteed absolutely, the *Ingersoll-Trenton* has won a permanent place among the high-grade timepieces built to render long service.

9,000 responsible jewelers sell the *Ingersoll-Trenton* Watch. Go to the nearest one, and go *early*—before his Christmas stock is sold out.

In our booklet, "How to Judge a Watch," you will find valuable watch information, condensed and interesting. Write for a copy.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.
21 Frankel Bldg., New York

Order this kind



—They won't break off in your teeth.
—They are shaped just right.
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It is just as important to select the right toothpick as the right toothbrush.

Only the toothpick can be depended upon to remove particles of food lodged in and between the teeth, and *unless this is done FIRST*, no amount of brushing can save the teeth from decay.

GOLD MEDAL
TOOTH-PICKS
Rounded at BOTH Ends
(Patented July 5, 1910)

They are so flexible you can bend them almost double—so thin and flat that you can use them without discomfort and without injury between close set teeth.

From the white pine trees of Maine to the box no human hand touches them in the making.

Used by the better hotels and restaurants, and in the best homes.

Sample Box FREE

Get a 5c package at your grocer's, or send us his name and we'll send you a free sample package.

FORSTER MFG. CO.
Dixfield, Maine
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5c. a package
Except in the Far West

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You should have my new heart-winning posters entitled

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Stunningly reproduced with colors in large posters, 22 x 28, worthy of frames. Either makes a striking Christmas remembrance.

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THIS
WAIST SET FOR $1.00

A set for which any other store in this entire country would ask $2.00. Brooch, pin and two studs gold on colors of cloisonne enamel in fine gold filled mountings. *Send for Handsome New Catalogue.*

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Assortment of 10 Christmas Cards $1.00

ENTIRELY different from any you ever saw—hand colored, artistic. The kind you will be proud of sending. Are for free per folio H of hand wrought leather pottery and jewelry. THE SHOP OF ROBERT JARVIS, 1360 E. 47th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Sidney Koblin was eating the last crumbs of a portion of zwieback and coffee.

"Hello, Sidney!" Abe said. "What's the matter with you? Why don't you go back to your father?"

Sidney rose to his feet and looked first at Abe and then at the Raincoat King.

"What for?" he asked nonchalantly.

"Because he asks you to," Abe replied, "and because I didn't got no right to butt in the way I did, Sidney. After all, your father is your father."

"What's biting you now?" Sidney exclaimed. "Ain't you told me this morning I should do what I did?"

Abe nodded sadly.

"And didn't you say me and the old man couldn't give each other a square deal even if we wanted to?"

Abe nodded again.

"Then I'm going to stick to my job," Sidney declared as he walked toward the cashier's desk.

Abe and Max trailed after him and when they reached the sidewalk Max seized his son by the arm.

"Sidney, *leben*," he said; "listen to me. Come and eat anyhow a decent lunch and we'll talk this thing over."

"What for?" Sidney said. "I've had as much as I want to eat, and besides I've got to see a fellow up at the Prince Clarence Hotel. I'll be at Riesenberger's to dinner tonight about the usual time."

"Oh, you will, will you?" Max cried. "Well, all I got to say is you've got to pay for it yourself."

Sidney broke into a laugh.

"That worries me a whole lot!" he said. "I've made enough out of my commissions today already to pay a whole week's board down there."

He turned and started across the street, but as he reached the curb he paused.

"Tell mommer she shouldn't worry herself," he said. "I'm all right."

Max looked at Abe with a sickly grin.

"I think he is too, Abe," he murmured. "Would you come over to Broadway and take maybe a little lunch with me?"

"Zwieback and coffee is good enough for me," Abe replied.

Max linked his arm in Abe's.

"You shouldn't be mad at me, Abe," he said sadly. "I am all turned upside down about that boy; and if zwieback and coffee is good enough for you and him, Abe, I guess it must be too good for me. But, just the same, I am going to eat with you, Abe; and we'll let bygones be bygones."

VI

IT WAS some weeks before Abe could bring himself to recount to Morris the full details of Sidney Koblin's regeneration, but Morris had learned the facts long before there appeared in the advertising section of the Clothing and Haberdashery Magazine the following full-page advertisement:

KATZBERG, SCHAPP & KOBLIN

Announce the

OPENING OF THEIR NEW OFFICE AND SHOWROOM

In the Chicksaw Building, West 4th Street
New York

MAKERS OF TROUSERS FOR FINICKY FOLKS

A HEADLINER

THE RAINBIRD PANTS

Manufactured From the Famous Rainproof Fabric

"KOBLINETTE"

KEEPS THE LEGS WARM AND DRY

Spring Line Now Ready

It caught Morris' eye one morning in January and he read it over—not without envy.

"Some people's got all the luck, Abe," he said bitterly.

"I bet yer!" Abe replied, without looking up from his order book, which was overflowing with requisitions for spring garments. "I bet yer, Mawruss! You take my Rosie for instance: at her age you got no idea what a sport she is. Yesterday afternoon she went to a bridge-whist party by Mrs. Koblin's and she won a sterling solid-silver fern dish. And mind you, Mawruss, she only just found out how to play the game."

"Who learned her?" Morris asked.

"Mrs. Klinger and Mrs. Elenbogen," Abe replied. "That's two fine women, Mawruss—particularly Mrs. Elenbogen."

THERMOS

Is preeminently the wanted and most distinctive Christmas gift. The giver is assured of conferring supreme pleasure on wife, husband, mother, father, grandma, grandpa, aunt or uncle, niece or nephew, baby, friend or sweetheart—*on anybody* you desire to please.

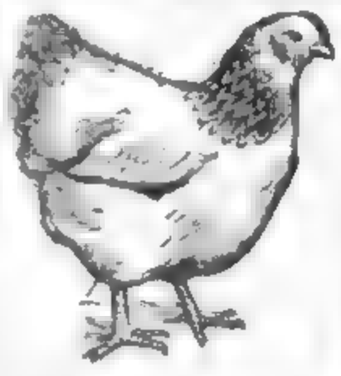
Thermos unites summer and winter as it keeps any liquid or solid, hot without fire and cold without ice until wanted for use.

Thermos is necessary to *every member of the family* from infancy to old age; *is necessary in the home* for nursery, kitchen and sick room, *is necessary away from home at work or play* for the *palace* and the *workingman*, to the housewife and physician, to automobilists yachtsmen, travelers, campers, *to everybody.* Thermos bottles, tea and coffee pots, decanters, jars, humidors (for preserving the moisture, the flavor of the leaf and the original aroma of cigars, tobacco, etc.), motor restaurants, ice cream, hot luncheon sets, English made traveling cases, wicker baskets, drinking cups, etc., in complete assortment.

Thermos is so necessary to you that we have prepared a 48-page booklet full of interesting Thermos facts which describes every Thermos article here illustrated, free on request.

Thermos is sold throughout the world by all first class dealers, but please be cautious, there are worthless imitations—watch for the name "Thermos"—and it on every Thermos article.

AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE COMPANY
Thermos Building, New York



CURTISS POULTRY BOOK

tells how Roy Curtiss, a New York farmer's boy, starting about twenty years ago, with a few neglected hens, has built up at NIAGARA FARM the **Largest Practical Poultry Plant in the World**, with sales of

Over $100,000 a year

Roy agreed that if his father (a grain merchant and farmer) would furnish the feed he (Roy) would take all care of the flock and supply eggs and chickens for the farm table, and all that were left over were to belong to him. In two years Roy was using so much feed that his father had to cry quits, but the boy kept right on. He would start at two o'clock A. M. for Niagara Falls, 13 miles away, with poultry and eggs to sell. His brother joined him, and the business grew and grew. They took the farm and paid off the mortgage. They built and added to their plant, learning slowly how to avoid losses and make the greatest profits.

Roy had no guide-book and had to learn by their own mistakes. If they had had such a guide as the **CURTISS POULTRY BOOK**, it would have saved them thousands of dollars and years of hard time.

This splendid book was written right at Niagara Farm by the veteran poultryman, **MICHAEL K. BOYER.** Mr. Boyer had the Curtiss methods at his hands to work with, their records and data. He says he never saw a genuine poultry business managed at every point on getting on style," as they say of dogs, no ornaments, but straight, solid **business.** Everything is planned for money-making. Every day shipments go off, every day money comes in. You can't hardly believe how little they lose. The large cottage of fertile eggs, of live strong chickens hatched, of day-old chicks shipped, without loss, to Kansas or Florida, is really wonderful.

And this book gives all their methods of managing incubators, handling eggs, feeding chickens and ducks, killing, dressing, packing, and marketing, their formulas for mixing feed at different ages. And all these have been tested and improved by years of experience, resulting in the most profitable general poultry plant in the world. Whether you raise chickens, ducks, or eggs, whether you keep forty fowls or forty thousand, you will find here help that you can get in no other way.

Profusely illustrated, with many fine engravings, from actual photographs taken from life.

Have you use) r such a book? Then read the offer below.

The **CURTISS POULTRY BOOK** is sold in combination with the Farm Journal, Philadelphia, Pa.

The **FARM JOURNAL** is the standard paper for everyone who lives in or near the country, or ever has, or ever expects to. A paper that's more than thirty years old, more valuable than most poultry papers. 33 years old. 750,000 subscribers and more. Gives every month [illegible] about poultry, orchards, gardening, intensely practical. Cut to fit everybody, young or old, village, suburbs, or rural routes. Do not confuse this paper with always has been

AMERICAN POULTRY ADVOCATE, the great New York State paper published at Syracuse, and full of good reading matter, is always [illegible] its 16th year. It is conceded to be one of the best poultry papers published in the United States. Widely quoted by recognized authorities on the subject of practical poultry raising. Has a circulation of 45,000 copies per month.

Special Offer For $1.00 cash we will send postpaid the **Curtiss Poultry Book** and the **Farm Journal** for two years, and **American Poultry Advocate** two years, all for $1.00, if order is sent at once to

AMERICAN POULTRY ADVOCATE, 27 Hodgkins Block, Syracuse, N. Y.

Sharpen Your Own Safety Razor Blades

Ten pulls on the VICTOR STROP and the trick is done. Blade is sharper than it was originally. Stop buying new blades—get a VICTOR STROP to-day

NOW
$2.00

Buy from your dealer or sent direct, money back either way if you want it.

Agents and Salesmen, we give big commission for Victor sales. Write for the proposition.

THE VICTOR MANFG. CO.
700 General St., Canton, Ohio

$3.50

Hatch Chicks in Any Room

The Handy Hatcher holds 25 eggs, weighs about 6 lbs., set it in any room; costs $3.50. Automatic regulation of heat and ventilation. As accurate as the most expensive. **Get a Handy Hatcher** with free book on brooding, feeding and raising chickens, together with instructions how to make a *Fireless Brooder.* Send for FREE catalogue.

The Handy Hatcher Co., Dept. 11, Kansas City, Missouri

PATENTS: For facts about Prize and Reward Offers and for books of Great Interest and Value to Inventors, send 4c postage to Pubs. Patent Sense, Dept. 38, Washington, D. C.

Mail This Coupon Today

It will bring you free the Bradley Style Book, showing the actual colors and illustrating the different styles in Bradley Mufflers and Knit Coats for men, women and children, and proving why you should insist upon getting the Bradley trade-mark on every article of Knit Goods you buy.

COUPON
Bradley Knitting Co.
115 Bradley St., Delavan, Wis.
Please send the Bradley Style Book to

No.302
$1.50

Look for the name **Bradley**

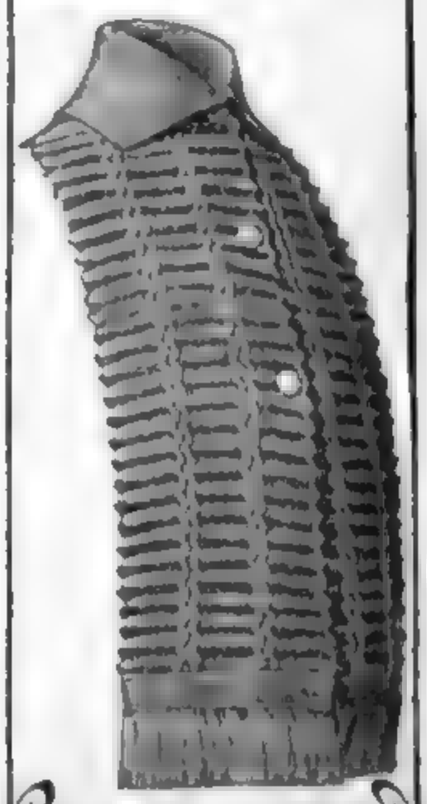
—It is Our Pledge of Satisfaction to You

The Bradley Muffler is a ***knitted*** muffler—it therefore gives fuller protection, fits more neatly and looks infinitely better than other neck scarfs.

The Bradley patent V-Neck is so shaped in the knitting that the Bradley Muffler fits the neck as snugly and lies as smoothly over the chest as though cut and fitted by an expert tailor. It protects the throat, neck, chest and spine—never gets "stringy" or "rag-like"—and can be washed when soiled.

The Bradley is the ***best 50c Muffler in the world*** and is the only one knitted exclusively of the finest imported Egyptian yarns, which have been treated by a wonderful process that gives them the ***feel,*** the ***look*** and the ***texture*** of ***silk,*** while retaining the warmth and comfort of ***pure wool.***

No.301
50¢



No.310 $1.75

THE Bradley Full Fashioned V-Neck Mufflers

Patented 1908—1909 and 1910

are sold by nearly every good store in the United States, at 50c, $1.00, $1.50 and $1.75. Three popular styles are here illustrated. All three of these styles are made in white, light blue, Alice blue, grey, taupe, navy, black, cardinal and maroon. Style No. 301 is also made in old rose, reseda, lavender and champagne, while styles No. 301 and No. 302 are also both made in tan, brown, amethyst and myrtle.

If your local dealer cannot supply you, send your collar size, the style number and color of muffler wanted, and we will see that your order is filled, charges prepaid, upon receipt of price.

Bradley Knit Coats for Men and Women

—like Bradley Mufflers—are knit to fit—and are made in many styles and colors—all sizes and lengths—from the fleeciest imported wools and worsteds—by the famous Bradley Mills—at prices ranging from $2.00 to $10.00. Ask your dealer to show you the Bradley Knit Coats, and look for the Bradley name on every garment.

The vital reason why Bradley Mufflers and Bradley Knit Coats are superior to all others, is the fact that the Bradley Mills are the most completely equipped mills for making Knit Goods, and produce and sell more goods of this character than any other mill. This means that Bradley can and actually does give you better quality and higher value.

The Bradley Knitting Company, 115 Bradley Street, Delavan, Wis.

THE CRADLE-SNATCHER

(Continued from Page 9)

"Ann wouldn't land a perch," said Jill, "unless she was in love with it. 'Member old Goggiesticks? He wanted-in bad enough and he had millions; but good old Ann wouldn't have it."

"Children," said little Miss Trevor, "I'm crazy about Aiken."

"Already?" said Jack. "Wait until I show you Lovers' Lane." He blushed to the roots of his hair.

"Look!" exclaimed little Miss Trevor. "A mammy!—a genuine mammy—an uncontrovertible mammy, with a turban!"

There were two vivid flashes: the exquisite child—she was little more—and the old negress, a creature hewed, as it were, from ebony, had signaled to each other, according to that heliographic code which is known and practiced the world over among kind and friendly hearts.

VII

MEEKIN, waiting lunch for Shannon at the Aiken Club, had never seen his friend in such a happy and youthful mood.

"Almost," he said, "you act as if a later will, quite free from imbecilities, had been found. What's new?"

"I've had a hunch," said Jimmie. "The old man was right. Every man of thirty who knows what is good for him is a married man."

Meekin was filled with awe and wonder.

"Are you drunk?" he asked. "Have the heavens fallen? Have you been bitten by a serpent?"

"An astounding thing has happened," said Jimmie, hilariously. "But first, am I speaking to a friend whose ears are wide open and whose mouth is tight shut?"

"You know it," said Meekin.

"Full well I know it," said Jimmie, "and of old. So, listen, old shut-mouth: I have seen a girl that I am going to marry. I have seen a girl that I want to marry!"

"Then you don't have to tell me," said Meekin, "that she is a girl you have never seen before. Name, please."

"Irene," said Jimmie; "one beautiful name, followed by another—Trevor."

Meekin's amused expression changed to one of shocked incredulity.

"Jimmie," he said firmly, "I've never regarded you as a noble person; but, by George! I've always counted on you to do the right thing. . . . She's only a kid; not out. . . . Oh, perhaps you can persuade her into it, and perhaps you can persuade her people into it. But to me, and I'm no stickler, it's shocking: it's an outrageous proposition. Are you by any chance serious?"

"She got off the train with the Merriam kids," said Jimmie. "I was at the station with Ann to meet them. Have you ever seen her? She was the last off. Jack Merriam was for helping her. She wouldn't have it. It's a dirty journey here. She was cool and fresh—like celery. I can't describe her face. I know this: the minute I saw her I turned warm all over with the strangest feeling! It was a new feeling to me. It was gratitude. I was grateful for the world and everything in it. But mostly I was grateful for her. It was as if she had been sent. If not, why at this particular crisis was I at the station meditating cold-blooded things when she came out of the train? If not, why am I drunk with the spirit of youth? If not, why is my hand shaking so?"

Shannon's hand, which he extended above the table, shook like that of a man who had had many bad nights. But Meekin said:

"You call it 'being sent.' I call it cradle-snatching. What are you going to do?" Jimmie's eyes widened with astonishment.

"Why, marry her, of course!" said he.

"You can't fall in love, court and marry a kid in a couple of weeks, the way you can an elder sister or an erring sister. Marry Ann, if she'll have you; marry Lilly Carlisle. Personally I'm mighty fond of Alice Windsor; why not marry her? Nobody'll kick at a partnership with any of these to get the old man's money. Everybody'd laugh and say it served him right and was a sporting proposition. But a kid! Why, if you manage to do what you are threatening to do the world will pass you up. People, even at eighty, have got too much of the original sin of romance in them to stand for it. I tell you frankly, Jimmie, I won't stand for it."

"As Brutus said," said Jimmie flippantly, "when he knifed Cæsar."

"The thought is abhorrent," said Meekin, without smiling. "Forget this idea and make your business proposition to some one your own size."

Jimmie became very serious all in a moment.

"There's just one thing to prevent, Meek," he said. "This beautiful kid. Any way I look there's nothing else in the world."

"Don't try to work a case of love at first sight on me," said Meekin.

"Do you remember the day you and I first met?" said Jimmie.

"Two small boys in the first form," said Meekin.

"And at first sight we were friends," said Jimmie. "If friendship at first sight, why not the one other beautiful thing in the world? You have never failed me. Have I ever failed you?"

Meekin was troubled.

"Never," he said; "never until—now."

"The minute I saw you," said Jimmie, "I knew that always, always I'd be your friend. The minute I saw her I knew that always, always I'd be her lover. These things happen. People say they don't. But they do. I have given you two cases. You can swear to one of them and I can swear to both."

"No man," said Meekin, "who hasn't fallen in love at first sight can really believe in it; but ——"

"If you had been born blind," Jimmie interrupted quickly, "could I possibly explain to you the sense of seeing? There are people who always know which direction is north. That is a sense that you and I haven't got. We can't imagine the sensation."

"I was trying to say," said Meekin, "that I would take your word for it. You ask me to believe that you love this kid; that you always will love her. Well, I believe. I say I do anyway. And perhaps"—he looked his friend in the eyes for a moment—"perhaps I really do believe it. And still I say, 'No.' You mustn't do it. It's unlawful. It's wicked."

"If this had happened to me a year ago," said Jimmie, "when there was no question of money involved, you would have said, 'Go in, my boy, and win!' I can hear you saying it. But now—in spite of all the years we've been friends—you doubt my motives."

"I don't doubt them," said Meekin. "I think they are mixed. It's impossible that it should be otherwise."

"Do you think this," said Jimmie, "that if it hadn't been for the money I wouldn't have fallen in love with her at first sight?"

Meekin pondered for some moments; then nodded his head reluctantly.

A phrase of boyhood sprang to Jimmie's lips.

"All right for you!" he said, and rose stiffly and walked away with a contemptuous expression on his face.

Then this flashed into his head: "If it hadn't been for the money I wouldn't ever have been at the station to see her get off the train." He turned resolutely and walked back to where Meekin, stony of face, was affecting to enjoy his coffee.

"Can you forgive me for that?" Jimmie exclaimed impulsively. "I've thought it over; and though what you think isn't the absolute fact, still there's something in it—enough in it to make me ashamed and humble." He held out his hand.

"Tell me this," said Meekin, without appearing to notice the proffered hand: "Are you going to try to marry this girl?"

"Of course," said Jimmie. "I've got to try and I mean to succeed. A man doesn't fall in love for nothing."

"Can you reconcile this," said Meekin, "with your ideas of what a gentleman ought to be?"

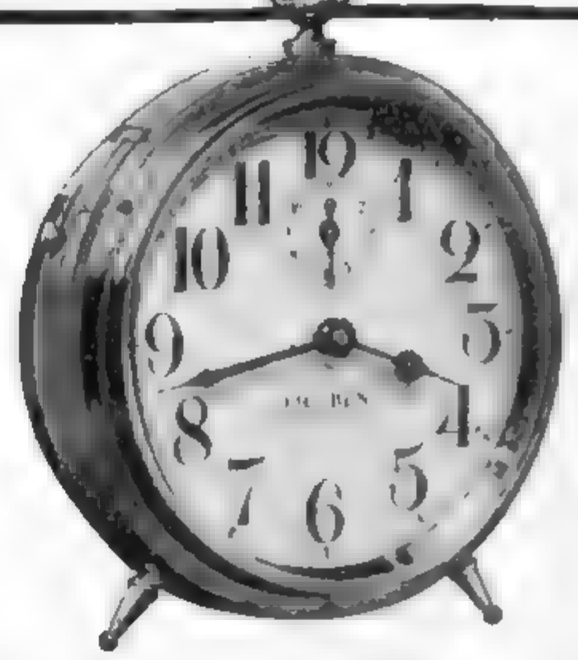
"Of course," said Jimmie, "it's reconciliation—ready made. I don't have to be measured for it. It fits like a dream." And he added, so seriously and reverently that there was no offense in it: "God is my tailor."

"If anybody," said Meekin, his face darkening, "can make a silk purse out of a sow's ear I suppose He can."

He rose to his feet and the young men glared at each other. Both, I think, were for a moment minded to strike. But the

Big Ben

THE NATIONAL ALARM



BIG BEN—not an alarm clock, but a clock with an alarm attachment, not a ticker but a restful sleepmeter.

Big Ben—a handsome, massive time recorder for the sleep room or the living room, the writing table or the down-town desk.

Big Ben—an admirable piece of clockmanship, the work of the Western Clock Company of La Salle, Illinois.

$2.50

Sold by Jewelers only.
Three Dollars in Canada.

His One Best Gift for Xmas

The perplexing difficulty each year of selecting a befitting gift for a man is easily and acceptably solved by the WIZARD STROPPER.

No gift can prove more gratifying than one whose usefulness, after many years, is still a pleasure. To the man who shaves with a safety razor, no gift could be more appreciated, or of more lasting satisfaction than

The Wizard Stropper

Here's what it does. In ten seconds with twenty or twenty-five turns of the handle it sharpens any make of safety razor blade to a keen, concave cutting edge that will easily glide through the toughest beard and not pull. Every revolution of the handle brings the blade SLAP up against the strop with perfect precision, first one side of the blade and then the other—as an experienced barber strops an old-fashioned razor. The entire width of the blade always comes in absolute contact with the strop. You can also HONE your blades with the WIZARD when necessary by merely reversing the strop. This interchangeable feature is not to be found in any other safety blade stropper.

In buying the WIZARD STROPPER for yourself or a friend it is sold on a guarantee of giving absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. It comes to you in a neat black and gold case ready for business.

Price, $3.00

A. F. MEISSELBACH & BRO.

4 Prospect Street Newark, New Jersey

weight of eighteen years of friendship was heavy on their arms. The first to lower his eyes was Meekin.

At this moment the hall-boy brought Jimmie a note. It was from Ann Merriam, asking him to make a fourth at tennis. The Trevor boy, she wrote, had a bad ankle, but the others, after their stuffy night in the train, were very keen to play. To Jimmie it seemed as if Paradise had opened before him. He tossed the note, open, in front of Meekin.

"It's fate, Meek," he said quietly. "I must go through with it. For Heaven's sake, old man, don't judge me until all the evidence is in!"

VIII

A MAN on the eve of losing forty or eighty millions of dollars ought to be a tragic figure; he ought to spend his days hidden from the sight of men—his nights somberly walking in a graveyard. That, on the contrary, he should seem to shed ten years of his life, as he might a coat of which he had grown tired, is proof positive that the human heart is deep and unfathomable. That he should make a fourth at tennis once with three very young people could be attributed to ordinary politeness and good nature. That he should play with them—and by his own proposal—a second, third, fourth and fifth time caused even the three very young people themselves to wonder what was the matter.

Jack Merriam, having reached the brooding and tragic age of eighteen, and fancying himself a man of the world hopelessly in love, was the first to solve the puzzle. He put the matter bluntly to his sister Ann.

"He's stuck on Irene," said Jack; "and she—she likes it."

Sister Ann spoke soothingly.

"Jim Shannon's in trouble," she said; "and you kids so full of foolishness and all keep his thoughts off himself. Naturally Irene is the chief attraction; but he doesn't mean anything by it. And of course Irene can't help feeling flattered. It's a feather in any girl's cap to keep any man's thoughts away from his troubles."

But that afternoon Sister Ann took occasion to watch the tennis. And there before her very eyes she saw displayed the early stages of a whirlwind courtship. A fool could see that Jimmie was in earnest. As for Irene, you couldn't be sure. She was either Psyche slightly hurt by one of Dan Cupid's arrows, or she was an outrageous flirt. Ann noticed that her brother Jack's face had a black look; that whenever he hit the ball to Jimmie it was with a kind of furious force. Jill was heartily enjoying Jack's discomfiture, although she was partnered with him.

Sister Ann returned to the house full of responsibility. "Mother," she sighed, "is no good, and here am I responsible for Irene to her parents. Well, I shall talk with her and have an understanding. Jimmie—no; Jimmie can't possibly intend to snatch her out of her cradle to save his millions for him! I wonder if she quite realizes what interpretation would be put on any sudden and foolish step that he might persuade her to take."

Jimmie was happy. It was happiness to know that the beautiful child had an inclination—however slight—toward him. And he knew that she had. Something had told him. But even if she had not yet shown him so much of her favor as that, he would have been happy. He was in that first full tide of love when thoughts of the morrow can take care of themselves. It seemed as if the mere act of lying down was enough to rest him. Each morning he looked younger and fresher, though the hours of his sleep could have been counted on the fingers of a maimed hand.

Never before had waking seemed so easy to him or distances so short. Love lent him confidence. Even if what he was attempting to do appeared shoddy and unworthy to others, to him it seemed the one noble, the one right thing that ever had been attempted. Whereas, of the proposals which he had so recently made to Miss Carlisle, Miss Windsor and Miss Merriam, he now thought with horror and loathing. How could any man ever dream that a loveless marriage could be anything but an indecent nightmare? Why aren't men born with the knowledge of what love may one day mean to them? As the mother gives her son milk that he may thrive and grow strong, so she ought to be enabled to impart the knowledge of love to him, to the end that he may grow up stainless.

As the noise of Jimmie's violent courtship got about, nobody in Aiken thought that there was anything noble in it or in him. Old friends cooled their manner toward him and, though nobody actually attempted to interfere, there were those that itched to. So far, only one thing was sure—Jack Merriam's holidays were spoiled. The treachery of woman had been revealed to him. Nothing appealed to him any more except murder, followed by suicide. Jimmie was sorry for Jack, as a man of heart is sorry for a puppy upon which he has trodden. If Jack could have known how Jimmie felt toward him the murder must have become a fact.

Then, one afternoon, Irene went riding with Jimmie and was fifteen minutes late for dinner. Ann took her to task for it and tried to give her a scolding.

"I wish you'd stop in my room and see me on your way to bed," Ann had said. Irene did so.

"Close the door, will you?" said Ann.

Irene closed it and stood looking down at Ann. Ann noted a look of true love in the child's eyes; so great they were, translucent and untroubled.

"Irene," said Ann, "will you be angry if I talk to you like a mother?"

"Of course not," said Irene.

"Irene," said Ann, "you are getting yourself disagreeably talked about. Did you know it?"

"I thought it likely," said Irene. She was unperturbed.

"It doesn't look well for a girl of your age to be flirting with a man so much older than yourself. Of course he's incorrigible. No use to talk to him."

Irene being a reasoner, said nothing.

"You may think," said Ann, and she smiled kindly, "that it's none of my business. But think of the light it puts me in—and my mother. We have a duty toward you as our guest, as a girl not yet out; and of course people are saying that we are neglecting it. And so we have been."

"Honestly," said Irene, "I hadn't thought of that. Do you want me to tell Mr. Shannon that he mustn't speak to me while I'm your guest?"

"You know as well as I do," said Ann, "that Jimmie Shannon has only a few days left in which to comply with the terms of his grandfather's will. I think he's sincerely smitten with you—most men are; but it can't be anything very serious, can it? Consult your common-sense."

"But," said Irene, "he hasn't asked me to help him comply with that hateful old man's will. And it doesn't look to me as if he were going to."

Ann was genuinely shocked.

"And as for his being serious," Irene went on—paused, and meditated a moment. "Look here, Ann," she said then; "suppose he really is serious, and that because of the will I refuse to believe it, and the whole thing ends in a mess?"

Ann's eyes were round with wonder.

"You've said altogether too much," she said, "and not half enough."

Irene seated herself by Ann on the sofa, wound an arm around her, laid her head in the hollow of Ann's neck, sighed and made this astounding confession:

"Ann dear, even if he isn't serious, I am! . . . Now you won't make me be rude to him, will you?"

"You care for him, Irene!" was Ann's horrified exclamation. "You think you care for him!"

"I cared the first minute I saw him," said Irene.

"And five minutes before you saw him"—this was torn from Ann against her better judgment—"he proposed to me."

"And, luckily for me," said Irene, "you threw him down."

"He told you?"

"Oh, yes. He told me all the cold-blooded things he'd ever done or thought in connection with the will. And he asked me to think better things of him if I could. And I could, Ann; and I can."

"I think," said Ann, "that you're capable of running away with him if he asked you."

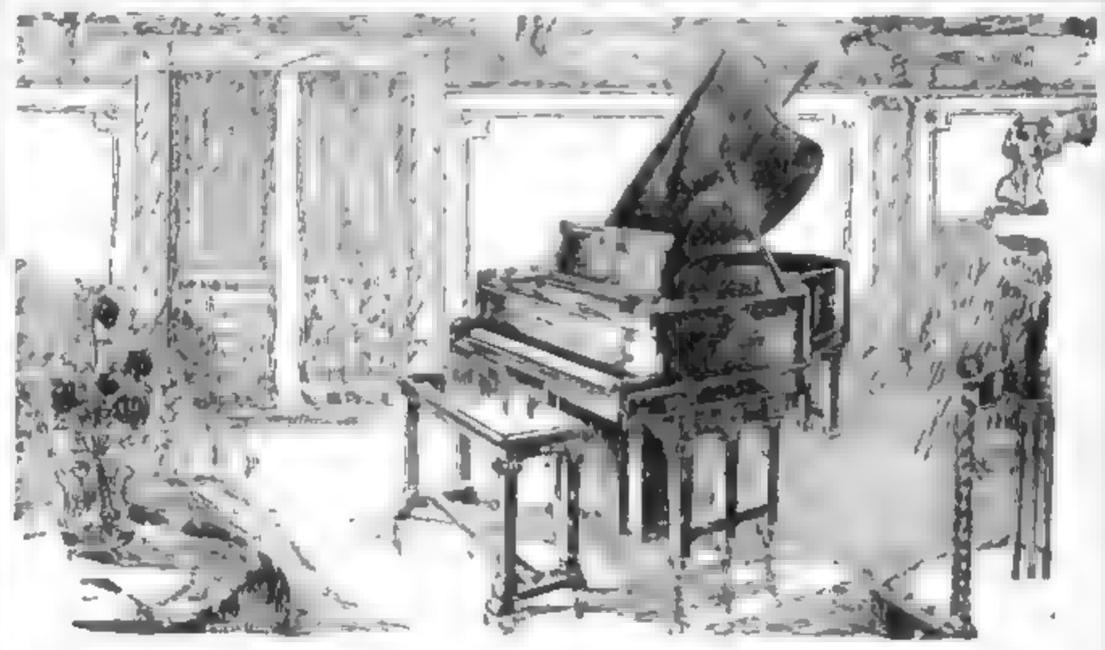
"He will never ask me to do anything ignoble," said Irene.

"Some people," said Ann, "consider that eighty millions can't possibly have anything ignoble connected with them."

"And they couldn't in this case," said Irene, "if he cares about me the way I care about him."

"Care!" exclaimed Ann.

"Sometimes," said Irene, "he looks at my shoes in such a way that I'm tempted



The One Piano-Player That Makes You a Musician

The Pianola is the one piano-player especially developed to make a *musician*—not a mere *player*—of *everyone* who buys it.

The majority of people who buy piano-players are not trained in music. They must be shown—simply, clearly—just what musical effects are needed and how to obtain them.

Actually there is but one piano-player in the world which thus instructs those who use it.

This piano-player is the Pianola, of which **Paderewski** says: "*It is perfection;*" and **Leschetizky** (Paderewski's teacher) says: "*It is the only piano-player deserving serious consideration from the musical world.*"

Exclusive Pianola Features

With any good piano-player you can execute the notes of a musical composition creditably. With the Pianola *alone* can you express the far higher faculties of interpretation that denote the *real musician*.

This is because the Pianola possesses certain features, essential to artistic piano-playing, found on no other instrument whatsoever. Among these features are:

The Metrostyle
—the only device known which furnishes a positive guide to correct musicianly expression—which enables you to interpret every selection as the composer or some great artist would, or as *your own musical ideas suggest.*

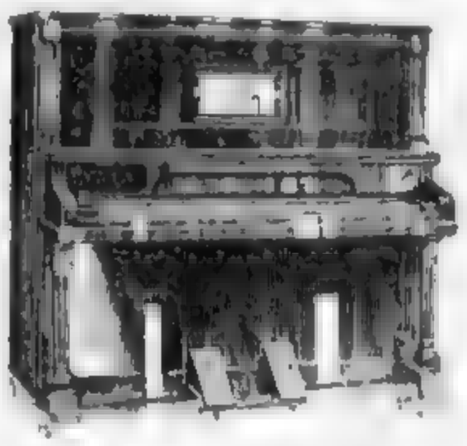
The Themodist
—which emphasizes the melody or "theme" notes clearly above the accompaniment, thus imparting a "singing" effect to the music, characteristic of the playing of the best musicians.

The Graduated Accompaniment
—which increases and decreases the volume of accompaniment with the flow of melody.

The Sustaining Pedal Device
—which enables even the musical novice to make artistic use of the piano's sustaining pedal.

Such world-wide celebrity has the Pianola attained that the tendency is growing to erroneously call all piano-players by its distinct, copyright name.

Not to be misled and to be certain of securing the instrument endorsed and preferred by the musical profession, the foremost musical educators and the great majority of the public both here and abroad, see that the word "Pianola" is actually on the instrument you buy.



The Stuyvesant Pianola Piano
Price $550

Grand Pianola Pianos

The Steinway Grand Pianola Piano	$2000 to $2550
The Weber Grand Pianola Piano	1600
The Steck Grand Pianola Piano	1500

Upright Pianola Pianos

The Steinway Pianola Piano	$1250 to $1500
The Weber Pianola Piano	950 to 1150
The Steck Pianola Piano	850 and 950
The Wheelock Pianola Piano	700 and 800
The Stuyvesant Pianola Piano	550 to 700
Pianolas separate	250 to 450

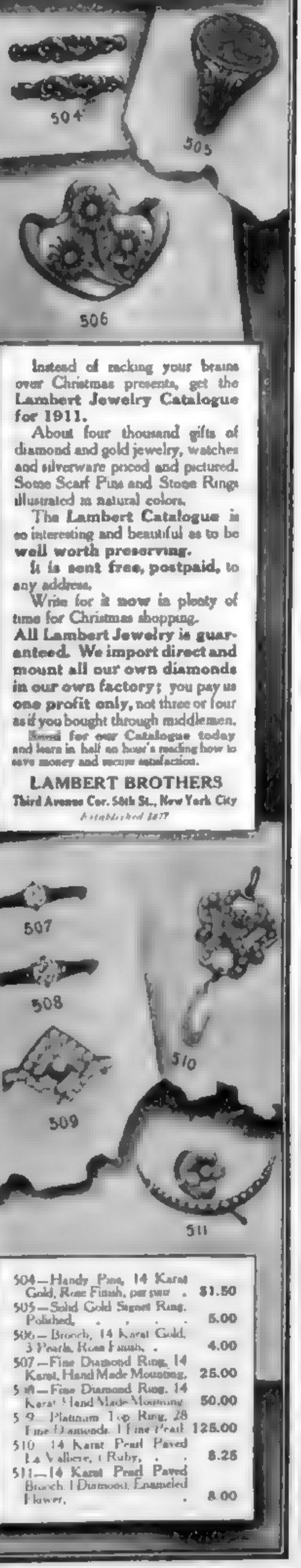
Any of these instruments may be purchased on Moderate Monthly Terms.

Send for Illustrated Art Catalog and name of nearest dealer.

The Aeolian Co.
The Largest Manufacturers of Musical Instruments in the World
Aeolian Hall, 362 Fifth Ave.
Near 34th Street, New York

The Pianola Piano Is An Ideal Christmas Gift

From the
Lambert
Jewelry and Diamond Catalogue for 1911



Instead of racking your brains over Christmas presents, get the **Lambert Jewelry Catalogue for 1911.**

About four thousand gifts of diamond and gold jewelry, watches and silverware priced and pictured. Some Scarf Pins and Stone Rings illustrated in natural colors.

The **Lambert Catalogue** is so interesting and beautiful as to be **well worth preserving.**

It is sent free, postpaid, to any address.

Write for it **now** in plenty of time for Christmas shopping.

All Lambert Jewelry is guaranteed. We import direct and mount all our own diamonds in our own factory; you pay us one profit only, not three or four as if you bought through middlemen.

Send for our Catalogue today and learn in half an hour's reading how to save money and secure satisfaction.

LAMBERT BROTHERS
Third Avenue Cor. 58th St., New York City
Established 1877

504—Handy Pins, 14 Karat Gold, Rose Finish, per pair	$1.50
505—Solid Gold Signet Ring, Polished,	5.00
506—Brooch, 14 Karat Gold, 3 Pearls, Rose Finish,	4.00
507—Fine Diamond Ring, 14 Karat, Hand Made Mounting,	25.00
508—Fine Diamond Ring, 14 Karat Hand Made Mounting	50.00
509—Platinum Top Ring, 28 Fine Diamonds, 1 Fine Pearl	125.00
510—14 Karat Pearl Paved La Vallière, 1 Ruby,	8.25
511—14 Karat Pearl Paved Brooch, 1 Diamond, Enameled Flower,	8.00

to say, 'Go ahead and kiss them if it will make you any more comfortable.'"

"I intended," said Ann, "to speak a few motherly words to a simple child; but it seems I have a complicated elephant on my hands. When is Jim Shannon's birthday?"

"I only know that it's some time this month," said Irene.

"Meekin would know," said Ann. And the next day she asked him; but he shook his head and said that whatever concerned Shannon, his birthdays included, in no way concerned him.

IX

BUT Meekin had begun to relent. His head told him that Shannon was not acting honorably; his heart told him that it was better to have a dishonorable friend than no friend at all. And so it is.

He wrote Jimmie a little note:

"I've been thinking and feeling. This is a vote of confidence. Whatever comes of your affair I know that if you didn't really care there wouldn't be any affair. As you really care, nothing else matters.

"Humbly, MEEK."

Jimmie answered:

"Thank the Lord, you've spoken up now instead of later! Nothing does matter but caring—caring for one girl and a few friends. God bless you! JAS."

But that was not the last note that Jimmie was to write that day. He had received what was for him a very heavy mail, and while he was smiling ruefully and pondering his answers another letter was brought him by hand. The first envelope which Jimmie opened contained this, and this only: "At five—of course." It required no answer, but lying against his heart it warmed him to eloquence. And he answered it for about an hour. Then he sighed, paper-cuttered a blue envelope and read with pain and surprise:

"*Dear Jim:* If you still wish to gather the Lilly and wear her, say so. She has thought it all over, and it seems to her that what you proposed the other day is the best for all concerned—for the grown-ups and for the young folks."

Next he read this:

"*Dear Jimmie:* I feel exactly as I did the other day; but if it's merely a question of money with you, why I'd much rather sacrifice myself than see a child entangled in your ambitions. It doesn't really matter what becomes of me, and for her sake I am willing to marry you.

"ALICE WINDSOR."

On the letter which was brought by hand he recognized Ann Merriam's writing. She also expressed herself as willing to marry him for her family's sake—she put it—and to save a girl still in her teens from making a fool of herself.

Jimmie wrote many answers to these proposals and thought a good many more. Finally he hit upon this:

"*Dear Lilly:* You threw me down pretty hard and pretty finally. Since then I have carried my broken heart elsewhere and I am awaiting an answer.

"Faithfully yours, J. S."

Liking what he had written, he made it serve, with slight variations, for Alice Windsor and Ann Merriam. After which, since he was not to see Irene until five o'clock, he went about chuckling and laughing and avoiding the sight of—woman. He boarded a trolley, chuckled all the way to Augusta, chuckled at the contents of an old-furniture shop of which he had been told wonders, and chuckled all the way back to Aiken.

At half past five he was riding with Irene over a great open plain south of Aiken. They had come to an understanding between them without any words spoken. Whatever Jimmie should say to her she knew in her heart she would listen to as to an order—and obey. It would have surprised her to see him do a cold-blooded murder, but she would not have questioned his motive. If he asked her to bolt with him bolt she would—in the full confidence that it was she herself that meant the whole world to him and not some dollars. For half an hour they had been content with silence. Suddenly Jimmie spoke.

"I wonder," he said, "if we are the first two that ever knew and understood without words!"

"It doesn't matter about the others," said she.

"Somebody says," said Jimmie, "that love should be like two children going hand in hand into a dark room. Only I'm not a child. It's wicked for me to be so much older than you."

"It's just the right difference," said she. "Don't you feel that?"

"You know how I feel about it."

"You never told me."

"And you never told me. But I know."

"When did you know—about me?"

He laughed. "The minute I saw you. Just before you'd ever seen me. At least I knew then that it had to come out this way. And what is this way? What are we going to do about it?"

"That," she said proudly, "is absolutely for you to say."

"Will you jump on tonight's train," he said, "and meet me in New York in time for us to marry and be rich—Irene?"

"Of course!" she said.

"And you'd never, never doubt that it was you—only you—I wanted and not the beastly old money?"

"I couldn't doubt you, Jimmie," she said. "I'd just curl up and die if I doubted you. But doubt isn't in you and me."

"Oh, you blessing!" he said.

"Do I leave tonight?" she asked.

"No," he said. "There sha'n't be anything irregular about our start in life. I must have your father's consent or wait till you are eighteen. And I must find some work to do, to eke out a small income. You've five or six thousand a year of your own, haven't you?"

"Nearly seven," she said.

"Oh, we'll manage—we'll manage!" said he.

"Are you just going to let your grandfather's legacy slide?" she asked.

"I was thirty yesterday," said he.

She reached for his hand.

"Jimmie," she said, "not for a single, solitary instant did I doubt you. . . . But I am so glad!"

"I wish that I just naturally had that much money to offer you," he said; "but as long as I haven't——"

"When two people have as much to think about as we have," said she, "it isn't possible to make room for thoughts of money. . . . My lord has paid many millions for me. I am his slave."

"I'll say, though," said Jimmie, "that if ever a man got anything dirt cheap—— It's open country hereabouts, but if you're willing to risk being seen——" Their horses rubbed shoulders.

. . . . . .

To the average reader the fact that Jimmie missed his forty or eighty millions will be a disappointment; and that is why the average reader is—the average reader.

The Frog Man

THE town of North Judson, Indiana, is the center of a rather curious traffic in frogs, turtles and other zoölogical small fry that are sold by wholesale and retail to colleges and scientific institutions for purposes of anatomical study.

One dealer, who calls himself a frog man, sends out attractive catalogs, quoting prices. His list begins with earthworms, guaranteed to be of good size, which cost fifty cents a dozen. These, for the convenience of the purchaser, are put up in formalin.

Nearly all of the animals dealt in, however, are sold alive and, one might say, kicking, in the case of "large bullfrogs, not less than four inches in length of body," which come at five dollars a dozen. Grass frogs are less expensive, being worth only one dollar a dozen.

Crawfish of the largest grade cost one dollar a dozen; and at the same rate one may buy live turtles of assorted sizes, five to eight inches long. Snapping turtles, however, are twenty-five cents a pound. Fresh-water clams come at twenty-five cents a dozen. All of these creatures, be it understood, are alive, the charge for clams and turtles dead and preserved in formalin being fifty per cent extra.

Small boys, always the most reliable collectors of such animals, supply the dealer, whose stock also includes small fishes of various kinds, such as perch, put up in formalin. He ships his goods to all parts of the world, the utilization of crawfish and frogs particularly—for purposes of anatomical study—being far more extensive than most people would suppose.

Fried Oysters

"scrumptious" and easy when you do it as given below.

This is but one of many delicious dishes always dependably good and *easily* made if you use

Snider's
Tomato
Catsup

Here is the real way to prepare
Fried Oysters

One pint large oysters, half cup flour, half cup milk, half cup Snider's Tomato Catsup, half teaspoon salt; mix thoroughly the flour, milk, catsup and salt; dip oysters into mixture, then roll them in cracker crumbs; fry in sweet, fresh lard until a dark brown. Serve very hot.
MRS. CLARA L. SWEET.

Snider's Tomato Catsup is the perfect sauce for oysters in *all* styles, also for cutlets, steaks, roasts, and all fish.

No preservatives or coloring matter used in Snider's. Made only from firm, spicy tomatoes and the finest of all materials, combined in the special Snider way.

While ordering, include a few cans of Snider's Pork and Beans and a bottle of Snider's Chili Sauce.

The T. A. Snider Preserve Company
Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.

All Snider products comply with all Pure Food Laws of the world.

The Christmas Gift
The "SWAN"
Always Writes—
Always Clean—
Always Ready—
Never Blots—
Never Leaks—
Never Fails—

The "Ladder Feed" Prevents Flooding

The "Screwdown Cap" Prevents Leaking

The 14 Kt. Iridium Gold Point Wears For Years

A gift that is appreciated by either man or woman. Can be carried in purse, handbag or pocketbook, and in any position.

Prices $2.50, $3.00, $4.00, $5.00 and up to $50.00 at all Stationers and Jewelers

MABIE, TODD & CO.
The Makers
17 Maiden Lane NEW YORK
209 State St. CHICAGO
LONDON PARIS, BRUSSELS, SYDNEY

Here's News!

Mrs. Rorer's Own Blend of Coffee only 30c at your grocers

(Except in the West)

THIS is something millions of women will be delighted to know. Mrs. Rorer, the great cooking authority, whose helpful suggestions in household matters, you have enjoyed reading for so many years, has just given us the sole right to roast her own famous blend of coffee, and we are now putting it on the market at 30 cents a pound, over her name and autograph signature thus—

Mrs. Rorer's Coffee

None Genuine Without The Signature Sarah Tyson Rorer

In the triple-sealed, non-aroma-leak package

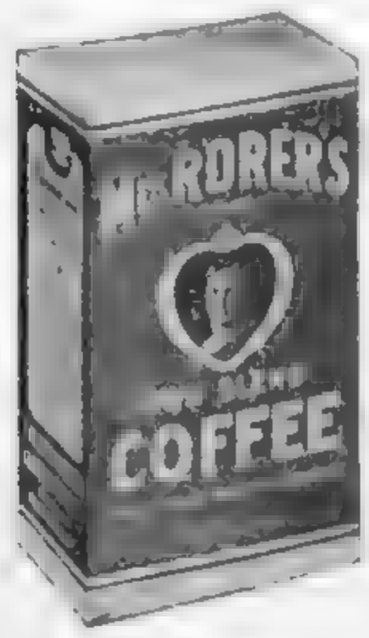
THE very thing you have wished for many a time,—isn't it? Mrs. Rorer's Own Blend at your grocer's! Why, it sounded so good to us, that we hardly dared make up our minds to publish the low price—30c. We knew that, being accustomed to buying 35c to 40c coffee you would find it hard to believe that the best coffee in the world could be sold for 30c. But it is true—just read the following.

The Story of Mrs. Rorer and her Coffee

YOU perhaps remember that some time ago, after many careful experiments, Mrs. Rorer produced a perfect blend of coffee for which she has striven long and earnestly. Her friends were all very enthusiastic about it, and urged her to put it on the market. But she decided that she could not afford to for two reasons:

First, she did not know of one coffee roaster in this whole land who had the equipment and location necessary to do the roasting properly.

Then, second,—and this was even a greater obstacle—she knew that even the best coffee, no matter how nicely blended and carefully roasted, would prove a disappointment simply because no way had yet been found of putting it up so that it would keep its fresh flavor and aroma.



Then she learned of the Climax Coffee and Baking Powder Co., of Indianapolis.

She learned how we had been roasting Coffee since 1869, how we were among the first to import our Coffee direct from the plantation, how our inland location, was free from the moisture laden (flavor-destroying) atmosphere of the seaports, and how our sanitary sunlit factory was equipped with wonderful new, automatic machinery which would make it possible to roast the highest quality coffee for a low price—"At last," said she, "my first obstacle has been overcome. Here my own blend can be properly roasted."

MRS. RORER was further pleased to learn that we were also prepared to solve her other difficulty—that we had just gotten out a newly invented "triple-sealed patented" non-aroma-leak package which, regardless of time, would deliver the coffee to you for your husband's morning cup just as fresh and crisp and delicious as the day it left the roasters. This package consists of paraffined cardboard inner wrapper, sealed paraffined paper outside of that and finally a paper label tightly sealed over all. It's a positive guarantee of the purity and strength, aroma and flavor of the coffee. It protects it absolutely from dust, germs and moisture—triple proof,—"nothing can get in, nothing can get out."

Thus were Mrs. Rorer's difficulties happily solved for her and us. We are now putting out her coffee, *blended under her personal direction, roasted under ideal conditions and put up in the triple-sealed package.*

We are so eager for you to taste its delicious flavor that we permit you to make a trial without risk. Get a package from your grocer. If it does not please you as well as any coffee you ever drank at any price, he is authorized to refund your money.

Let us send you Mrs. Rorer's free book of 27 recipes. It tells how to make perfect coffee in every known way, and gives 20 recipes for delicious desserts with her coffee as a flavor. We will gladly send her book in return for the name of your grocer. Send the coupon today.

MRS. SARAH TYSON RORER,
Care of Climax Coffee and Baking Powder Co.
28 Main St., Indianapolis, Ind

Please send me your free booklet "27 Recipes."

Name _____

Address _____

My Grocer's Name _____

My Grocer's Address _____

Does he sell Mrs. Rorer's Coffee? _____

CLIMAX COFFEE AND BAKING POWDER CO.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND

***"To the retail dealer**—Write us if your jobber cannot supply you with Mrs. Rorer's Coffee. We will see that you are supplied and authorize you to refund purchase price if your customers do not find Mrs. Rorer's Coffee equal to, or better than any other."*

AN EVENING OF NOVEL AND INTERESTING GUESSING-GAMES

THE guessing-games described below not only give opportunity for much individual cleverness, but have a novel feature that greatly increases the amusement and entertainment of all concerned. This consists of an easy way to show the objects to be guessed, in strong light, enlarged size, and in full view of all the company. Here are suggested only a few of the many ways in which you can make a series of guessing-contests the means of a jolly evening, with very little trouble in preparation.

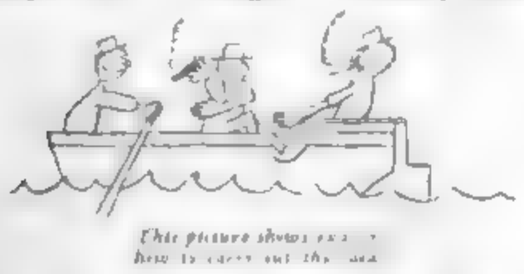
A Good Time With Autograph-Ghosts

This is one of the simplest and also most entertaining of guessing-contests. All you need is a supply of pens, ink and paper for your guests; a sheet to be used as a screen, and your Mirroscope with which to show the "ghosts."

First, have each guest write his or her name on a slip of paper. You then fold on a line below the signature and press firmly so that the ink will blot. The result is an "autograph ghost" like the one shown in the picture, which is from an actual signature. Collect all the slips, let down the back of your Mirroscope, put in the slips, one by one; and at once the ghost appears on the screen enlarged to several feet. Show them perpendicularly as in the illustration. Let each guest write down what he thinks the original signature was, and give first prize to the one with the most correct list.

Clever Illustrations of Familiar Books

For your second contest, let each guest make a pencil-sketch, illustrating a favorite book. The less practical he or she may be in drawing, the more fun for all. No lettering should be allowed. The picture must tell the whole story. You can imagine the hilarity when



This picture shows you how to carry out the idea

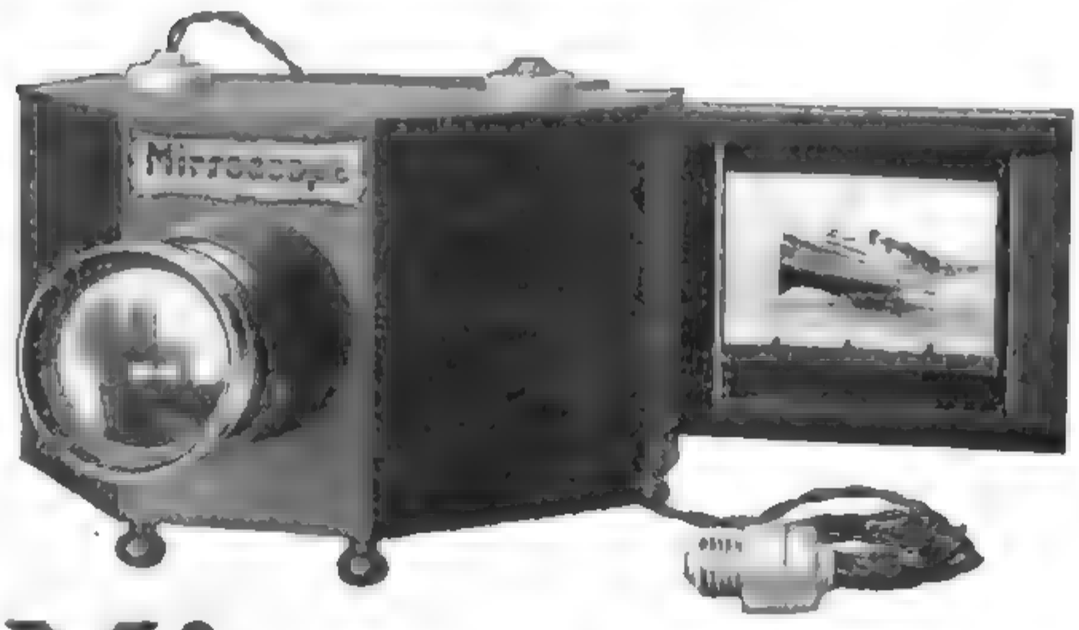
some of these sketches appear—also the difficulty of guessing what is meant. Like the "autograph-ghosts," no expensive preparation is necessary, as the Mirroscope needs no special films, plates, slides, or other paraphernalia. Anything you can put in at the back is instantly thrown on the screen in its original colors.

How Many Trade-Marks Can You Recognize?

This contest will not only furnish amusement, but will test everyone's powers of observation. Clip from the advertising pages of current magazines the trade-mark devices of various products. All lettering should be cut out or obliterated, leaving nothing but the picture or device to indicate the subject. Advertisements in color can be used with even better effect than others, as the Mirroscope will show the original tints accurately.

In the picture above are some examples of well-known advertising devices. You have seen each of them many times. Can you guess them?

The Mirroscope gives opportunity for countless forms of guessing-contests and other entertainments. Read the advertisement on this page, and also the suggestions in the right-hand column.



Mirroscope

IMPROVED 1911 MODEL

THE Mirroscope for 1911, now on sale, has many improvements over all former projectors. Each of the standard sizes is equipped with a powerful double lens; the concave holder for the cards ensures clear definition of the picture to the very edge; the instruments and subjects shown do not get hot; the method of focusing allows perfect and easy adjustment.

The Mirroscope is economical in cost, simple in operation and needs no special or expensive equipment.

It offers endless possibilities for entertainment, such as those described in the columns at the right and left of this advertisement.

The Mirroscope is an easily operated instrument for throwing pictures on a sheet or screen by means of reflected light, projected through a strong lens system. No slides, plates or films are needed; the light is reflected from the object itself, whether it be a photograph, post-card, sketch, painting or any other object that can be put in at the back of the instrument. You can hold your hand, watch or knife in focus and see it reproduced instantly. Everything appears in the original colors, magnified to several feet in diameter. A child can operate it, and five minutes is sufficient for preparation. It has some form of entertainment or instruction for every one in the family, of every age and every taste. Read the list of Mirroscope entertainments at the right.

Here we see family and friends at a Mirroscope guessing-contest. The illustration shows how the Mirroscope enlarges a small drawing.

THREE MIRROSCOPE STYLES

Gas and Electric for town or city; Acetylene for farm, country home, camp or seashore. Gas, complete with Mirroscope mantles and burners; Electric, complete with Mirroscope Tantalum lamps; Acetylene, complete with generator.

SIX SIZES IN EACH STYLE

Four standard sizes: $7.50, $10, $15, $20 (80% of our sales are in the $15 and $10 sizes).

Two toy sizes: $3 and $5. While not as large or elaborate as the standard sizes these instruments are reliable, well-constructed and a great source of enjoyment to the youngsters.

Finish: $3 size, gun-metal finish; $5, $7.50, $10, $20 sizes, copper-oxidized; $15 size handsomely covered with leatherette.

For your protection, every instrument is plainly stamped with the word "Mirroscope." If this is lacking, it is not a genuine Mirroscope and you should not accept it.

Sold by Photographic Material Dealers, and by Photo-Departments of Dry Goods, Department, and Toy Stores. Look for the name "Mirroscope" and accept no substitute. If you can't find the style you wish in your town, write, stating size wanted to us and we will ship you the Mirroscope you select, express prepaid. In Canada add one dollar to any size for duty and prepaid express.

Write for Free Booklet "Mirroscope Entertainments"

Many forms of Mirroscope entertainment described in detail by Mirroscope enthusiasts. Many others suggested. Several never before published. Complete Catalog and price-list.

THE BUCKEYE STEREOPTICON COMPANY

Manufacturers of Mirroscopes and High-Grade Stereopticons for Educational, Scientific and Amusement Purposes

500 Sackett Avenue **Cleveland, Ohio**

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT

IT IS often a great advantage to have at your disposal a good list of suggestions for the amusement or diversion of family and friends at the Christmas festival. They should be things that can be gotten up quickly and easily, require no special preparation or expense, and have originality as well as interest.

If you own a Mirroscope you have the very thing for the purpose. At the bottom of this column is a partial list of ways in which it can be used for entertainment or instruction. The three guessing-contests described in the first column of this page are good examples. All can be carried out easily in a single evening. The following suggestion is on similar lines. It can be included with the other guessing-contests or used with other Mirroscope entertainments.

A New Light on Ancient Proverbs

This is one of the most comical and diverting of all guessing-games. It is sure to set the audience in a roar of laughter. Just select a number of familiar proverbs—such as:

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,"

"A rolling stone gathers no moss,"

"A stitch in time saves nine," etc.

Hand one to each of your guests, letting no one know what the others have drawn. Each

Have you ever heard of this bird before?

person is then to illustrate his proverb with an original sketch. You can imagine how funny some of the results are, by a glance at the accompanying pictures. When all are finished, show them one by one on the Mirroscope, and see who can guess the most. The sudden appearance of the rough sketch with every distortion and error of drawing greatly magnified, will convulse the audience. The would-be artist himself will be as astonished as anyone else on viewing his production.

What familiar proverb does this illustrate

A List of Suggestions for Home Entertainment

Read the description of the Mirroscope on this page and you can see how easy it is to carry out the following suggestions, even at the shortest notice. These, however, are but a few of the endless ways in which the Mirroscope can be used:—

To illustrate a great number of guessing-games, such as those described above.

To show Kodak, post-card, coin, stamp, autograph and other collections.

To illustrate popular songs.

To illustrate account of vacations or travel.

To give plays, charades, etc.

The Mirroscope has unlimited possibilities for amusing and interesting children.

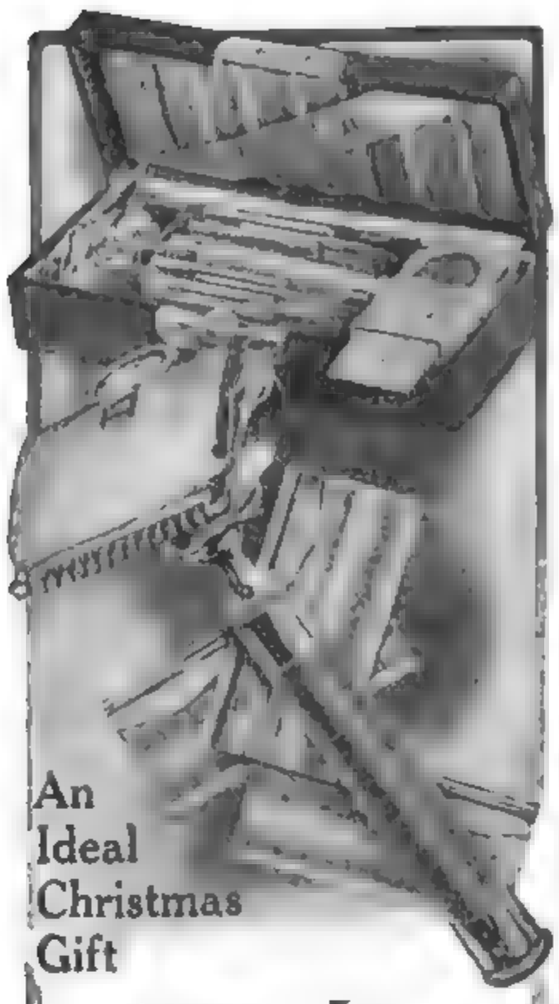
Geography lessons—illustrated by views of cities, mountains, national costumes, famous buildings, racial types, products of soil, etc.

History lessons—famous men and women, great battles on sea or land, art and invention, etc.

Illustrated folk-lore, fairy-stories, Mother Goose, etc.

Natural history talks—with pictures of birds, flowers, fish or animals.

The children can also entertain the family by reading or reciting original stories or well-known ones, showing illustrations clipped from periodicals.



An Ideal Christmas Gift

GEM de LUXE

Safety Razor

FOR THE MAN WITH TENDER SKIN AND HEAVY BEARD

This razor solves the problem. It means absolute comfort and satisfaction to men who shave, and especially to those to whom the average Safety Razor has not yet proven practical. The GEM de LUXE is Safety Razor perfection, yet simple—only two parts, holder and blade.

THE BLADE IS *THE* FEATURE

The GEM de LUXE is an especially constructed, highly tempered Damascene chased steel blade, reinforced with German silver back to allow for stropping—the sharp cutting edge of *every* blade is carefully examined and tested before blade is wrapped and put in case.

The GEM de LUXE outfit, complete as shown above, including 12 blades, all in handsome case $3.50

Sent on request for 30 days' FREE TRIAL

Extra blades, set of 12, 50 cents

You've heard of the original Gem Junior $1.00 outfit—it has no equal for the money—has been a joy to the self-shaver for years. Sold everywhere, used everywhere.

GEM CUTLERY COMPANY
34 Reade Street New York

The original modern Safety Razor makers—30 years in business

Confound It! No Handkerchief

Invited out. Must have one "quick." Memory to the rescue. Goes into nearby store. Buys a

SEALPACKERCHIEF

Breaks the seal. There it is—a fine quality, soft laundered, snowy white handkerchief—ready for the pocket. Just as *personal* as those at home. "Bully idea!"

Admirably suited for Holiday Gifts.

On sale where handkerchiefs are sold.

MEN'S PACKAGES			WOMEN'S PACKAGES (All Pure Linen)		
		Containing	Cambric	Sheer	Containing
Banner		1 for 10c	No. 7	No. 8	1 for 10c
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EVE'S SECOND HUSBAND

(Continued from Page 8)

We were standing in the road, facing one another, he with his hat in one hand while the other reached for something in his breast pocket. There was a moment's hesitation, the brightest beam of humor or curiosity in his eyes regarding me. Then he drew forth a large envelope. I took it mechanically. The next moment I felt the blood fly to my face. It was a photograph of Mr. Bailey. I had been so absorbed in the rites of my widowhood that I had never missed it.

"I found it in one of the dresser-drawers when I moved into your house," he explained. "You must have forgotten it."

His tone was meditative, offensively so; yet I could think of no reply. We walked on together, I holding the covenant-faced profile of Mr. Bailey at arm's length down against the folds of my black dress; he, still bareheaded, carrying his hat in his hand.

I have said that I will write the truth. This accounts for the lack of dialogue in these pages. One does not often recall accurately what one's husband said at the breakfast table, say, twenty-five years ago, nor what one replied, nor how one felt. But it is different with a lover. I never knew any woman to grow so old or so forgetful that she did not remember exactly what her lover said to her upon such and such a day. If it was at night she can tell whether the moon was shining and how many stars saw him do what he did. Just so, I have forgotten a thousand wiser things Adam West said afterward, but I remember every word he uttered that day, and the goldenrods and purple-topped ironweeds we passed along the road, and every beat of my own heart.

He had withdrawn his eyes from me, covering my confusion with averted gaze. Still we had but one thought between us.

"Do you still love him?" he demanded at last in the soft tenor tone of impatience that some men have.

What a question with which to begin a courtship! I thought—for I perceived that I was about to be courted. I should have denied it to the last breath, even to myself; but I perceived it and remained silent. You have already been informed that I was a stupid village girl. It is not my fault if you are disappointed because I cannot record quick, brilliant replies to Adam West's questions. I doubt if any woman ever makes them when she is being courted. There would be something forward, indelicate about wit at such a time.

"Did you ever love him?" he went on after an interval.

I knew that I should resent this. As a matter of fact, I began to weep. Shakspere was profoundly correct from the psychological point when he permitted Richard III to court Anne in the very presence of her dead, and when, after spitting on him, Anne yields to his advances. Love, I believe, takes no account of the dead, nor of mourning veils.

We were passing the old stile by this time which led into the Middlebrooks' sheep pasture. My companion drew me to it, and we sat down.

"I want to talk to you," he said.

"Wait!" I replied, drying my eyes. I felt that something womanly was at stake; that I must answer him promptly. "You ask me if I loved my husband. I must have loved him. Certainly I did. I could never have married him if I had not, could I?"

"Oh, yes, you could! Women do it every day and never find out. But for me you might have gone on, maybe, all your life digging and planting in that grave up there just to prove to yourself what never was true. Women are like that!"

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, bridling. It was as near as I could come to coquetry.

"Yes, I say it. You never loved your husband. You were not made to care for a man like that."

I perceived that he not only despised Mr. Bailey but he was jealous of him. And it comforted me to reflect that Mr. Bailey was where I need not resent what was being said about him. He was no longer my husband. He was merely my memory. Still, I tried to withdraw my hands, both of which were held folded together between the palms of Adam West. This was my last, faint effort at widowhood propriety.

"Listen to me," he went on. "You are placid, like the earth. You are one of those great, peaceful women who have no brains, and who balance the world in its orbit. But for you and your kind we should be tumbling, dead atoms in space ——"

"Really, Mr. West ——"

"Your name is Eve, mine is Adam. Call me Adam! This is just outside the Garden of Eden, this little stile—outside, mark you. And I need you to love me and help me do things by the sweat of my brow. I can't do without you. I am too light. I am not a good man. I have to be redeemed over and over. I need you for that. It is no easy life I am offering you—and not much happiness; but if you will marry me now I promise you shall be the wife of the governor of this state in ten years. If you don't I'll be damned. I can't help it. I am by nature a sort of fizzle."

He paused and looked at me. There were tears in his eyes. I felt my own fill. Then I swung back from him and laughed. He caught me to him and kissed me, and we laughed together. One lovely thing about love is that it is made up so much of laughter, and that it has so few premonitions of sorrow. All lovers are babes in the woods.

An old ewe came and looked at us through the rails of the fence. I remember how grave and maternal her air was.

The everlasting attraction such men as Adam West have for women is their fascinating veracity, and their need of us which they know so well how to express in an eloquent love-prayer. They are really the greatest liars in existence, because their truthfulness produces a false impression and their very love is a kind of epilepsy, a fit that comes and goes. There was I, for example, ready to marry Adam because he had confessed the very worst limitations, thus casting the responsibility of the future upon me if I accepted him, because he needed me. Never once had Mr. Bailey expressed or felt such a lack. He was entirely sufficient—morally, mentally and spiritually at least. There was nothing a wife could do for such a man. He produced, in fact, the most depressing of all impressions upon a woman—that of being and feeling superior to her. It is a prerogative as strong as instinct with us to have this feeling of superiority ourselves. I was a simple brow-smitten woman in my first marriage. The second held other experiences.

But now we were two lovers sitting on the bottom step of the old sheep-pasture stile.

"How did you ever come to know me well enough to love me?" I asked.

"How did you come to know me well enough?" he retorted.

"I didn't, but I do!"

We laughed and kissed again.

Then Adam changed his face. From gayety it cooled into gravity, the kind a man shows when he remembers pitying a woman.

"I will tell you how I came to know you well enough to love you," he said, looking away from me.

"You recall that it was late in February that I bought your house. It was still warm with your passing presence when I moved into it. There were red embers in the fireplace and the hearth was brushed so clean, as if you had considered me. There were little tokens of you and your sweet industry everywhere. I went about at the very first, taking note of them in each room. The stiff, ruffled white curtains at the windows were so feminine. That row of polished platters on the kitchen shelf touched me. All was swept and garnished so particularly. You must have been lonely, you were always so busy. From the first day I missed you, a woman I had never seen. Then, in the spring all the things you had planted came up, little orphan flowers in my yard, that looked for you. They had been your children I knew—a little spelling class of bachelor-buttons along the garden walk, lonesome young lilies that bloomed like candles in the evening waiting for you." He paused, dashed his hand across his eyes and exclaimed:

"God! it was awful; living in Eve's garden without Eve!"

Men like Adam have a histrionic talent so well developed they think they are being truthful when they are only dramatizing their fancies.

"One day I found Bailey's photograph where you had forgotten it. And then I

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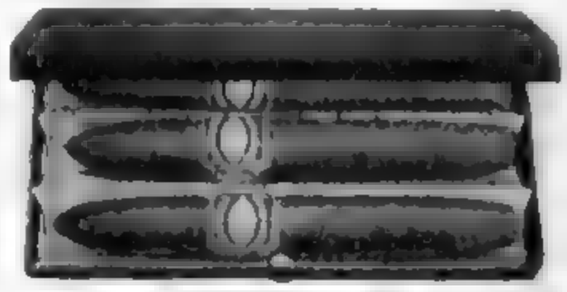

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understood all your little indefatigable labors. You were trying to pass the time, poor child! Your heart was empty, and you did not dream that it was so. You thought you were a happy housewife. But you were only the keeper of the house, the little widowed Eve-mother of the flowers in your garden!"

He lifted my hands and kissed them.

"And that is how I came to know you well enough to love you!" he concluded.

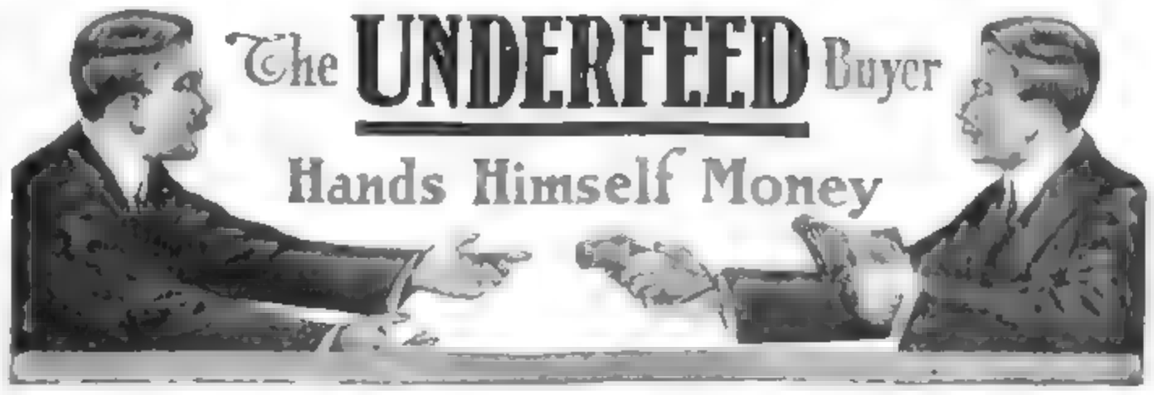
We were married the following April. There is no need to describe the day. All April days are so nearly alike. The years do not change them as they do brides and grooms. There were the thin, misty wings of sweetly transient clouds in the blue above us. The earth was blossom-crowned. And, I remember, there was a tomtit wedding going on under the eaves of the old church as we entered.

One thing only darkened the edges of that bright day for me. A woman may be married more than once, but she can be a bride but once. The trance is broken ever after. She cannot even look like one but once. She may wear what she will of wreaths and whiteness, but the look of the bride never is there. I feared in my heart that Adam might notice this.

And now since that day I have been the wife of Adam West. This is not so much my distinction as it is my state of being. I have no distinction, but he is a celebrated man. This is as it should be. In a proper marriage the husband may be distinguished if he can, but it is better for the wife to remain a restful, unknown person. Fame is not nearly so becoming to women as it is to men anyhow. It is more than apt to cast them or their husbands out of drawing.

It is especially important that the wife of a public man should efface herself—not to the public, but to him. He needs all the room there is in matrimony, which is always more or less cramping, to expand his personality, that aura of the mountebank, preacher and politician. And, although the citizens of Booneville did not suspect it, Adam was already on his way to becoming a successful politician—that is, a local statesman. He had all the natural qualifications necessary for such a success, although I was longer in discovering them than you might infer from the ease with which I am cataloguing them. In the first place, he had a fine moral sense which had nothing in the world to do with his character. It gave an old-fashioned granite stamina to his public utterances which inspired confidence. Adam's moral sense was like some religious rituals. It was for the people, not for him. Again, he was short-sighted spiritually. He did not belong yet to God, but to this world, as the oak belongs to the earth. He was and is still interestingly unscrupulous when it comes to weeding his own row. He is not the man to be trusted in the Master's vineyard. He is a magnificent tare among tares, and not an easy one to reap. He has worked out his salvation in this present world without much fear and trembling. I do not know what will become of him in the next. There have been so many more immediate anxieties. I have been worn to a frazzle worrying over his honor and his fortunes and his impudence with Destiny, but never for a moment have I ceased to admire him even more than I loved him. He is made of some kind of profane hero dust which is not subject to the same tests that saints are. Some men are to be judged by their morals or their petty pieties; and some demand to be judged by their deeds, by their excellent faults. Adam belongs to this class, and what follows consists of the apocryphal scriptures of his life, touched constantly from the sweet innerside by Eve, his wife; for from the day of our wedding I became not so much his better half as his nether millstone, the weight that balanced him and often obstructed him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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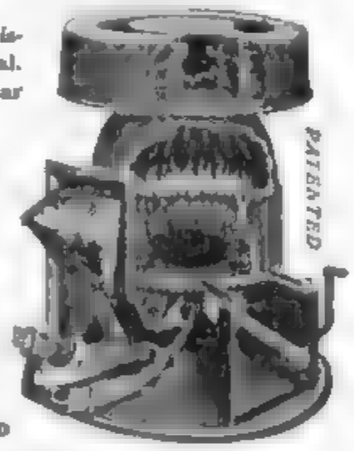

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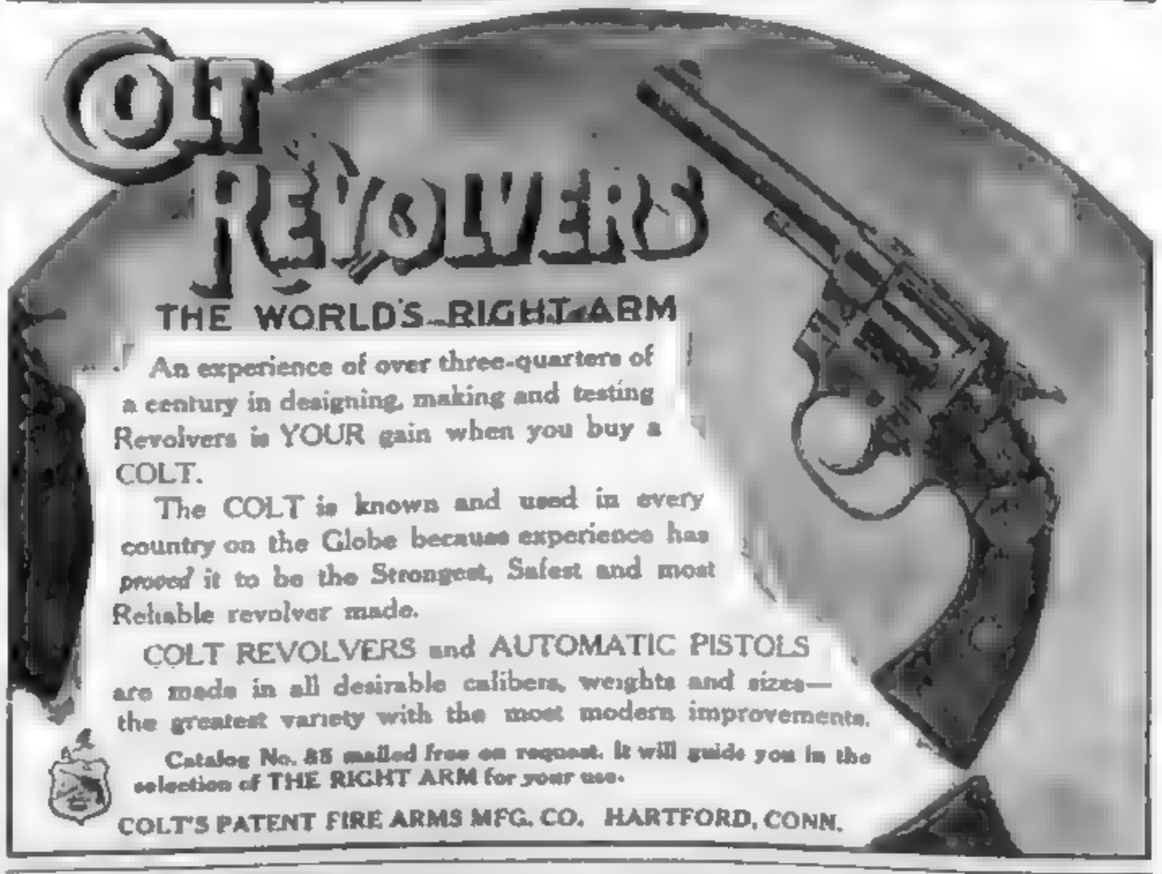
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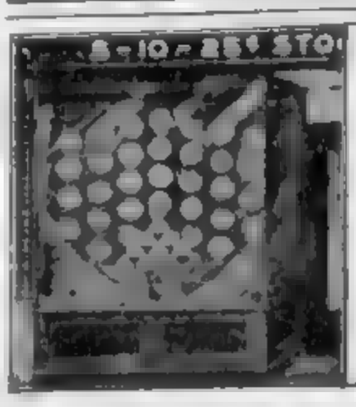

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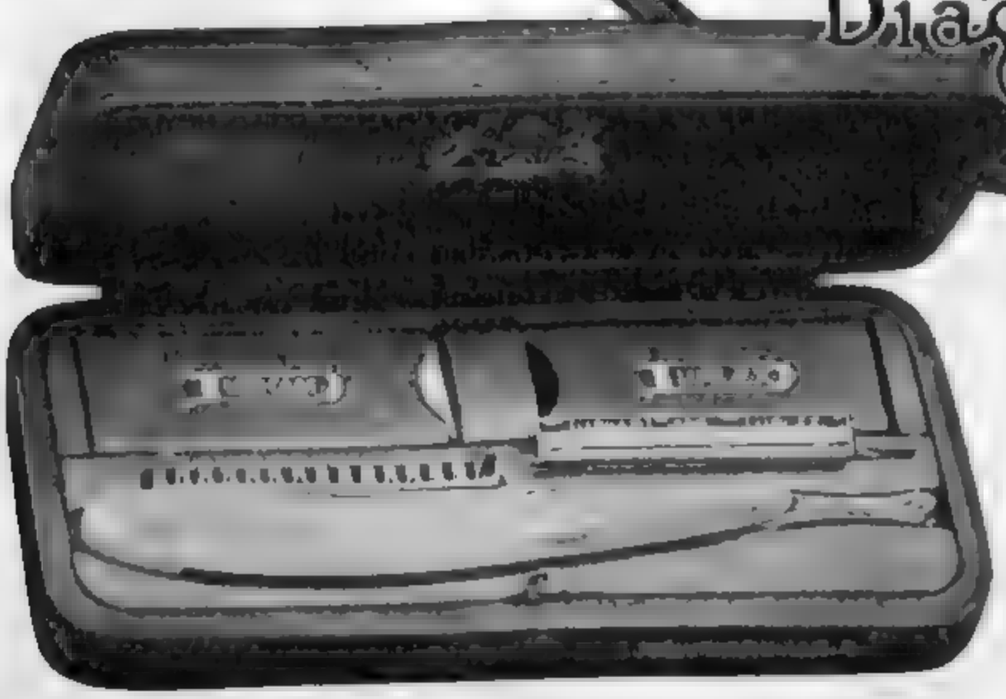

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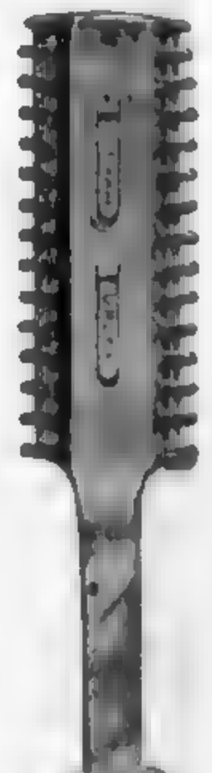

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The Career of Farthest North

(Continued from Page 31)

and went on spreading them out, sneezing and besmudging himself with genuine antiquarian zeal. He judged that the tongue in which they were written was Dutch. One appeared to be a letter and the other, perhaps, some sort of contract. Upon two points, however, there could be no doubt. Both documents were plainly dated 1731; the letter was signed J. Van Der Scheldt, and the longer document bore that signature and the signature A. Schmetterhorn. Mr. Hubbard was the first to decipher the latter name, and it fairly startled him.

"My stars!" he cried; "that's interesting—1731! Why, that's old Jacob Vanderscheldt, the first of the family in America, and the other is old Anselm Schmetterhorn—two great families right there, side by side! And now, do you see," he added, looking at Farthest and Edith with the deepest interest, "they're once more side by side, for Mrs. Jacob Vanderscheldt is a Schmetterhorn! Good gracious! This would interest her!"

As the old gentleman realized how interested she would be, it naturally occurred to him that her interest would extend more or less to the person who brought the document to her knowledge, and Farthest detected a covetous gleam in his aged eyes.

"Well, that is interesting!" Farthest affirmed promptly and enthusiastically. "Fortunately I'm going down to New York tomorrow. I'll take these papers along and have 'em translated." He considered a moment. "Why, see here, Mr. Hubbard; you're acquainted with Mrs. Vanderscheldt. Would you mind giving me a little note of introduction? The papers are no good to me. I'd really like to give them to her."

Mr. Hubbard surmised that Farthest was not above the human weakness of wishing to bask, if only for a minute, in the smiles of the great. He hesitated a moment, but saw no reason for refusing so reasonable a request Not only would it oblige Mr. North, but in a way it would oblige Mrs. Vanderscheldt herself. "Certainly," he said generously; "I'll give you a note to her." He would have done it on the spot, but the inn stationery was hardly fit for so rare a service. "Stop at the cottage on your way to the train," he said. "I'll have the note ready for you."

Thus, the next noon Farthest took the train for New York, bearing not only the old Dutch manuscripts but a note of introduction to Mrs. Jacob Vanderscheldt, which read as follows:

"*Dear Madam:* My highly valued young friend, Mr. Francis North, who presents this, has discovered two old Dutch manuscripts under conditions that he will describe. It at once occurred to me that they would interest you, especially because they link the name of one of your ancestors with the name of one of Mr. Vanderscheldt's ancestors. I suggested to Mr. North that he ought to let you see the manuscripts, knowing your interest in such matters. Faithfully yours,

"WESLEY HUBBARD."

He dispatched the note from his hotel with a request to know when he might be privileged to call upon Mrs. Vanderscheldt, and awaited the result with considerable anxiety. Oddly enough, Fifth Avenue, upon which he looked from the window of the room that he begrudged paying for, rather disconcerted him, although it was by no means an unfamiliar spectacle. Its panorama of gorgeous shops and parade of fashionable equipages gave an uncomfortable air of reality to a myth that he had treated with utter contempt at Bethany—the myth that certain beings here were so hedged about by wealth, prestige and custom that an unknown man couldn't get action on one of them.

But before the day was out he was notified that Mrs. Vanderscheldt would see him at four o'clock the next afternoon. That encouraged him; yet again the next afternoon he was secretly humiliated because he couldn't help feeling a bit abashed by the big house and solemn menservants, and when Mrs. Vanderscheldt confronted him—a tall, erect presence, with white hair and frigid eyes—he really felt so underdoggy for a moment that he fumbled with the beginning of his story and foolishly apologized because the old manuscripts were not clean.

Getting himself in hand, and rapidly gaining confidence as he noticed that she listened with interest, he explained how he had found the documents—namely, in an old New England inn, practically deserted and half dilapidated. He described the ancient writing desk in which the documents lay and several other pieces of old furniture in the inn—although the other pieces happened, in point of fact, to be still in the antiquarian shops. He had come across the inn, he said, in the course of an exploration of the old routes between Albany and Boston, on one of which, he believed, the inn had been built. The old place, with its neglected relics of the past, had so charmed him that he had at once bought it outright.

As to the documents, it promptly appeared that Mrs. Vanderscheldt's scholarship was unequal to making a translation offhand; so Farthest translated them for her, having prudently committed the translation to memory—a comparatively simple feat since he had dictated the matter that they were to contain. In brief, the letter was evidently written by Jacob Vanderscheldt, the first, to some unknown person who was then engaged in building the inn that Farthest had so enthusiastically described, while the other document was an agreement whereby Mr. Vanderscheldt and Mr. Schmetterhorn undertook to guarantee the payment of certain debts which the person was contracting in connection with the construction of the inn. It was clear that Messrs. Vanderscheldt and Schmetterhorn were sufficiently interested in the inn-builder to lend him their credit; but what was even more interesting, it seemed from the letter, was the fact that the inn was to be more or less a copy of the mansion that Mr. Schmetterhorn, about the year 1731, was erecting in Greenwich Village, the name given to that portion of Manhattan Island south of what is now Fourteenth Street and west of Broadway. In depicting the inn to Mrs. Vanderscheldt, indeed, Farthest had drawn more or less upon several cuts and descriptions of the Schmetterhorn mansion which he had come across in the libraries.

What had interested him at once, he explained, was the conjunction of the names Vanderscheldt and Schmetterhorn. Although, he added modestly, he had devoted a good deal of time to examining the historical remains of old New York, and although he knew that the two gentlemen, being prominent contemporaries, must have been more or less associated, this was the first instance in which he had discovered actual proof of their acting together. Of course, as to the circumstances surrounding the documents, much must remain mere conjecture; yet he ventured to offer Mrs. Vanderscheldt this explanation: "Suppose some faithful servant or agent of Mr. Vanderscheldt had decided to build an inn on the Boston-Albany route and Mr. Vanderscheldt had benevolently encouraged him—kindly engaging, also, the interest of his friend, Mr. Schmetterhorn? Or, it might have been a faithful servant of Mr. Schmetterhorn? One couldn't pretend to tell."

Mrs. Vanderscheldt was listening with much interest—both in the documents and in the modest young man who presented them. Wesley Hubbard, she knew, was one of those Westerners who were continually bobbing up in possession of absurd amounts of money; but he had the uncommon merit of being a Scion. She surmised that this Mr. North must also be a rich Westerner—presumably the heir of sawmills, iron mines or breweries—who had taken up the admirable hobby of colonial research. No pursuit, in her opinion, could be more commendable in a young man so situated.

The great lady, in fact, entertained considerable prejudice against the rising horde of new-rich. They overran and vulgarized everything. Wives of fellows whose fathers were mere peasants not only brushed elbows with herself, but occasionally, figuratively speaking, put their elbows in her ribs and stepped ahead of her. Jacob Vanderscheldt was a less conspicuous figure than the son of an impecunious country parson. Even the best society was tainted with the stablelike atmosphere that these barbarians exhaled; so that among people of good family the Vanderscheldts were mentioned as being only moderately rich, while the Schmetterhorns were spoken of pityingly as being hardly more than beggars. To the worst of the

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Engines are cast iron—not tin—and are modeled after the big engines you see on the most up-to-date railroads. The best quality springs, not the breakable kind (note our guarantee) are used and they will stand the roughest kind of usage.

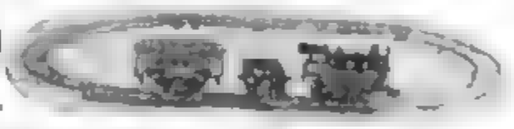
Our Guarantee We will replace free of charge any springs used in our locomotives which may wear out or break within a period of six months.
AMERICAN FLYER MFG. CO., Chicago.

This is absolutely the only toy engine made that is so liberally guaranteed. The cars are all American models, beautifully painted and decorated in bright colors baked on so hard that even the baby can't get them off

Our catalog tells all about American Flyer Trains and shows how a complete railroad system can be built up by adding trackage, freight cars, depots, tunnels, signals, turn tables, switches, bridges, etc. Sold in sets from $1.00 to $10.00 according to size of outfit. Same sterling quality in them all.

The outfit to the right, consisting of iron locomotive, tender, one car and eight lengths of track, price at your dealer's . . . . . Or, **if he will not supply you,** we deliver prepaid in the United States on receipt of price, **$1.50.** To Canada and Mexico, $2.00.

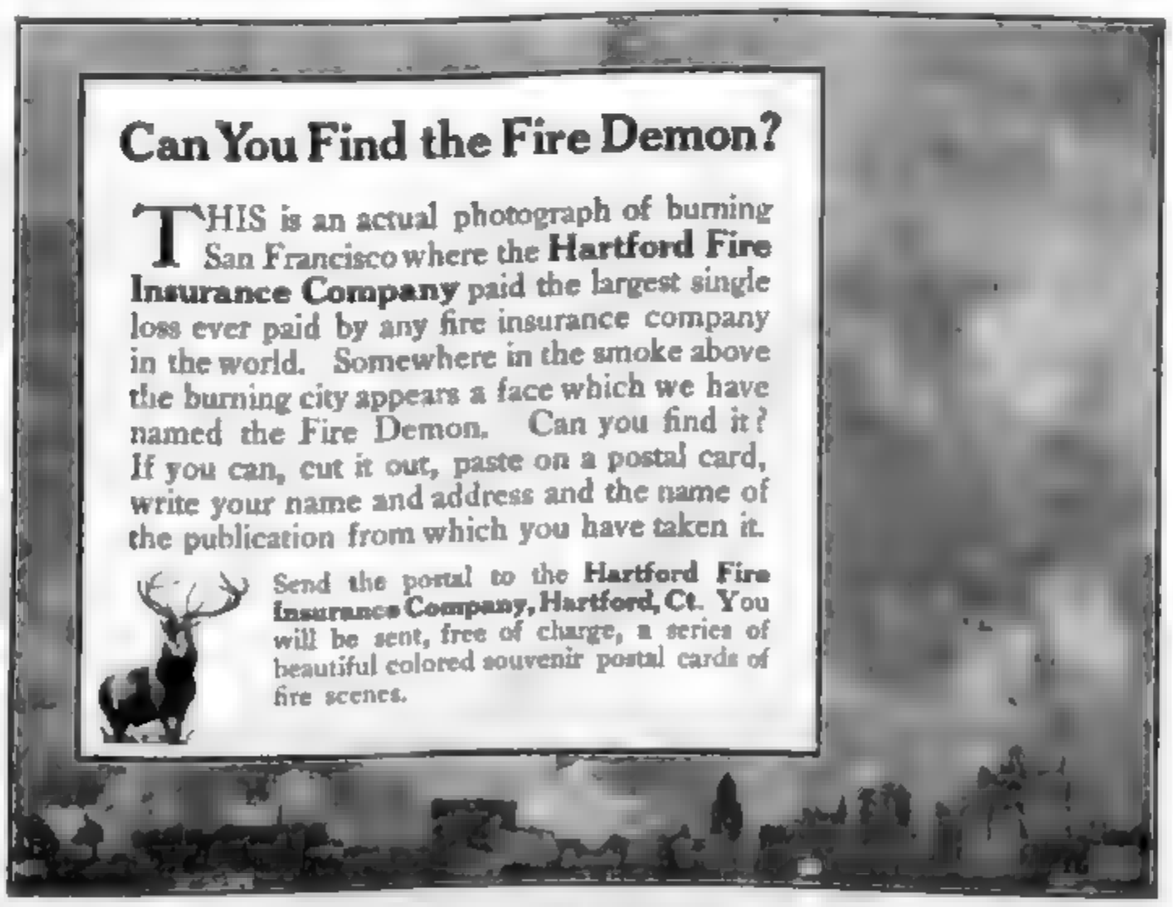
$1.50



Train and track illustrated at top of advertisement, including locomotive, tender, 2 passenger coaches, [illegible] pieces of track price, **$5.00.** In Canada and Mexico, $6.00. The extras as illustrated, consisting of Bridge, [illegible] Crossing [illegible] Semaphore, **$2.50** additional. In Canada and Mexico, $3.00. Nearly 3000 dealers sell American Flyers—over [illegible] orders were shipped in one day in November.

Demand American Flyers of your dealer and get our iron-clad guarantee. Do not let him sell you anything else. If it is not guaranteed for six months, it is not an American Flyer. If he does not sell American Flyer Trains send us his name and we will deliver prepaid upon receipt of price. Our interesting catalog free on request.

AMERICAN FLYER MFG. CO., 1920 W. Kinzie Street, CHICAGO, ILL.



Can You Find the Fire Demon?

THIS is an actual photograph of burning San Francisco where the **Hartford Fire Insurance Company** paid the largest single loss ever paid by any fire insurance company in the world. Somewhere in the smoke above the burning city appears a face which we have named the Fire Demon. Can you find it? If you can, cut it out, paste on a postal card, write your name and address and the name of the publication from which you have taken it.

Send the postal to the **Hartford Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Ct.** You will be sent, free of charge, a series of beautiful colored souvenir postal cards of fire scenes.

Any good traveling man

can add about $20 a week to his present income by calling on dealers with our side-line (a nationally-advertised article) during usual spare time. Those with more time can make more money. Write us for particulars.

The S. Obermayer Co., 872 Evans St., Cincinnati, O.
Established 1874. See Dun or Bradstreet Rating

IF YOU LIKE NUTS

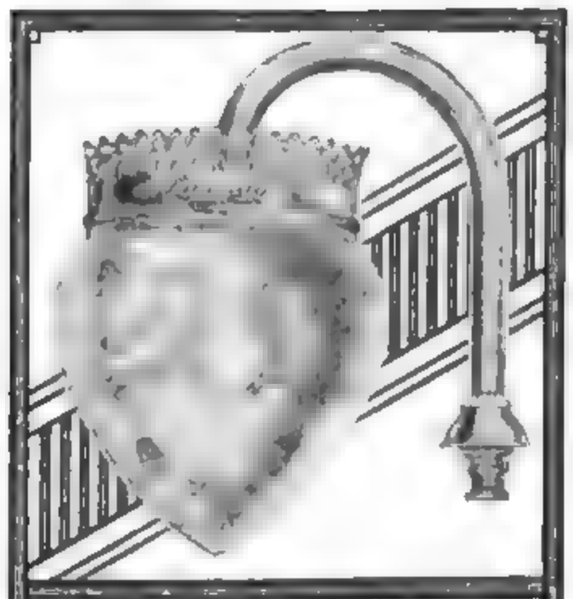
You should try our choice wild grown Pecans—new winter crop—the sweetest, meatiest, most delicious nut you ever put between your teeth, the thinnest shelled and the easiest cracked that grow. [illegible] at 20c. for a pound, express prepaid (east of the Missouri River). If you want to try them first, send us 10 cents in stamps and we will send you by return mail a large, generous sample. Write today.

Southern Indiana Pecan Company, Mt. Vernon, Ind.

By Shipping Us Your FURS

You have these advantages: We stand all charges, deduct [illegible] allow extra per cent on [illegible] $100 or more. Send for price list and ship to

M. F. PFAELZER & CO.
6 E. 19th St. (Desk 45), New York City



Artificial or Natural Gas—Which?

The Lindsay Inverted Light successfully uses either gas. It is the only inverted light that does.

Varying pressure is absolutely controlled by the Lindsay patent Regulator. There are no screens or gauzes to clean nor to interfere with gas pressure.

Still more—it has the Lindsay TUNGSTEN Mantle *Registered Trade Mark*—the durable, universally-fitting mantle that saves your eyes, and money too.

The Lindsay Inverted Light, like cut above, (complete with the artistic globe, beautifully etched), only $1.50

The name, Lindsay, is on every burner and mantle box.

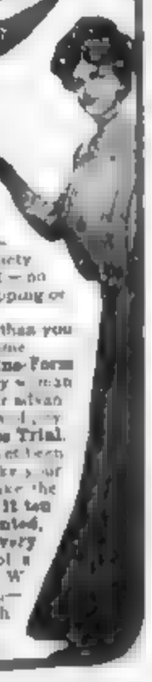
If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

Lindsay Light Company

NEW YORK *CHICAGO*

Dealers: We want every local dealer to get his full share of our business. If not supplied write us.

Fine-Form MATERNITY SKIRT



of great interest to

Every Prospective Mother

Something new—only a limited garment of the kind ever invented. Combines wonderful comfort and ease with fine looks and elegant appearance in the home, on the street and in society.

Always drapes evenly in front and back—no bunching—no drawing—no binding—no tipping or sagging—**Can be worn the year round**

Made to several styles and at prices lower than you can buy the material and have them made at home.

Free See illustrated Book—"Fine-Form Maternity Skirt"—It's Free to every woman writing for it. Tells all about these skirts, their advantages, styles, materials, and cost. Gives opinions of physicians, dressmakers and users. **Ten Days Free Trial.** When you get our book if your dealer has not yet been supplied with Fine-Form Maternity Skirts, make your selection of material and style and we will make the garment to your order. When you get it, **wear it ten days and if you don't find it exactly as represented,** send it back and we will cheerfully **refund every cent paid. Other Skirts**—If not in need of a maternity skirt, whenever our famous H & W dress and walking skirts are specified please accept **same guarantee**—Illustrated book free. Which one shall we send? Write today to

Boyer & Williams Co. Dept 11 Buffalo, N.Y.

A Useful Xmas Gift

Pointers On Pencil Economy

U. S. Automatic Pencil Sharpener

Pays for itself six times a year in any ordinary office.

It's a Wonder!

Guaranteed

Ask your Dealer

Automatic Pencil Sharpener Co.

33 Randolph Street, Chicago

Write for our booklet "A Saving Pointer"

PATENT and **TRADE-MARK** business solicited from Responsible Manufacturers and Inventors. Clients in 42 States. FREE BOOKLETS. Est'd 50 years. MASON, FENWICK & LAWRENCE, 615 F St., Washington, D.C.

brutes nothing was sacred. Scarcely six months had passed since her brother, A. Van Vetter Schmetterhorn, had engaged in a financial transaction with a person from Kansas City who ought to have been currying the Schmetterhorn horses. Far from performing that humble office, however, the person had ripped off a good fourth of the ancient but shrunken Schmetterhorn fortune, and had triumphantly borne it away to his bedizened wigwam in Kansas City. The lady's ears still tingled with the beastly laughter that had greeted that performance. The bitter fact was that her own world had become corrupt. Had not her son married the daughter of that man whom people in the street commonly called "Pete" Johnson?

Obviously, however, if rich Westerners in the second generation developed a taste for colonial history there was a fair chance of their finding out where they belonged and who was who. Thus Mr. North's amiable hobby struck her as peculiarly appropriate and promising. Besides, a certain intimate preciousness certainly was attached to a genuine document, nearly two hundred years old, bearing the signatures of the first Vanderscheldt and a Schmetterhorn.

With engaging embarrassment, Farthest ventured to hope that she would accept the documents—not only because, in a way, they rightfully belonged to her as the descendant of the signers, but because he felt indebted to her as the living representative of those Schmetterhorns and Vanderscheldts with whom he had spent many pleasant hours in poring over colonial records. There was still another motive, he confessed with a frank yet bashful laugh: he hoped to have Mrs. Vanderscheldt's approval of an idea that had been growing upon him for some time. This idea, it appeared, was nothing less than to inaugurate a great revival of interest in colonial affairs. He had made it his ambition.

"We have bigger mills, mines, railroads, what-not, than ever before," he explained with gentle gravity; "more money than ever before; but we are by way of thinking too much of those things and losing sight of something in the older time that was really fine. We are by way of having a mere railroad society. Of course," he hastened to add apologetically, with a gesture that might indicate the West generally, "I am speaking of the people with whom I personally come in contact."

"If you were speaking of the people I come in contact with," said Mrs. Vanderscheldt promptly and with a decided touch of acerbity, "you might speak even more emphatically. A railroad society! I can't step foot outside the house without the cars running over me."

"Indeed!" Farthest murmured politely. But he was thinking, with much satisfaction: "So the fool society papers had the old lady down pat, after all!" He proceeded to disclose his plan.

"For example, last winter," he said, "the most talked-of social event in New York was that ball for which the hostess hired a big hotel."

The lady's brows contracted in a slight frown—which was not necessary, however, to tell him what she thought of the ball, for her absence from it had been copiously commented upon in the press at the time.

"The newspapers printed columns and pages about it, not only here in New York but everywhere—all over my country," he continued, repeating his slight westward gesture. "It attracted more public attention, I think, than any other event of the year. Coming with the stamp of New York, with the supposed approval of New York's finest society, what must have been the consequence? The consequence must have been to set up everywhere a false standard, or to strengthen a false standard that had already been set up—as though the highest social distinction really consisted in the mere ability to spend three hundred thousand dollars on a ball. From one end of the country to the other the Smith-Browns were accepted as the finest flowers of American society!"

"Very true!" said Mrs. Vanderscheldt emphatically. She herself had reflected bitterly upon the same circumstance—not, be it understood, that she cared in the least because the Smith-Browns excelled her in newspaper notoriety. Was she a patent-medicine vender or a notice-seeking actress that she should mind that? But she regretted to see the public so misled.

"Well, this winter," Farthest continued, "I should like very much to see in New

HERE'S the place where two egg-raisers make **$12,000 a year**

A glimpse of the great laying houses with 5500 pullets always at work

READERS of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST:—If you want plenty of fresh eggs winter and summer alike, to eat or to sell, subscribe now for the **FARM JOURNAL**, and get with it the famous

Corning Egg-Book

which tells how two egg-raisers from the city, in poor health and without experience, beginning with *thirty hens*, in a few years built up a business which has paid them

$6.41 a year per hen.

Nearly 100,000 copies of this remarkable book sold in less than six months. You see, instead of managing hens in the old ways, they learned after many failures the secret of making them **lay the most eggs in winter.** This was like finding gold on the farm. City hotels and rich families contracted to take all the eggs they could supply, at fancy prices. These hotels soon found their delicious egg-dishes and drinks a tremendous attraction. "Most people have never eaten a *perfect* egg," says one house that sells Corning eggs at double prices—and it's *true*.

The Corning Egg-Book opens up a new money-making business of tremendous possibilities. With this book for a guide, you can raise fresh eggs the year round, and sell them at high prices, or eat them and SAVE the high prices—or BOTH. The demand for fresh eggs is never satisfied. Learn how to furnish well-to-do customers a *regular supply*, winter and summer, and they will take all you can raise, at high prices. Egg-raising is much simpler than poultry-raising. The hard work of killing, dressing, and packing chickens is left out. The rest can be done by men in poor health, women, school-boys, girls, and others not qualified for regular business.

The publishers of the FARM JOURNAL want more readers in city, town, suburbs or country who want to *grow things*. So to all subscribers who want the CORNING EGG-BOOK they make the offer below.

The FARM JOURNAL is made for every one who raises poultry, eggs, fruit, vegetables, milk, butter, honey, etc., as well as grain and cattle. It has the LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY FARM PAPER IN THE WORLD,—over 750,000. It has departments devoted to housekeeping, dressmaking, recipes, and bright, fresh reading for boys and girls. It is brief, crisp, condensed and PRACTICAL. Every month it tells what to do NOW, and the best way to do it. No long-winded essays. "Cream, not skim-milk," is its motto. It is now running a series called "Back to the Soil," true stories of city people who have changed to country life, intensely interesting. It never prints a medical or trashy advertisement, and its columns are an absolutely reliable guide in buying. Most of its subscribers pay FIVE TO TEN YEARS AHEAD. It is a special favorite with women. Every one who has a garden, yard, flower-bed, or even a kitchen, ought to have this bright, cheery, useful home paper.

SPECIAL OFFER:—We will send, postpaid, FARM JOURNAL for Four Full Years, with CORNING EGG-BOOK,

Both for $1.00

cash, money order, check, or stamps. Book and paper may go to different addresses, if necessary.

FARM JOURNAL 158 Clifton St. PHILADELPHIA

Cut out and send this Coupon

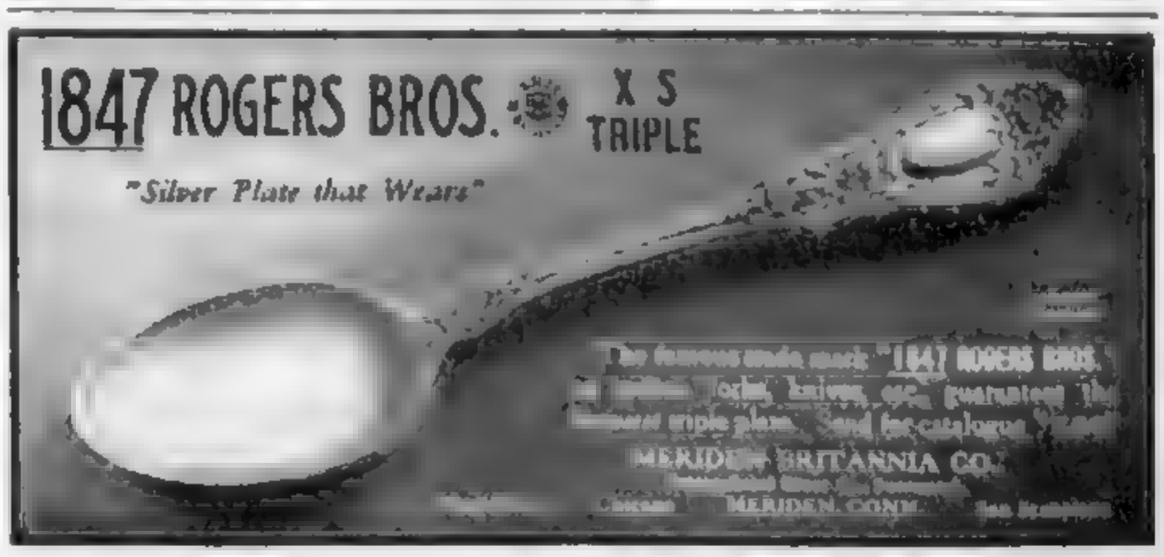
FARM JOURNAL, 158 Clifton St., Philadelphia.

Enclosed find $1.00. Send the Farm Journal for four years, beginning with the December issue, and the Corning Egg-Book, to

Name

P. O.

R. F. D. State



Marion Harland's Christmas Message

"I BELIEVE no more wonderful gift could be bestowed upon the women of America at this Christmas time than the benefits which result from the use of a Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner.

"To the woman doing her own housework it offers the priceless boon of relief from drudgery—of hours saved for happier things.

"To the woman with servants it offers a means of securing and retaining *satisfactory* servants.

"To every woman it offers the opportunity for sanitary cleanliness in her home, otherwise impossible.

"It means protection from dread disease for every member of the household and especially for the helpless little ones.

"It has been my lifelong theory, founded upon tragic facts, that dust is a deadly enemy in our homes. With the advent of the Duntley Cleaner dust is banished, with all its attendant evils, and no woman need be without the Duntley another day. Mr. Duntley has developed a plan which places his cleaner within the reach of you all.

"I can wish you nothing better at this beautiful season than the gift of a cleaner, happier, more healthful home, which the Duntley will surely bring you. Won't you write me for all the information I can give you about it?"

Marion Harland

Domestic Expert

A Free Demonstration of THE DUNTLEY in Your Home

Communicate with our nearest dealer and have the Duntley demonstrated on your own rugs, curtains, clothes, mattresses, furs, chairs—anything in the house. Use it yourself and see what it will do. It is practically noiseless and costs but about two cents per hour to operate. Can be had on easy monthly payments if desired. If there is no dealer in your town fill out this coupon and mail to us.

Duntley Manufacturing Company
496 Harvester Building, Chicago

Please send me further information about the Duntley.

Name

Address

I have electric current in my home.

York an event—more or less of a social nature—that would be of a quite different sort and tend to set up quite different standards, and would attract even more public attention than that ball."

In short, he wished to give in New York a faithful reproduction of that ball with which Mr. Anselm Schmetterhorn had celebrated the opening of his Greenwich Village mansion in 1732, followed by a reproduction of the ball that Mr. Martin Vanderscheldt had given in 1836. He hadn't as yet worked out the details; but in a general way he proposed to rent Madison Square Garden or the largest armory in the city. At one end there would be a scene of old New York—real grass and trees, with Mr. Schmetterhorn's Greenwich Village mansion standing in the midst. Guests, correctly costumed, would arrive in correct equipages. The house would be so constructed that one side would roll up, disclosing the interior, correctly furnished. The guests would dance, take refreshments, promenade. The performance, if one might style it such, need last only a little while, so as not to be fatiguing. Now, whether Mr. Vanderscheldt's ball of 1836 should be reproduced the same evening, or the next evening, he wasn't yet certain. He thought it should be, to a degree, a public spectacle, invitations being issued at five or ten dollars a ticket; but the entire gross receipts should be devoted to charity—whatever charity Mrs. Vanderscheldt approved.

Knowing that Mr. Hubbard was on the point of leaving for California to spend the winter, he felt justified in mentioning that gentleman as one of those interested in the project. He was sure that this plan would attract attention to colonial times as nothing else could, and tend powerfully to set up a better social standard—provided the plan could be carried out in the right way and with the right stamp. Unless it could be done in the right way it would degenerate into a mere insignificant theatrical spectacle, with which it would not be worth anybody's while to bother. But if those who took part in the spectacle as guests at the old balls should be, as nearly as practicable, descendants or connections by marriage of descendants of actual guests at the original gatherings, and if the enterprise could enjoy the countenance of Mrs. Jacob Vanderscheldt, he thought its significance and its moral effect upon the country at large would be simply tremendous.

Now, in several particulars, this plan appealed to Mrs. Vanderscheldt. In the first place, she could recall offhand a good many people who cherished the notion that they were in the very center of society who didn't go halfway back to 1836, let alone 1732. Naturally they would be relegated to a position among the spectators at five dollars a head. Viewing from that position the elect upon the stage, they might receive an impression of social values that would thereafter be serviceable not only to themselves but also to the elect. Among this number would be the Smith-Browns, who had given the vastly advertised and horribly expensive ball of the preceding winter.

The lady found herself, in short, quite pleased with the project and with its amiable originator—who, although he was a rich Westerner, had eminently sound and praiseworthy ideas upon subjects of the first importance. Farthest ventured to suggest apologetically that he would no doubt be obliged to call upon her more or less for advice as he proceeded to develop his plans, because, though he would engage the best antiquarian talent, he felt that her taste and judgment would be invaluable. She replied cordially that she would be very happy to lend assistance whenever he felt the need of it, and she was smiling when he took his leave.

Walking down Fifth Avenue to his hotel, Farthest good-naturedly reprobated himself for the low, unworthy spirit that had made him feel so nervous before his interview with the great lady.

With his usual praiseworthy energy he proceeded to develop his plans, as he had assured Mrs. Vanderscheldt he would do. Within two days he began sending her by post and messenger very pretty watercolor sketches of the stage-scene with the old Schmetterhorn mansion, interior views of the house, costumes, carriages and whatnot; in fact, he hired a young lady to make sketches by the hour. He sent her a couple of books containing old prints, the price of which made him wince a bit; asked her opinion as to whether certain ancient dance music would be appropriate.

These communications naturally brought a number of little notes from Mrs. Vanderscheldt's secretary and one from the lady herself; but Farthest instantly perceived with regret that it was too specific to do him any good. At once, however, he tried again—that is, he wrote her that he proposed to engage Professor Dunwoody, the well-known historian of colonial New York, to prepare an elaborate and sumptuously illustrated monograph on the Schmetterhorn ball of 1732. His idea was to make it a very notable book, *de luxe* in every respect, so that it would be an enduring monument of their undertaking. She was aware, however, that Professor Dunwoody was scarcely to be hired offhand like a porter, and for his text and illustrations the professor would probably wish access to whatever historical materials the family possessed. He wished, therefore, to be able to say to the professor that Mrs. Vanderscheldt approved the idea and would graciously lend such assistance as she reasonably could. Did she approve? And if so would she kindly signify as much in a little note to him?

The autograph reply read:

"*My dear Mr. North:* I cordially approve your undertaking and hope it may prove highly successful. Whenever I can be of service, pray command me.

"Very truly yours,

"CORNELIA VANDERSCHELDT."

Examining this note with care, Farthest smiled. It exactly suited his purpose—which was to mount it on pale green cardboard, inclose it in a gilt frame and hang it up in the office of his sanatorium where his lady patients could have it constantly before their eyes.

He at once visited a bookstore and, after going over the stock of *de luxe* editions, regretfully parted with twenty-seven dollars in exchange for a broad, morocco-bound, gilt-edged volume containing artistic type and steel engravings. Next day, by arrangement over the telephone, he called upon Mrs. Vanderscheldt, bearing this volume. He wished her opinion as to whether, in general style, the book would be a suitable model for Professor Dunwoody's monograph. There were various other points upon which he was most anxious to have her judgment. Above all, he explained, he was determined to have their spectacle beyond criticism in every respect and it was already clear that to get the scenes, costumes, furniture and all accessories just right would require much care. He proposed to have the assistance of Professor Dunwoody and several other learned persons, but he valued especially the judgment and taste of Mrs. Vanderscheldt herself. And that brought him naturally to the point which, on the historical side, was most important of all—the very cornerstone, so to speak, of the structure.

This point, of course, was the rare old inn he had already so eloquently described, which he believed to be modeled upon the Schmetterhorn mansion of 1732. If they could reproduce the old inn their task would be immensely simplified. Moreover, this ancient inn and the furniture were almost like heirlooms of the old Vanderscheldts and Schmetterhorns. It would be like stepping back two hundred years in the line of her descent. In fine, would Mrs. Vanderscheldt find it possible to take the night train to Avignon, stop off between trains and personally inspect this interesting monument of her forefathers?

Naturally the inn was already an object of much interest to Mrs. Vanderscheldt. She did not say no. On the contrary, she said it might be quite possible for her to make a brief visit.

That evening Farthest wrote his wife as follows:

"*Dear Edith:* I am sorry to hear that Mr. Hubbard has decided to leave as soon as next Thursday. You might mention to him confidentially that Mrs. Vanderscheldt is going to be a guest of the sanatorium for a short time. Very likely he will mention it to that rich Mrs. Morson, from Bridgeport, and others. You mustn't tell anybody except Mr. Hubbard, but Mrs. Vanderscheldt is coming, all right. I suppose it will get into the newspapers, and after that we will raise the price to a hundred dollars a week and be turning women away every day."

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of stories by Mr. Payne relating the adventures of Farthest North. The eighth and last story will appear in an early issue.

6% GOLD BONDS

An Enduring Christmas Gift Twenty Times Over :: :: ::

¶ Had you ever thought of the matter in that light? Yet that is exactly what one of our Ten Year 6% Coupon Bonds would provide.

¶ ***Twenty times over***—every six months for ten years—it would pay to the holder the highest interest-return consistent with safety.

¶ ***Twenty times over*** it would be a pleasant reminder of the giver.

¶ ***Twenty times over*** it would combine a happy observance of sentiment with the teaching of a wholesome lesson in thrift.

¶ Why not give a Bond this year to your wife or son or daughter or to yourself?

¶ Why not for their sake add the weight of your example to this fast-growing, present-day practice—the giving of practical and enduring gifts of real worth at Christmas time, and consider a gift that will not wear out, depreciate, or go out of style, but will grow more valuable every day until maturity?

A-R-E Ten Year 6% Gold Bonds

—are safe. Behind them are visible Assets of $15,536,199.47, a Capital and Surplus of $1,851,154.38, and 23 years of success.

—are conservative. They are based on the actual ownership of selected New York real estate

—pay a just interest-return: the full 6%, instead of dividing with the middleman.

—are time-tried, panic-tested, legally safeguarded.

¶ These bonds are issued in denominations of $100, $200, $500 and up, making them especially convenient for giving. They draw 6% interest, payable semi-annually by coupons, and at the end of ten years return the original investment in cash.

¶ Write to-day for literature giving you the full details about these Ten Year 6% Gold Bonds, so that you will have time to act before Christmas.

American Real Estate Company

Capital and Surplus, $1,851,154.38
Founded 1888 Assets, $15,536,199.47
Room 511, 527 Fifth Ave., New York

$18,000 a Year From Poultry!

Book that Tells Sent for Your Examination

I will send you, for Free Examination, my famous book "The Kellerstrass Way" of Raising Poultry, that tells how I made $18,178.53 net profits in one year from 1,639 hens; and how I cleaned up $3,600 from 50 hens in one season on a 24x40 lot. Pin a dollar bill to your letter and get the book. Examine it, and if it doesn't please I will refund your money.

"The Kellerstrass Way"

of Raising Poultry tells you how to raise the biggest eggs and best producing chickens—tells how others raise common, ordinary "scrubs." It tells the entire story of my success and how you may do equally well. Book covers every conceivable phase of poultry keeping, reveals every valuable poultry secret. It is the story of the methods used by the most successful poultry raiser in the world. I hold back nothing, but give you all of them. From this book any one may build a poultry or egg plant, select birds, raise and market them profitably. Hundreds of valuable poultry facts in it.

This book, mailed, costs me an even dollar. My sole object in distributing it is to get [illegible] Write to-day and get it. I am the originator. A [illegible] of my farm goes free with each book sold. Send for book now, with privilege of low [illegible] price $1.00

ERNEST KELLERSTRASS, 8193 West Port Road, Kansas City, Mo.

References—Any Poultry Journal or Commercial Agency or any Kansas City Bank.

HE is always welcome —he brings *Liggetts*

"The Sweetest Story Ever Told"

Liggett's CHOCOLATES

THE highest ideal of fastidious lovers of rich confections—is realized in *Liggett's Chocolates.* The craving for *more* lingers—because their irresistible charm of flavor is never forgotten. That's why they are "The sweetest story ever told"

Liggett's Chocolates are not sold everywhere—but by select shops —— The leading druggists of 4000 towns and cities in United States & Canada

The Rexall *Stores*

If there is no Rexall Store where you live, remit us $1.00 and we will send you a pound box, delivery charges prepaid, anywhere in the United States or Canada. Send us 10c—stamps or silver—and we will mail you a dainty trial package

Pounds 80c and $1.00

Liggett, Boston, Mass.

THE PRIDE OF THE CITIES

(Continued from Page 15)

Formerly a city was satisfied when it got one convention of a certain kind at a time, but the Chicago bureau has a plan that rounds up all the affiliated interests. For instance, it secured the national dairy show this year. Having obtained this, it set out to get the annual conventions of the butter makers, the cattle breeders—in fact, all lines associated with dairying. The result was that it made the dairy-show bigger and better and at the same time brought ten times more people to the city than would have come if there had been nothing more than a mere dairy-show. The net result of the work of this bureau is that already there have been three hundred and fifty conventions in Chicago this year, which brought in nearly half a million strangers who spent nearly twelve million dollars.

Somewhat different is the work of the association in having the saloon license raised from five hundred to one thousand dollars. Within a year this reduced the number of saloons from eighty hundred and ninety-seven to seventy-one hundred and fifty-two. The increased revenue which came to the city has been devoted, at the suggestion of the association, to adding a thousand patrolmen to the police force and to the erection of new police stations.

This leads to the very interesting and helpful connection between the Association of Commerce and the police force. When the association got well under way there was no traffic squad and no organized police supervision of the streets. The street traffic committee of the association took the matter in hand, sent a police captain to Europe at its expense to study traffic rules, and secured, on his return, the introduction of a code of traffic rules governing the principal streets and the organization of a traffic squad.

Teaching the Young Idea

I could cite many more constructive tasks performed by this association, but I have saved, practically for the last, the one that in a larger sense seems more far-reaching than all the rest. It is the significance of the excursions given each year for the sons of members. The beginning was interesting. One day some of the officers were talking about the future of the association and one of them said: "Who will take it up? We have grown into our tasks, but we will not be here always. Let us train our sons while they are young in the big lesson of organization and for civic and industrial leadership."

"How can we do it?" asked some one.

"By showing them how our industries are organized and operated and how this association is carried on," came the answer. Thus began the excursions.

There are half a dozen trips each year. The boys are taken in a body to institutions like the United States Steel Corporation plant at Gary; to the Pullman works; to Packington and to the Edison electric plant. The trip to Gary was typical. More than six hundred sons went on the big steamer United States. On the way to the steel city there was an open-air meeting on the upper deck, where there were addresses in simple language by prominent members of the association on such helpful subjects as "thrift" and "organization." Mr. Homer A. Stillwell, president of the association, who happened to be in New Haven, sent a telegram which contained the following paragraph that seems to convey fittingly the spirit and usefulness of these excursions: "Study the lesson of this day and this visit, thus preparing yourself to accept the larger responsibilities time is sure to bring to you. From among your number will be selected the future officers of the Association of Commerce—even its presidents."

Thus, wherever you turn in the swift drama of a great city's activities you find the impress of this association. It may be in the shape of a check on the pollution of the water supply, or an organized effort to restore the lost lake-shipping prestige through river-and-harbor agitation, or a censorship on solicitations for charity.

Now turn to a smaller, but none the less effective, agency for city advance and business betterment as represented by the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce. No similar body is more highly organized or more potent in influence. A few examples will illustrate its method and result.

Take, for example, its work in safeguarding the city railway franchises. Here is a kind of conservation that not only protects public service but bulwarks the investment of the people's money. A very difficult traction situation had developed. The franchises of the surface lines were expiring; the company sought renewal, but the city demanded terms which the corporation believed were unreasonable. An experiment in partial municipal ownership, together with an agitation for a three-cent fare, complicated the problem; and, after a disastrous strike, the company went into the hands of a receiver. Meanwhile the equipment and service depreciated and the public clamored for relief.

A settlement plan was worked out by Judge Robert W. Tayler, of the Federal Court, which provided, among other things, for a guarantee of six per cent on the stock to the investor, a uniform system of accounting and a franchise to run for twenty-five years, with the privilege of renewal fifteen years before the expiration. The Chamber of Commerce and many citizens believed that this plan afforded the solution for the whole troubled situation and, together with the majority of business men, urged the council to adopt it. Instead, the council ignored the plan and, at the mayor's instigation, passed an ordinance granting a franchise to an individual for a new street-car line from Payne Avenue to the Public Square. This line was regarded as the nucleus for a new competing system and in the opinion of the best business men seemed a step toward prolonging the traction strife—keeping the entire community in turmoil.

"We must defeat that franchise," said the Chamber of Commerce; and the way it went about the job is an interesting and animated example of one kind of coöperation. In Ohio all franchises may be subjected to a referendum vote. The day after the grant was passed the chamber had hired workers to circulate a petition for the referendum. The men were paid according to the number of names they got. In a week they had two-thirds of the voters on their list and the election was called. Then began a campaign that stirred the city. The chamber organized every precinct; it did not adopt "kid-glove reform" methods but employed trained political experts. Two big tents were hired and meetings held all over the municipality. Day and night, by word and by bulletin, the chamber hammered at the voters. When the votes were counted the ordinance had been defeated. Subsequently, through the work of the chamber the Tayler plan was put through, and order, good service and adequate return on the investment have grown out of a traction chaos.

Keeping Tab on Charities

Entirely different in plan is the chamber's censorship of public soliciting schemes for benevolent and other purposes. It grew out of the protest of business and professional men that they were victimized by fake solicitors, who not only took up valuable time but carried off money. So the chamber said: "Why not organize this work—establish a sort of clearing house and subject every soliciting plan to careful scrutiny?" A bureau of information was created, which has a card index with a compact history of every kind of begging scheme. It is a new kind of rogues' gallery. To solicitors for worthy causes a card of identification is issued, which is a passport. What is the result? When a solicitor goes to a Cleveland business house the office boy or girl at the telephone switchboard asks: "Have you a card from the Chamber of Commerce?"

If the solicitor has one no objection is made to a canvass of the establishment. If the agent has no card he is told that he must go to the Chamber of Commerce and get one. When he goes there he is subjected to a grilling. Through its rigid investigations the chamber discovered that more than sixty per cent of soliciting schemes are organized in the interest of the solicitor, who uses the name of some organization without permission and who practically gets all the money himself. It is estimated that this bureau saves Cleveland business men from seventy-five to one hundred thousand dollars a year, which is more than twice the cost of operating the system.

TO continue to use soiled, old-fashioned playing cards reflects upon yourself as host. American Bank Note playing cards are the newest, prettiest and most perfect yet made. Refined by good company. Backed by a reputation. Made by a concern whose work is the standard of excellence throughout the world.

If your dealer has not yet placed these cards in stock, *send us his name.* In the meantime there is a dainty box containing two of these packs waiting to be mailed to you. Both are printed on the finest linen stock with gold edges. Both have picture backs in beautiful colors, one showing the exclusive Chantecler design and the other Van Dyck's famous Baby Stuart. Just the thing for a pleasing gift or card party prize. Send one dollar with your name and address and your package will be mailed to you.

AMERICAN BANK NOTE COMPANY

70 Broad Street, New York City

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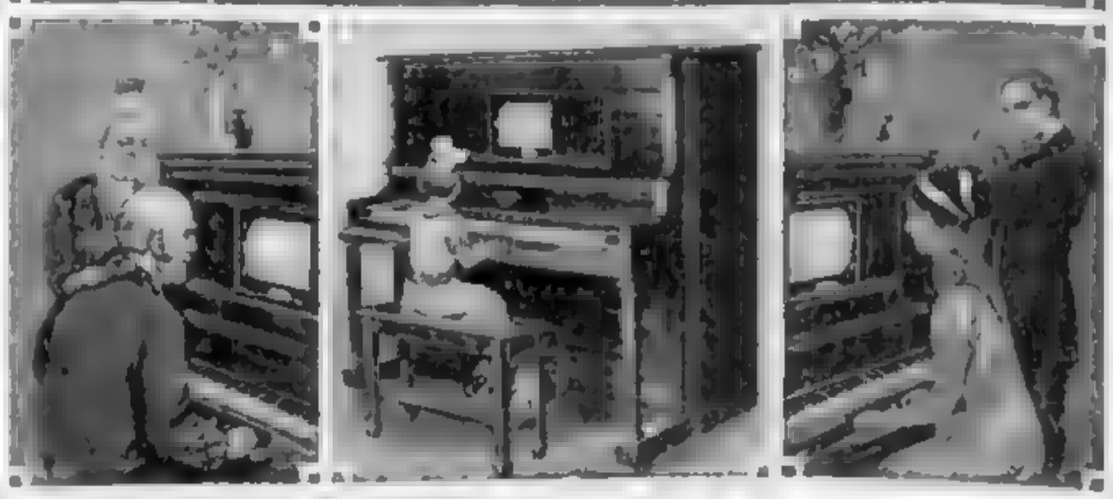


INSTEAD of a separate, short-lived trifle for each member of the family, give one real, permanent gift that everyone can enjoy—individually or in common. You can thus combine a worthy and practical acquisition to your home with an investment, paying steady dividends in hours profitably and pleasantly spent.

Such a family gift you can best make by purchasing the player without peer—

Krell Auto-Grand

With the exception of the Krell Auto-Grand all other player-pianos are very much alike and built on lines similar to our new 88-note low-priced Piano-Auto, mechanically the equal of any ordinary player-piano and in many respects, *superior.*

But if you want the finest player-piano that money and skill can produce, and a player-piano that outclasses any other made at any price, you must get the Krell Auto-Grand.

The possibilities of the Auto-Grand are beyond comprehension. It must be seen to be appreciated. This is the only player that produces the full staccato touch of hand playing, as our patented striking principle gives exactly the same stroke as when the piano is hand-played and consequently the same results.

This is the only 88-note player in which the pneumatic system is placed where it belongs—close to the bellows and below the keyboard.

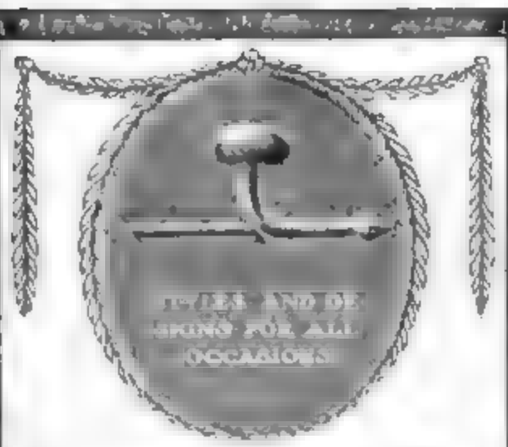
Write for "How to Select a Player-Piano"

It tells more about the **individual pneumatics** below the keyboard, **bellows at back, extra storage reservoir for air, human touch striking principle,** and other features that make the Krell Auto-Grand the player without peer.

Learn how players differ and how you can enjoy a Krell Auto-Grand in your home on convenient terms.

Krell Auto-Grand Piano Company

Makers of the Celebrated Krell Pianos *Dept. P* CONNERSVILLE, INDIANA



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Men know them as the only kind that can be put into a shirt or vest easily —without smudging the buttonholes.

All Larter Studs and Vest Buttons bear this trade mark to identify them, and the exact carat of the gold is stamped on the back. Larter Studs and Larter Vest Buttons have a broad guarantee—if any accident happens to the back, a new one given in exchange.

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It illustrates and describes the wide variety in which Larter Studs and Buttons are made—tells what studs are proper for all occasions.

A Larter Vest Button

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IF you are worrying about the selection of some of your Xmas presents, *we can help you.* Our catalogue of artistic brass ware, sent free upon request, contains many ideas of suitable remembrances for every member of your family and for your friends.

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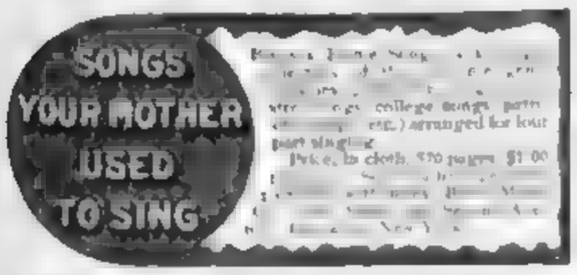


Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio

Larger in scope is the plan for the Federation of Charities, through which the Chamber of Commerce will assume the collection and distribution of all financial donations for charity in Cleveland. The principal purpose is to increase the charity-giving zone—up to the present time six persons donated forty-two per cent of all the money for charity in the city—and to obtain a more equitable apportionment of the funds. For example, under the old system an institution with skilled solicitors and excellent business organization will get more money than one equally worthy which has no organized plan for getting money. In short, the chamber will fit the benevolence to the needs of the institution. It will hire trained men to do the soliciting and this will relieve the charity worker from being a beggar and keep him on the job for which he is paid. Likewise a busy merchant can give one lump check, which will represent his year's gift to charity, and know that he will not be disturbed a hundred times, as has been the custom, for small donations.

In carrying on its organized hunt for new factories the chamber developed a plan for home expansion of industry that may well form a precedent for other enterprising communities. Among other things, it was realized that every year Cleveland, which is a great manufacturing center, was buying products of other cities. "Why not manufacture these products and keep the money at home?" asked the chamber.

The first step was to find out what the city consumed and did not make. Having discovered an article, the chamber will go to the out-of-town manufacturer of this particular product and ask him to establish a branch factory in Cleveland. If he refuses the chamber will say, "Then Cleveland will build one herself."

The successful carrying out of this plan will give variety to the local industrial life and keep the community from being a "one-line" town. This means that if stagnation should come to the steel industry, for example, it would not prostrate business, because there would be activity in shoes or hardware, or in other trades.

The Helping Hand for All

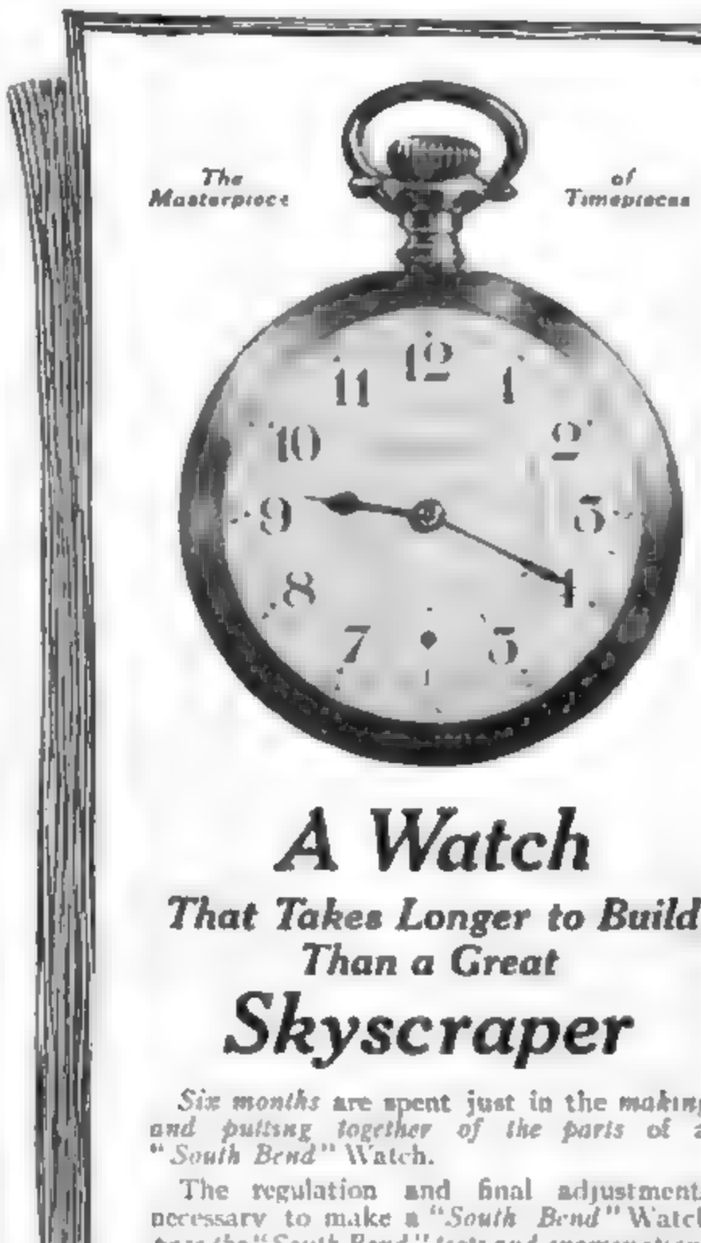
In the organization of its various departments the chamber offers another helpful precedent. Instead of apportioning its retail merchants off on a committee, it has welded them into a board which is a miniature chamber of commerce, with its own officers, treasury and plan of campaign. It meets at luncheon every week; sometimes more often. Here is a sample of the kind of work it does: Before its organization the retail merchants vied with each other in giving discounts to policemen, politicians, ministers, dressmakers and others. These discounts became so excessive that they cut heavily into profit. No one was really gaining anything by it. The board reorganized the whole discount business, cut out those who were grafting and established a free and fair competition. Only ministers get discounts now.

It would be difficult to find a phase of public life or service in Cleveland to which the chamber has not given a helping hand. Take the administration of the city finances. The chamber has its own force of auditors constantly at work in the city controller's office. Thus it not only keeps tab on how the municipal revenue is expended but it knows, when it makes a demand for improvements like grade crossings or sewers, the city cannot say: "We have no money for it."

When the legislature passed a civil-service law for cities of the first class the mayor refused to enforce it. The chamber protested and the mayor stood firm, for it took too much patronage out of his reach. Thereupon the chamber instituted mandamus proceedings and the result is that today the city clerks hold their jobs by reason of efficiency and not because of party "pull." The mayor now seeks the advice and coöperation of the chamber.

It only remains to speak of one more chamber activity, a movement which has given the organization its widest fame and which has made a distinct impress on the character of the American city generally. I mean the Group Plan, which is the basis of the civic center now planned in forty different American communities, ranging from Grand Rapids to Greater Greenville.

It developed out of the fact that the city was strategically fortunate in its misfortune—in that all its public buildings needed



A Watch

That Takes Longer to Build Than a Great

Skyscraper

Six months are spent just in the *making and putting together of the parts* of a "*South Bend*" Watch.

The regulation and final adjustments necessary to make a "*South Bend*" Watch *pass the "South Bend" tests and examinations* often detain it in the factory from two to six months *more*

There are more than fifteen hundred doubly-careful operations on every "South Bend" Watch.

Each watch gets *250 inspections* before we are satisfied that these operations are well done.

Is it any wonder, then, that many "South Bend" Watches are a *full year* in the course of completion—longer than it takes to construct our largest skyscrapers?

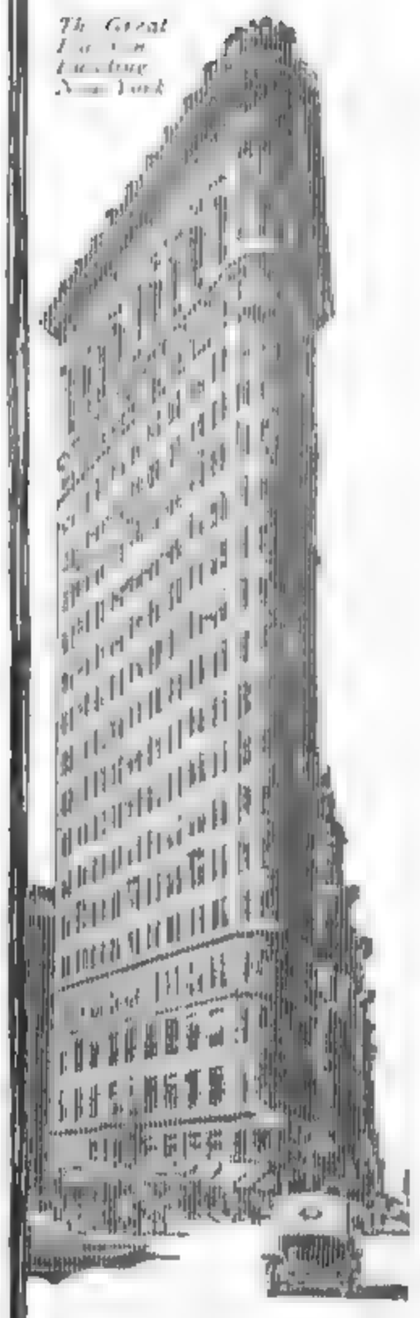
Is it surprising that they are *great watches* and that they cost a little more than common watches?

Every part is made *so perfectly* and all parts are *put together so accurately* that a "South Bend" Watch will run on half time *without a hairspring* when laid flat on a table.

Such a watch—running *with* the hairspring, in *your* pocket—will keep *perfect time* if you buy it of and have it regulated by an expert jeweler and watch man, such as the *jewelers who sell* "South Bend" Watches.

That "personal adjustment" to your personality is *absolutely necessary* because *good* watches run differently for different people. If you walk much, ride a great deal in motor cars, move quickly, etc., your watch is affected and should be regulated to offset the general conditions under which *you carry* a watch.

Only a *good jeweler can do this*, and it can be done only with a *good watch*, for common watches are not *sensitive enough* for such delicate regulation—hence seldom keep time for *anybody*.



The New Railroad Watch

Ask your jeweler to show you the

"Studebaker"

the new "South Bend" Railroad Movement, which has been getting so many "perfect scores" from the railroad inspectors.

This is the watch that engineers of some of the famous "Mile-a-Minute" trains carry.

It is made with 17 and 21 jewels. The price of the former without case is $24. The latter sells without case for $35.

If your dealer hasn't this watch, send us his name and we'll name one who has it.

The "South Bend" Watch

A good Watch for Christmas is the *very best* of gifts—the most *personal*, the most *useful* and the *longest lived*.

There is absolutely *no waste* in the money you spend for such a gift, and a "South Bend" Watch is the finest watch you can buy.

The prices of the better grades run from $35 up. See them at your jeweler's.

But first write for our book, "How Good Watches Are Made." It tells *all about* watches. Just say "Send your book," on a post card.

The South Bend Watch Co.

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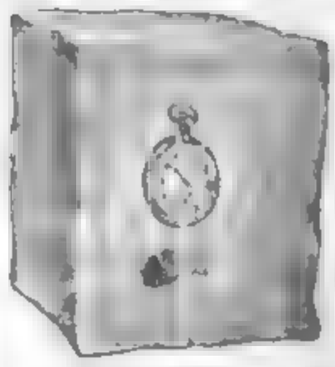
Sold by 14,850 Expert Retail Jewelers



Frozen in Solid Ice—Keeps Perfect Time

renewal at the same time. The chamber saw here a chance to make a City Beautiful—that is, to have a group of uniform public structures. While this was being discussed the United States Federal Building was begun, and its architect, Mr. Arnold W. Brunner, together with Mr. Daniel H. Burnham and Mr. John M. Carrere, were appointed a board of supervision for public buildings. This board has worked out the public group plan which the city adopted with the aid and encouragement of the Chamber of Commerce. The Federal Building is completed, the County Courthouse is nearly finished, and ground has been broken for the City Hall. Nearly all the land for the Mall has been secured by the city, and the consummation of the plan is assured.

The advantages to a community of such a plan are many. In the first place, the beautification of a vicinity increases the value of all the adjacent property, and thus the money spent is a good investment. Then, too, such grouping brings all the city, county and federal officials in close touch and expedites public business. It creates a love of the beautiful that finds expression in private architecture, such as office buildings and residences; and, as has happened in the specific case of Cleveland, it gives the city a very helpful publicity. A many-sided benefit is bestowed.

There could be no better tribute to the work of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce than a chance expression that I got from a man I met in the street there and whom I asked about it. He said: "I don't know what the city would do without it."

Now it was natural to find live-wire commercial bodies in the Middle West, for the communities there are comparatively new and the pioneer instinct in a certain sense survives. You would not expect to discover it in New England. Yet, turn for a moment to Boston. In the very cradle of American conservatism there is a galvanic Chamber of Commerce that is alert, keen and progressive.

No work achieved by this chamber is more significant than the reform in public-school instruction. For years the state board of education had proceeded along conventional lines, ignoring the growing demand for commercial training in the schools. The chamber, realizing the need of a more practical kind of instruction, succeeded in having a state industrial commissioner named, who is establishing trade institutions which will be free to the youth of the commonwealth. Thus the young men and women will be equipped to enter business as soon as they leave school.

What Boston is Doing

In Boston the chamber has given a big impetus to the right business training of the boy and girl. The retail trade board, which is one of the committees of the chamber, had supported for years a school of salesmanship for beginners in the department stores. They sent the heads of their departments to give lectures there. Subsequently the board succeeded in having this school made a part of the public educational system and has made of it what the Germans call a continuation school—that is, an institution where the boy or girl who must go to work can continue his or her studies without losing pay. There are two courses—one in preparatory salesmanship and one in advanced salesmanship. There are classes for wholesale and retail clerks, who are permitted to leave their store duties three times a week.

This school of salesmanship is only one of many useful activities of the retail trade board. Take the matter of credit reference. Formerly the system of exchanging references was cumbersome. One merchant telephoned to another. If it happened to be during the busy holiday season the storekeeper did not want to be bothered and thus customers were lost. There was a private credit corporation that charged fifty cents for each reference. "Why not have a clearing house for credits and save time and money?" asked the board. The result is the merging of the old private corporation into a central body, where now the merchants can get credit references in less than an hour and at one-fifth the former cost.

The Boston merchants and public suffered greatly from itinerant merchants, who set up shop for a few months, sold goods "guaranteed" for a year and then skipped out. It was unfair competition for the business men and often an imposition on the people. A prohibitive license has now been imposed which keeps out the commercial adventurers.

There was a great deal of costly shoplifting and the authorities seemed incapable of handling it. The retail board hired the best criminal lawyers in the town and prosecuted the offenders to the limit of law, not only breaking up the practice but destroying various "fences" that thrived on the thefts.

Many merchants complained that their fire insurance was costing too much, so the retail board prepared a booklet entitled How You Can Save Money on Your Insurance. It shows specifically how premiums may be cut down by simple precautions. Here are some store rules which will give some idea of the helpful hints in the book:

"Have boxes of sand near motors and elevators."

"Oil waste should be kept in safety cans only."

"One hand extinguisher may save your store."

"All wastepaper should be baled instead of being placed in bags."

"Keep rats and mice out of the building. They have caused fires."

"Form a fire brigade, even if there are only two people in your store."

"Only safety lanterns should be carried by your watchmen."

"Fire insurance is mutual. Help yourself and you help the company."

How the City Helps the Country

The chamber early realized that what was good for New England was good for Boston, and vice versa. "Advance New England" became its slogan. It turned to agriculture and found an ample field for uplift. For a long time the farmlife there had declined because of the competition of free land in the West. "We must teach our boys to stay on the farm" became the motto of an organized campaign. A glowing booklet on The Future of the New England Farm was sent out broadcast. When the fruit show was held in Boston the chamber gave a dinner to all exhibitors and their allied interests. Here the value of the farm and farmlife was expounded; and the result has been that the nurserymen of Massachusetts have sold more goods at home within the past six months than for a year before. Likewise there has been a bigger demand for New England farms in that period than for five years before. To further impress the advantages of getting the boy into the producing end, whether on the farm or in a factory, the chamber will hold a New England industrial and educational exposition next year.

The chamber maintains a technical trade department which, in simpler terms, is a board of trade in grain. It is the only institution of the kind in Boston. It issues a monthly magazine called Advance New England, which has special numbers, such as Rod and Gun in New England, for, in addition to wanting buyers, it seeks hunters. It also publishes a weekly newspaper entitled Chamber of Commerce News, which is on every member's desk the first thing Monday morning, and which not only has all the news and projects of the chamber but vital and live Boston business news generally.

What I have described as happening in Chicago, Cleveland and Boston you can find to a varying degree in more than a dozen other cities, for everywhere the chamber-of-commerce idea of coöperation is reconstructing communities. The work of such secretaries and organizers as Walter D. Moody, of the Chicago Association of Commerce; Munson A. Havens, of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce, and James A. McKibben, of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, is establishing a new profession—that of civic engineer. When a town needs upbuilding it sends for a man of this type and experience.

Behind this inspiring spectacle is a larger significance than mere business getting and municipal advertisement and advance. The lesson of unselfish volunteer service presented day after day by busy business and professional men, who perform many of the tasks for which city officials are paid, will not be lost on the voters, who in time will learn to demand a higher and larger capability from their public servants.

If, as economists tell us, the city is the hope of the democracy, then the Chamber of Commerce is doing the greatest work for the realization of that hope.

Ever-Ready
Safety Razor
With 12 Blades
$1
Shave with a smile. Over 2,000,000 men use the "EVER-READY" and assert that, irrespective of price, the "EVER-READY" is the best shaving razor money can buy.
No possibility of cutting or scratching the face. You become expert immediately.
A Dollar bill completes the investment—buys the entire outfit, twelve (12) blades, a frame that will last a lifetime, blade stropper, and all in a handsome button-locking case.
The greatness of the "EVER-READY" Safety Razor is the "EVER-READY" blade. Twelve (12) "EVER-READY" Blades in each dollar outfit. Each blade separately guaranteed and individually protected in patented package, free from rust or dust or dulling contact. Human ingenuity has produced no finer blade than the "EVER-READY."
Extra "EVER-READY" Blades 10 for 50c.
If you do not get the "EVER-READY" get wise to the substitution reason and either go to a better dealer or send $1 direct to the makers. You buy the "EVER-READY" under the guarantee of satisfaction or money back, and you are the sole judge
The "EVER-READY" is sold by dealers everywhere. Most every Hardware, Drug, Jewelry or General Store in your city is our Agent.
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Gunn Furniture Co., 3 Victoria St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

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All over America—in your own town; in your store—this is going to be a Hull Christmas—overwhelmingly so

We know this because of the reports we are getting from thousands of Hull dealers.

We know it by the way the sales are climbing—by the way the factory is being crowded.

Hull dealers predict that more Hull Umbrellas will be bought for gift purposes than any other one article made in America, excepting handkerchiefs.

As you know, even the old style umbrella has always been a wonderfully popular gift.

This natural popularity has been intensified ten-fold by the special features possessed only by the Hull and the demand for the latter amounts almost to a national craze.

There is something inspiring in the unanimity with which the American people adopt a new idea, once they approve it, as they have approved the Hull.

It is one of the secrets of our greatness that we throw off the old way for the new as soon as the new proves better.

We said a year ago a million people would adopt the Hull, when they found how superior it is to the old style.

They have done it. Entire communities have changed the umbrella habits of a life time.

Understand, these thousands of people who are buying the Hull are not paying a special price or a fancy price to get the Hull Detachable and Interchangeable feature.—First of all, you get the best umbrella in the world in the Hull; and you get the Detachable and Interchangeable device, absolutely without cost, whether you pay $1 or $50.

HULL UMBRELLA

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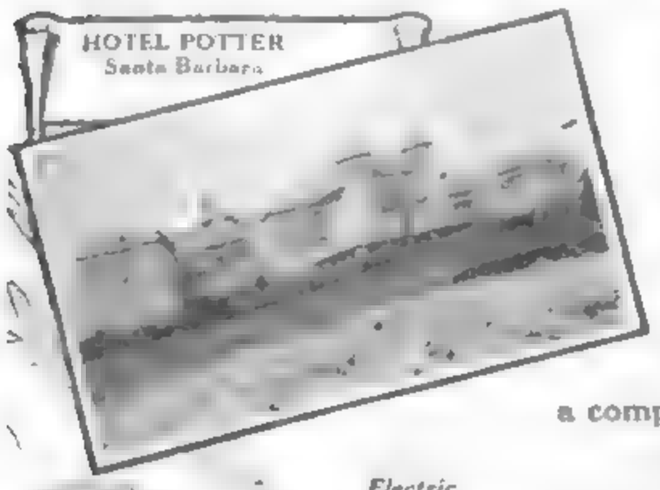

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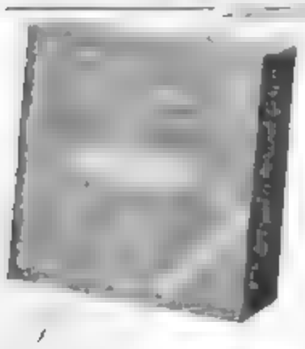

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Short Cuts From Farm to Market

(Continued from Page 24)

Crop failures in California, Oregon and Washington, the principal hop districts in the United States, are almost unknown. The marketing end of the business is the chief cause of concern to the Pacific Coast growers, for no other staple product of the soil is subject to such violent price fluctuations as hops, cotton not excepted. Within a generation hops have brought more than a dollar and less than five cents a pound, the cost of production, picking, curing and baling being placed at nine or ten cents a pound. Early in 1908 hops sold for seven cents a pound. In the fall of 1909 the price passed thirty cents and in the summer of 1910 it had slumped to fourteen cents. Since the market price depends largely upon European weather conditions, and since neither the English nor the German Government has as yet succeeded in regulating the behavior of the barometer by law, selling hops is a lottery, the capital prizes going to the best guesser.

In disposing of hops he is lucky who can sense the psychological moment to let go. One grower early in the fall of 1909 thought the psychological moment was at hand when the price had climbed to twenty-four cents. He sold out and the next day hops went to twenty-five cents. Had the grower waited twenty-four hours longer he would have been five thousand dollars richer. The common fault, however, lies in the other direction. When the growers see the price leap upward they hold on too long. Too much optimism thus brought about the downfall of the man who aspired to be one of the hop kings of Oregon. He would not let go of his line of hops when the price had reached its top notch, expecting to see it mount still higher; and as a result he is today working hard in an endeavor to clear off a debt of a hundred thousand dollars.

Steady Profits vs. Speculation

By the gambler's chance of sudden riches, hop growing fascinates many of its followers and holds them fast through the year's loss. Every spring there rises in the loser's breast the hope that this year he may ride into prosperity on the wave of disaster that may engulf the foreign crop. After seven years' work a grower near Sacramento, casting up accounts in the spring of 1909, found the biggest and most imposing of his possessions to be an able-bodied mortgage in excellent condition. It had been growing steadily from a small beginning. The only chance of ridding the ranch of the incubus lay in a good hop year. No other crop could possibly lift the lien before maturity. And the unexpected happened, just as it does in the story books. A few days before the property was to be foreclosed by the sheriff, hops obligingly rose to twenty-six cents and the weight of the mortgage was lifted off the farmer. His shoulders remained stooped, though—the steering wheel and the carbureter of the automobile he bought with part of the surplus keeping them in a curved condition.

Like amateur airships, the hop price hugs the ground too often and its spectacular flights occur at such long intervals that the mutterings and grumblings of the growers never cease. They denounce the manipulators of the hop market, deplore the speculative feature of the industry; and yet they do not follow the short cut from the ranch to the consumer, a trail blazed distinctly by the owners of the largest hop area under one management in the world.

The E. Clemens Horst Company owns and operates hopyards covering more than fourteen square miles—nine thousand two hundred and seventy acres, to be exact—scattered along the Pacific Coast from California to British Columbia. Upon this area it produces nearly one-fourth of the Pacific Coast hop harvest, and one year's crop would bankrupt the concern were it forced, like many of the small growers, to sell its wares below the cost of producing, picking, curing and baling. Operating upon this vast scale, the firm could not invite disaster by adherence to the marketing methods of the individual grower. It had to eliminate the uncertainties of the mercurial hop market, and it succeeded by pushing past the speculative middleman straight to the door of the consumer.

A large portion of the hop crop is under contract years ahead of the harvesting to the big hop dealers, who naturally try to push down the price to the grower in years of heavy yield and to squeeze the brewer in seasons of short crops. Taking advantage of the brewers' state of mind produced by the squeezing process in years of high prices, the Horst Company sent out a strong force of able salesmen to offer hops below the market, provided the brewer would sign a contract for the purchase of similar quantities at a stated price during a term of years. Pointing out the ever-present danger of short crops, with the consequent famine prices of raw material, the salesmen dwelt upon the advantage of having a reliable source of supply beyond the vagaries of the market, at a price that would give the producer a fair return on the investment and protect the brewer against extortion. They emphasized the uniform, high quality of the hops produced under one management by standardized methods of picking, curing and grading, and they interspersed their arguments with frequent pointed references to the disastrous year 1882, when the hop price hopped beyond the dollar mark, leading the brewer over the numerous lesser peaks that broke through the crust of low prices since that historic upheaval twenty-eight years ago. Wherever beer is brewed, the salesmen appeared from the branch offices in Chicago, New York, Montreal, London and Hamburg, closing contracts until practically the entire product of the concern was tied up at a fixed average price for years ahead. Though the concern is not beyond the effect of market fluctuations, its contracts enable it to make money in seasons of a superabundant supply, when the small grower suffers. In short years the firm may have to buy in the open market in order to fulfill its obligations. In 1909, for instance, the firm had to purchase more than two hundred thousand pounds of hops at twenty-five and turn them over to its customers at fifteen cents a pound, losing about twenty thousand dollars, while the growers relying upon the speculative outlet for their crops were rolling in money. By dealing direct with the consumer the firm surrendered its claims to participate in the profits of an occasional bonanza year, but it gained the assurance of a steady, conservative return on its investment. So long as the individual growers remain under the spell of these bonanzas they will continue to pay the penalty of speculative marketing. The short cut out of the woods of manipulation has been clearly marked by individual enterprise, but it will take a long series of hard years to force the mass of the growers upon it from the old road.

Breaking Pegasus to Harness

Factory and farm are alike in this: it requires much work, ability and experience to keep either at the highest point of productiveness—to make out of the raw material the largest quantity of merchandise that will sell. In marketing the product, however, the manufacturer has the advantage over the farmer. At almost any time he can regulate the size and time of his factory's output to suit the demand for his goods. No such power is given the farmer. Once his seed is in the ground, the size and the time of the crop largely depend upon factors beyond his control. If the crop exceeds the demands of the market he may do as the cotton growers of the South or the asparagus producers of California have done in several instances—destroy part of the harvest by fire in order to enhance the price of the remainder to the profit point. Wicked, shameful waste this remedy may be, but it will continue to be applied in various ways so long as the products of the soil are not distributed even more efficiently and more widely than those of the factory.

The artistic temperament, unless it be bogus and just plain temper, is a gift of the gods. Though not rare among men, it is more often found among women, upon whom it may bestow either notoriety and alimony or distinction, honor and sometimes wealth. Like Pegasus, this gift, if well tamed, may be made useful and ornamental in many ways. It may even be broken to the harness of the farm and assist in the profitable marketing of soil products.

Some twenty years ago a woman with a strongly developed artistic temperament watched the packing of table grapes on her vineyard near Fresno, California. She saw the packers cut and tear the large bunches of grapes into halves in order to squeeze

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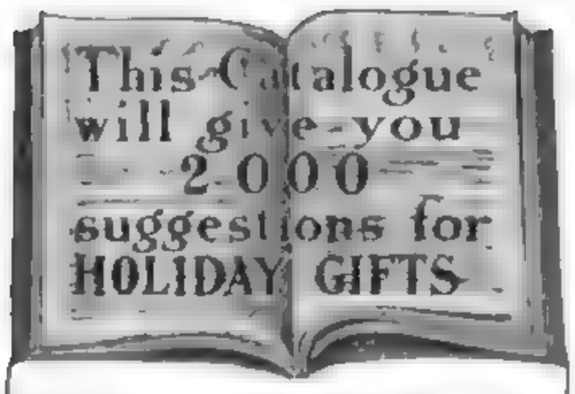

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them into the undersized square baskets; she watched them sever the leftovers into still smaller pieces that every nook and corner of the baskets might be crammed full—and her sensitive soul sickened at the sight. It hurt her to see careless hands rub the bloom off the noble, flaming clusters; to see Nature's magnificent creation ruthlessly torn, squeezed and pressed out of all semblance to its original harmonious form, that an arbitrary, unlovely space might be jammed with the largest number of the despoiled grapes.

The next fall the woman with the artistic soul assumed charge of the packing. Placing two of the square baskets together she removed their contiguous sides and thus made a receptacle twice as long as it was wide. Carefully lifting the bunches by the stem so as not to rub off the bloom, she deposited the full length of the tapering cluster in the basket, with a second cluster at the opposite end and smaller unbroken bunches along the sides. Stepping back and surveying her handiwork, she pronounced it perfect except for a relieving touch of color.

This she supplied with a few pieces of bright baby ribbon left over from the Christmas packages, tying the ribbon to the stems of the large clusters as a mother adds the finishing touches to the dress of her darling starting out to its first party.

Color Schemes in Packing

The shipment had barely reached the East when a telegram came back asking for more of the ribbon grapes, which were snapped up at double the price for undecorated crates. More—more—more! has been the cry ever since, even in years when the mass of the grape growers frantically hunted all over the country for a profitable market. Today the woman buys miles of ribbon annually—and buys the ribbon wholesale. Her trouble begins, however, in the selection of the colors for each particular crate. So long as white girls filled the grape-packing houses it was easy to maintain the standard of harmonious blending of tints and shades she required. There were always enough girls who knew how to kill an excess of beefy red in a particular crate and to bring out the amber and orange tones of the grapes by the proper arrangement of blue and white; who could strengthen the effect of a light-colored crate by deep red and yellow; who knew when to use lavender and when to avoid pink. The modern Japanese packers have an abundance of temper but little temperament. The clashing of soft pink and harsh red has no terrors for them, and most of their handiwork has to be done over again by the professional ribbon girls—specialists who are not afraid to attach as much as two yards of ribbon to a particularly choice basket of flaming Emperor grapes, for the ribbon pays for itself many times over. Where a carload of the plain, mutilated and squeezed-in grapes brings a thousand dollars, a carload of ribbon grapes sells for two thousand dollars and more, despite the smaller net weight of the fruit. Thus the artistic temperament's craving for esthetic expression was satisfied, a feast for the eye as well as for the mouth was prepared, and everybody from the producer to the consumer, upon whose Thanksgiving table the glowing clusters saved expensive floral decorations, shared in the benefits.

Though the application of scientific and business principles to the tilling of the soil is gradually changing the aspect of farm-life, this change has not yet exerted any marked influence upon the selling end of the country's greatest industry. Thousands of trained farm managers, superintendents and specialists are turned out annually by the agricultural schools and colleges, but their training centers largely upon production. Selling the product is ignored in the education. With the growth of coöperative marketing of farm products, a need for training in farm salesmanship has arisen—for a training that will enable the producer to grasp the principles underlying the coöperative distribution of his wares, to recognize and make use of the opportunities for better and wider markets. Individual enterprise everywhere is showing the way, but the mass of the farmers is slow in following.

A course in farm salesmanship, experiment stations for better distribution as well as better production, would accomplish good results in heading the mass in the right direction.

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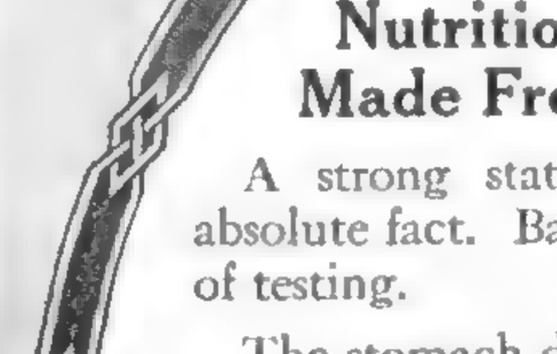

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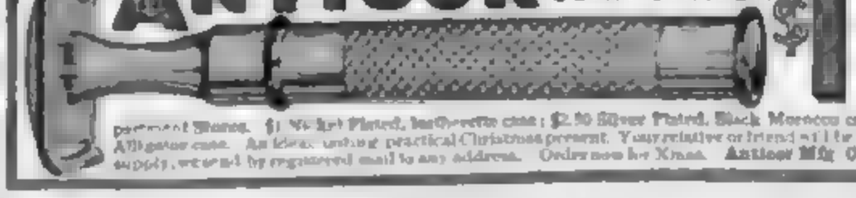

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We can make the finest Calendars because our equipment is unrivaled. We summon to our service, and yours, the best art productions of celebrated artists, whose work, in this particular field, appears exclusively in The Knapp Line. Our keynote is advance and our line is

"The Line of Progress"

We employ not merely *one* process of reproduction, but all the modern perfected methods, and give you the best results obtainable in color printing. A perfected product, the Knapp Line Calendars will be kept for their beauty, and their advertising value will endure. Look for The Knapp Line before ordering your Calendars.

Want to see it? Send a postal.

The Knapp Company

Fourth Avenue at Nineteenth St., New York

SONNETS OF A STANDPAT CONGRESSMAN

(Continued from Page 16)

A Full-Page Portrait—Nicholas McGee!

X

The deal's all fixed! When Hooper is elected
I'll have the choice of any job I wish:
Customs Collector, Inter-State Commish,
Or some soft berth where meat's to be inspected;
Some secret-service office well protected,
Or U. S. Wardenship of Game and Fish.
I'm tired of Congress anyhow—tush-pish!—
To Federal snaps my soul is now directed.

For I can earn ten thousand spots a year
In easy junkets on some pleasant coast,
No more to thunder and electioneer.
In my old age I'll fill an easy post.
And if all others fail, at any rate
I'll get some cozy Foreign Consulate.

XI

The Law and Order League of Centerville
Gave us a testimonial yester eve.
It started well—I stoop not to deceive.
Then Charley Townsend strangled Sid McGill,
Yelling, "I never switched or never will!"
The Law and Order President, I grieve
To state, concealed a blackjack up his sleeve,
With which he sought some rioters to kill.

The Appleburg Good Government Brigade
Mixed in—and when the argument was o'er
Good Government and Order, badly frayed,
Lay in a gory ruin on the floor.
These are the times that try men's self-control,
When vital issues stir them to the soul.

XII

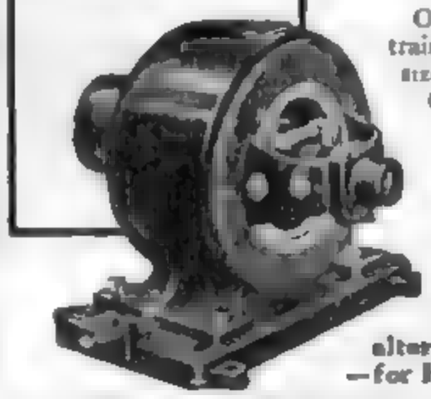
Meanwhile the Roosevelt Kid from stump to stump
Filleth the atmosphere with empty babble.
Now and again he rouses up the rabble
By handing me an ill-considered thump
But say! you bet we make the duffer jump
Trying to answer Argument with Gabble.
Give the poor child his fads and let him dabble—
His little boom's already on the slump.

Your Business Has Mechanical Work Our Motors Will Simplify or Cheapen

HERE is a list of machines in just one line—hotels—that can be *economically* driven by small motors.

There are just as many possibilities in *your* line.

Coffee Grinder
Dish Washer
Dough Mixer
Exhaust Fans
Grindstone
Ice Machine
Ice Cream Freezer
Knife Grinder
Knife Cleaner
Laundry Machine
Meat Chopper
Meat Slicer



We suggest to every shrewd business manager to write us for our valuable catalogs, bulletins or printed matter showing the astonishing scope of work our motors will benefit.

There are 2,000 classes of mechanical work where Robbins & Myers Standard Motors are supreme. For they do the work better and cheaper than it can be done by any other power or by any other motor. We invite tests to prove the statement.

Robbins & Myers STANDARD Motors

Most requirements are met perfectly by our staple types carried in stock, but our engineers will apply Robbins & Myers Standard Motors to any mechanical work under the sun where direct current is available.

Robbins & Myers Standard Motors are direct current and are rated 1-30 to 15 h. p. They are made complete in our great factory at Springfield, Ohio.

Our facilities for delivery are excellent and we have a force of trained men who build promptly special-purpose motors in any size or quantity.

Our prices are invariably satisfactory, and we guarantee satisfaction to every customer. Write us today.

The Robbins & Myers Co.
1305 Lagonda Ave. Springfield, Ohio

Branches or Agents in All Large Cities

We also manufacture a complete line of direct and alternating current Fans—Ceiling, Desk, Ventilating, Exhaust—for Home, Office or Factory. (9)

Skating MADE EASY

YOU can learn to skate as well as a professional—the KENNEDY Skate solves the problem! It makes *your ankles as strong as the steel itself.* No difference in appearance from ordinary skate when worn—the small extra parts perfectly concealed by clothing. *A twisted or turned ankle made absolutely impossible.* Your skating improved 100 per cent the first time you wear these skates. Fancy skating easy with the KENNEDY. Greater speed for every body, because of the entire absence of strain. Simple, adjusted and fastened in 10 seconds. New slanting heel plate insures absolute firmness. Scientifically curved blade provides utmost possible footing. Weight of skate is less than that of ordinary skate in general use. Price, $3.50 and $4.50. ON TRIAL. We supply one pair of extra KENNEDY'S on trial at our risk. If you are not entirely satisfied, at any time within ten days after you receive them, return them at once. WRITE NOW for free booklet, stating size and name of your hardware or sporting goods dealer. If you want to enjoy yourself this winter as never before, *then you must skate!* Write now on the greatest invention in the history of skating.

Kennedy Skate Co., 310 W. Indiana St., Dept. 4013, Chicago, Ill.

Red Cedar Chest Is a Fine Xmas Gift

This chest is of design and style to grace any room. Red Cedar lining protects furs and other clothing against moths. No camphor required. Is dust and damp proof. Saves cost in storage charges. VERY HANDSOME 4 ft. long, 2 ft. wide, 2 ft. high. Three lined drawers. A very magnificent piece. Hand polished, with copper pulls. Lock and KEYS. Many styles. We pay freight and allow DUKE. This factory to you. Write for free catalog. Keep the money you pay to us.

PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. 46, Statesville, N. C.

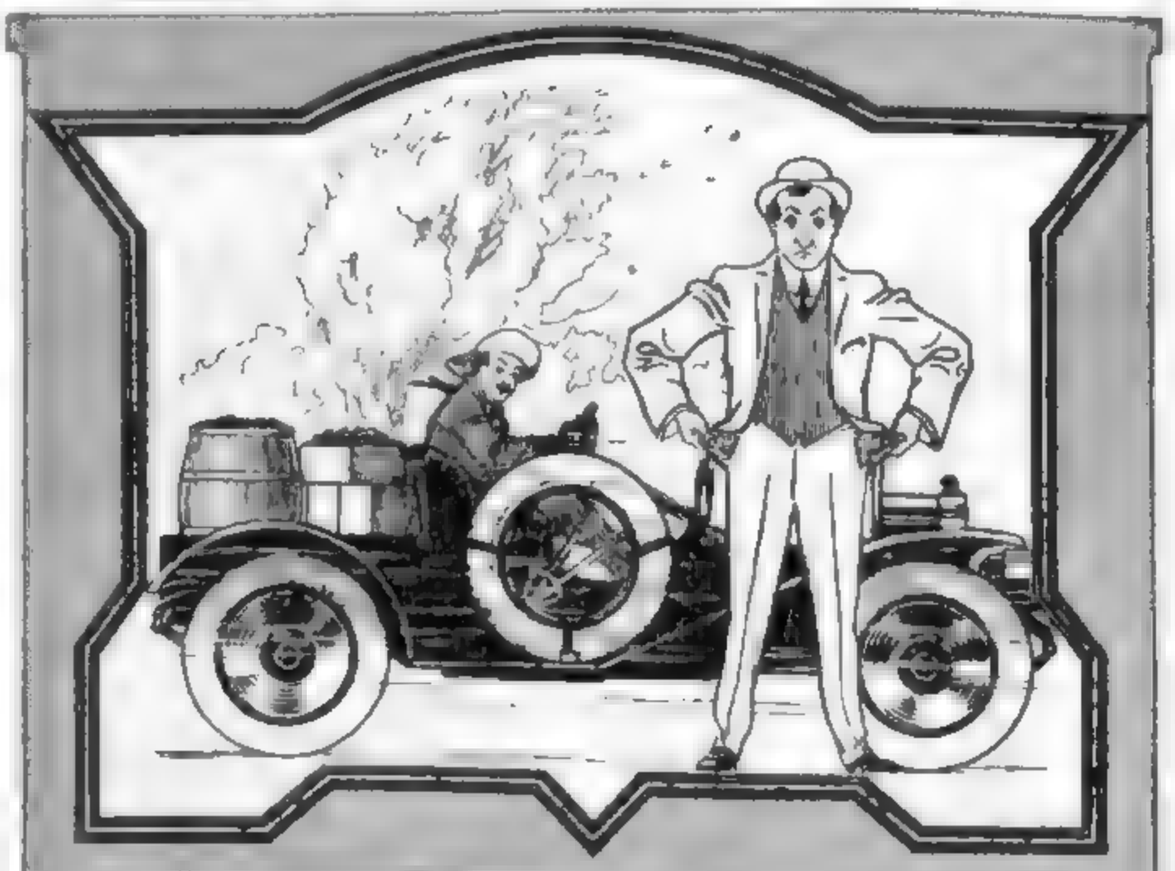
Best Birds, Best Eggs, Lowest Prices

Are you raising your own poultry? Chickens, Ducks, Geese and Turkeys. Large Poultry Farm in the west. Breeds Eggs and Incubators at lowest prices. Send 2c stamp for Poultry for Profit. Tells how to raise poultry and run Incubators successfully. Sent free by return postage.

J. W. MILLER CO., Box 18, Freeport, Ill.

Fine Rugs woven from Old Carpet

DENWORTH RUG MILL, 3045-47-49-51 Boudinot St., Phila. || SEND FOR CATALOGUE



It's the Farmer's Turn Now, So Turn to Farming

Every year you pay more for your living. And most of the extra money from your pocket goes into the farmer's. He's the man who can afford automobiles. He lives like a king in his modern home, with its telephone and lighting plant and bath room, with modern machinery to do the chores that used to drive the boys to the city. He raises all of his food, drives a good horse as well as his motor car, and buys mortgages nowadays instead of giving them. The cities are overcrowded. The only possible chance for a man with small capital lies in agriculture.

The best chances for the least money are in the Southwest, where transportation is cheap, schools and comforts abound on all sides, and millions of acres of first rate arable land still to be bought at ridiculously low prices. Oklahoma, Missouri, the Texas Panhandle, Arkansas, Louisiana, New Mexico and Eastern Colorado have land to spare.

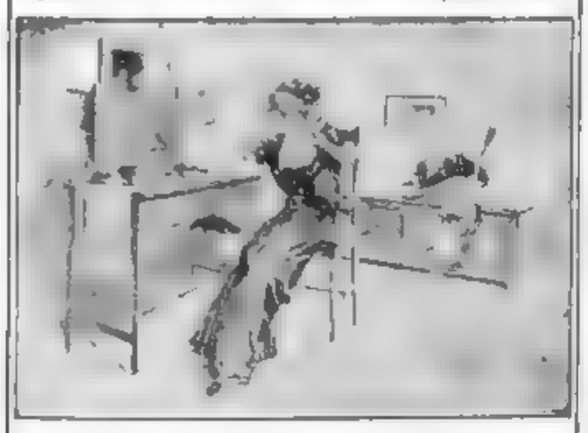
IMPORTANT:—The Rock Island's Agricultural Bureau will help you make your farm a success—supply expert information as to what to raise, when to plant your crops, and the markets where your produce is most in demand. State how much you can invest, where you want to go and what you want to grow.

Address L. M. ALLEN
Passenger Traffic Manager
2078 La Salle Station, Chicago

JOHN SEBASTIAN
Third Vice-President

Rock Island

$1.00 DOES EXACTLY THE WORK OF $2.00



YOU know that home surroundings exert a wonderful influence on domestic happiness, but you do not know that every room in your home can be artistically furnished at a price that is ridiculously low.

THEN you owe it to yourself—your family—to investigate this proposition.

Double the Purchasing Power of Your Money.

HOW? By having the furniture shipped direct to you from the factory in the natural wood—or stained and is assembled, easy-to-put-together sections.

FIRST—You pay but one profit only—the manufacturer's profit.

SECOND—You do not pay—but wait—space in this publication is mighty expensive. Why tell only part of the story? Our new Catalog No. 11, showing an extensive line of furniture, goes into detail and a *postal* will bring it to you.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Refunded. Send that Postal Now—Right Now.

BROOKS MANUFACTURING CO., 212 Rust Ave., Saginaw, Mich.

FOR CHRISTMAS

Give a smart Sweater Coat that takes the smart out of biting frosts and blustering winds these cold days.

Pennsylvania Knit Coats, with the unbreakable "NOTAIR" Buttonholes, have a smart appearance because they are made of selected yarns, are perfect in work and keep their shape everlastingly. They wear much better than common sweater coats. **Pennsylvania Knit Coats** are made for Men, Women and Boys.

If your dealer can't furnish them drop us a postal which will bring to you free our "All About Sweaters" book.

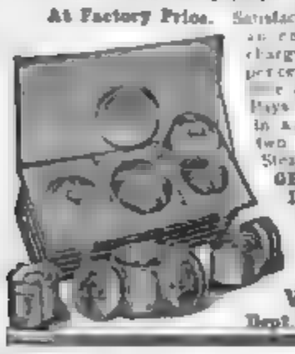
The Pennsylvania Knitting Mills 1013 Race St Philadelphia Pa.

This label on every coat

Pennsylvania Knit Coat

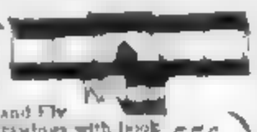
Let Me Send You the Rapid FIRELESS COOKER On 30 Days' Trial

At Factory Price. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Saves 80 per cent on fuel, time and work. Pays for itself in a month or two. No experience needed. Roasts, Steams, Bakes, Boils, Fries. GENUINE ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSILS FREE. Also metal compartment Heat Radiating Cushion. Can't break or crack. Send for free book and 125 splendid recipes to-day.



WM. CAMPBELL CO.
Dept. 24 Detroit, Mich.

Flying Machine Plans for Christmas Gifts 55c



Model Aeroplanes—How to Make and Fly. Three large sheets of working drawings with book of instructions for building three different models. 55c.

How to Build a 30-Foot Biplane Glider—gives full details, drawings and exact measurements for building a gliding machine that will carry a man. 55c.

Special Xmas Offer—$1.00 for both.

SPON & CHAMBERLAIN, 133 W. Liberty St., N. Y.

AM OFFERING a sterling silver manufacturing plant that has been established 25 years. The owners have made enough money to retire and have decided to do so.

This plant can be bought for inventory price, and are not asking anything for good will.

The plant represents about $60,000 and the proposition can be handled for $30,000 cash.

T. H. SIMMONS, Factory Broker, 60 Wall St., New York.
Exclusive Handler of Factory Properties.
Going Concerns a Specialty

PLAYS Large List. Vaudeville Sketches, Dialogs, Monologs, Hand Books, Drills, Operettas, etc. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Dept. 29, Chicago, Illinois.

For people tire of fluff in politics;
Solids, not liquids, are the food they ask.
A steady business man like Mr. Dix
Gives confidence, for that's the Statesman's task.
They say McGee, despite his boastings tall,
Speaks every night to less than half a hall.

XIII

Tomorrow—Tuesday—is Election Day
And all our District, being canvassed o'er,
Gives Hooper a majority of more
Than has been polled since '86, they say.
Tonight our glorious fireworks blaze away,
Our rockets pierce the sky with sparks galore;
But higher still our cart-tail tributes soar,
Praising our Fusion Ticket's grand array.

Oh, we are spending money right and left!
For Squeers has opened a mysterious sack
From which the Faithful, with precision deft,
Are pulling out their share and coming back.
They say the Roosevelt faction—jealous souls!—
Are posting football players at the polls.

XIV

My! it's a bumper ballot we have cast!
From every village, hamlet, mill and farm
Poured our support, as by some magic charm,
And to our ticket—so I'm told—held fast.
True, in some booths McGee's Boy Scouts got past
And bounced repeaters on the football arm—
I own these rowdy tactics did some harm;
But I'm assured we've beat 'em first and last.

Yet Hooper, at the Democratic Club,
Pulls his mustache and shambles up and down.
"If——" He repeats the word—aye, there's the rub!
"Dry up!" I whisper with sagacious frown.
"I've played the game for years and never had
A royal flush like you have drawn, my lad!"

XV

It's three o'clock a. m. The private wire
Flashes the latest bulletins to me:
"Kingston for Hooper—Portsmouth for McGee—
Trent goes Progressive—also MacIntyre—
McGee wins Plainsville!" Sternly I desire
To break that foolish 'phone across my knee.
"Mossbank for Mac, five hundred eighty-three—
Progressives sweep East Athens"—gods of ire!

Back in my chair I sink, a trifle pale.
Are thirty years' experience for naught?
Do Nature's laws reverse? Do all signs fail?
Have I forgotten all my life has taught?
They lay the Morning News in front of me:
A full-page portrait—Nicholas McGee!

Fostering the Forests

ONE often recognizes the minor importance of individual lives as compared with the decades required to work out a forest system. Pine trees are not in Germany, deemed full grown till they are from one hundred to one hundred and fifty years old. Spruce usually matures in eighty to one hundred years; the Norway spruce averages a diameter of nine and four-tenth inches in sixty years. An average for the beech is one hundred and twenty years, and for the oak still more. Constantly trees under full maturity are cut, in all stages of growth. Even small oaks have their use for leather and medicine as well as for firewood; but the thinning out of various sizes does not alter the fact that foresters cannot expect to see the maturity of the trees whose planting they superintend.

In the forests great trees are lying, ready for a purchaser at, say, ten dollars each—having thus grown at the rate of less than ten cents a year! On bare, rocky slopes, great stretches of neat little fir trees, Christmas-toy size, are set out. The villagers go home with loads of firewood heaped high on huge sledges, with which they slide down the snow slopes.

A Million Homes Will Play It

ROOK

Patented March 22, 1910
Copyright 1910, by Geo. S. Parker

The Most Popular Game

for fifty years!
YOU will like it!

THE LATEST PARKER GAME

By PARKER BROTHERS, the Makers of PIT, Mock-Trial, Ping-Pong, etc.

Beautifully made cards (*not* playing cards) with which are played the famous new game ROOK (for from 3 to 8 players), and **10** other splendid Games.

With very clear, plain rules for **ROOK,** Display Rook, (now so popular in society), High **14,** Tuxedo, Panjandrum, Rook Solitaires, etc., **all played with the same cards.** Some, two can play—some, any number up to eight. Some of these games are light, bright and spirited, some full of skill, but all are **DELIGHTFUL, POPULAR GAMES FOR THE HOME.**

50 Cents. Sold Everywhere—or by mail from us.

We guarantee You'll like it. Your money back if you don't.

PARKER BROTHERS (Inc.) SALEM, MASS.
Flatiron Building, New York 19 Ivy Lane, London, Eng.

Velvetrib Oneita Knit UNDERWEAR

—a Grateful Caress to the Body—

a gentle covering of luxurious warmth. It yields easily to every movement but never loses its glove-like fit—the elasticity of the fabric won't let it. By actual test, *Velvetrib* shows 80 to 100% more tensile strength than any other underwear of equal weight. That means double service.

It is knit in two closely interwoven layers and is alike on both sides. Without coarseness of yarn or bulkiness of fabric, strength, warmth and velvety softness are obtained. It possesses the softness of fleece-lined underwear but is without its fuzziness and rigidity.

***Velvetrib* is Guaranteed!**

against irritation of the skin, shrinking, ripping, tearing, bagging—or money back. *Velvetrib* is made of especially prepared Egyptian yarn. In medium and heavy weights for Men and Boys.

MEN'S Separate Garments $1 Union Suits $2
BOYS' Separate Garments 50c Union Suits $1

VELVETRIB Union Suits are Perfection in Fit and Comfort

If your dealer doesn't sell *Velvetrib*, send us his name. We'll mail you booklet and sample of fabric and see that you are supplied

ONEITA KNITTING MILLS
Makers of famous Oneita Union Suits and other Oneita Knit Underwear
Mills Utica, N. Y.

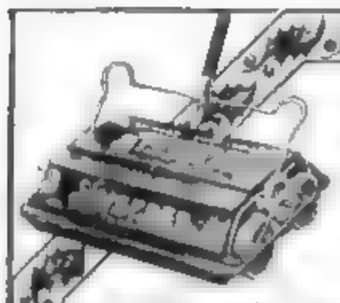
50c per Pack

A Little World of Art-Beauty is Revealed in
CONGRESS CARDS
GOLD EDGES IVORY AND AIR CUSHION FINISH
LARGE INDEXES—IDEAL FOR BRIDGE

OFFICIAL RULES OF CARD GAMES. HOYLE UP TO DATE
SENT FOR 15 CENTS IN STAMPS
THE U.S. PLAYING CARD CO. CINCINNATI, U.S.A.

BICYCLE CARDS
LARGE INDEXES IVORY OR AIR-CUSHION FINISH.
Card Players Appreciate the Splendid Dealing and Wearing Qualities of Bicycle, the Most Popular 25 cent Card Made

25 (or) Pack



If You Are in Doubt What to Buy

for Mother, Wife, Sister or Friend, remember that a

BISSELL

"Cyco" BALL-BEARING

Carpet Sweeper

never fails to please, and is a constant reminder of the giver for ten years and more. It reduces the labor about 95%, confines all the dust, brightens and preserves the carpets, and will outlast forty brooms. Prices 2.75 to 5.75. Sold by dealers everywhere. Write for booklet showing our most popular styles.

A Christmas Gift for You

Buy of your dealer between now and January 1st, send us the purchase slip within one week from date of purchase, and we will send you a fine quality black leather card case with no printing on it.

Address Dept. 36A

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Largest and Oldest Exclusive Carpet Sweeper Makers in the World

Automobile Jackets, Blizzard Proof

Durable texture so closely woven it resists wind and wear alike. Lined with wool fleece that defies the cold. Snap fast sleeves, riveted pockets.

PARKER'S Arctic Jacket

Registered in U. S. Patent Office

Better than an overcoat for facing cold and work together. Warm, durable, comfortable. Ask your dealer, or sent postpaid on receipt of $2.25

JOHN E. PARKER CO., Dept 27
23 James Street Malden, Mass.

AGENTS: 100% PROFIT

WONDERFUL NEW patented COFFEE POT. Many men and women make $[illegible] a week demonstrating. [illegible] used [illegible] with [illegible] Makes [illegible] clear [illegible] Sells in [illegible] minutes. Simple as A B C. [illegible] office and home and [illegible] Every one [illegible] others. [illegible] agents [illegible] write us quick. Sample and [illegible] free to [illegible] agents.

UTILITIES SUPPLY CO., 1407 Plum Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

HIGH GRADE INTELLIGENT **SALESMEN WANTED**

For Our "ROYAL BLUE" Line

Calendars and Novelties

Classiest Line in America.

None but high grade salesmen need apply.

H. E. SMITH CO. 314-314 Century Bldg. Indianapolis, Ind.

A Factor That Investors Often Ignore

By Roger W. Babson

NOW that the election is over we hear certain interests congratulating themselves that the ambitions of some reformers have been quenched and that there is now a chance for the return of "the good old days." There is no doubt but that certain reformers are as selfish as the interests against which they talk and write and, perhaps, more so; but that has nothing to do with the intrinsic merits of certain reforms and the importance of honesty and justice as a foundation for all permanent individual, industrial and financial success.

In short, I believe that many persons fail to grasp the intimate relation that exists between the nation's righteousness and its business growth. Hence, as I have often said, if we could know what is to be the spiritual development of our nation during the next fifty years we could very closely forecast its industrial, mercantile and monetary development. Therefore I personally believe that, could we obtain the proper data thereon, these subjects that have been discussed in the recent campaign are of great consideration in the diagnosing of present conditions and in the forecasting of future conditions.

In the final analysis, our nation's business development depends upon only two main factors: first, the nation's individual and corporate righteousness; and secondly, the conservation and proper development of natural resources. All other subjects, such as bank clearings, failures, foreign trade, railroad earnings, bank reserves, and the like, are all of only secondary importance, being of use simply on account of the lack of concrete information on the two above-mentioned fundamental subjects. The more our nation grows in righteousness and in tangible resources the greater will be our industrial and financial prosperity; while a continual disregard of these things will surely cause panic and depression.

This is not mere theory, but has constantly been an established fact of history. Certainly no one of us who has ever walked up and down the streets of Venice and Genoa, which in their day exceeded in mercantile success and splendor even our Wall Street, Broadway and Fifth Avenue, can help feeling that, without the conservation of our national righteousness and resources, our own New York will eventually decay in the same way. Great banks, transcontinental railroads, huge industrial plants, merchant princes and such other things and men as we admire may be all right in their way, but they are as nothing compared with the moral fiber of our nation, and none of the natural wealth or power of these "captains of industry" is so important as their moral influence; in fact, it is upon the God-fearing fathers and mothers on the farms and at the benches that the prosperity of our nation, industrially and financially, depends.

By reason of this, if we are merchants, let us insist that our trusted employees shall be upright men and women; if we are bankers, let us look to the borrower's character as well as to his "capacity, capital or collateral"; if we are investors, let us confine our purchases to stocks of those corporations which, so far as we know, are controlled by high-grade, honest men; and let us have nothing to do with any other kind. In politics, let us vote hereafter for the best men, irrespective of party; let us obey the laws and insist that others do likewise.

Therefore, when we consider the results of the elections just over, let us remember that our nation's prosperity does not depend so much upon our banking system or our tariff, or on the regulation of railroads and trusts; but rather upon whether you or I do right. Moreover, when voting another year, let us remember that as each additional one of us grasps this fact our nation will become more truly prosperous.

In short, whether merchants, bankers or investors, let us not ignore this intimate relation between the nation's rectitude and its prosperity.

Imaginary Letters

* * *

To Kate from Malcolm:

I wish you would tell me what to give all the cousins for Christmas. Every year this Christmas proposition gets harder. I go out at the last minute, tear around the stores, and end up by buying things that don't please me, and wouldn't please anybody short of a hopeless optimist. On second thought, of course, no optimists are hopeless.

* * *

To Malcolm from Kate:

I guess I am a sort of ready reference book. I notice you never turn to me unless you want to find out something. Far be it from me, however, to pass a ship in distress, whether pirate or privateer.

Here is the answer to your Christmas problems: Take your check book in hand and your dinky pen, and by means of these give a year's subscription to some magazines to all those charming cousins of yours. There's nothing better. They'll go to the cousins at regular intervals—a sort of "hardy annual" bouquet. And think how easy it is for you to do, without leaving your chair.

* * *

To You from Us:

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is published each week, fifty-two issues a year.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is published twice each month, twenty-four copies a year.

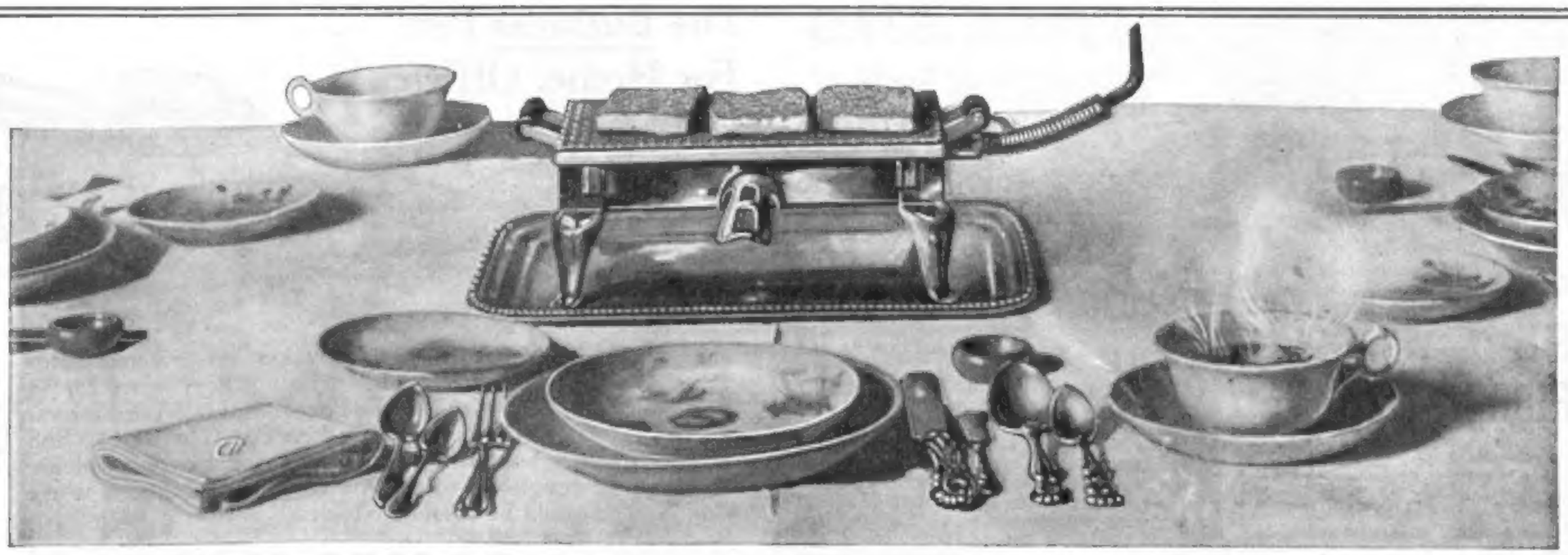
We will send both these magazines (seventy-six issues) to the same address, or different addresses, for $3. (In Canada $4.)

If you will sit down and figure out how many Christmas presents can be gracefully taken care of in this way, we will have no need to urge you to ***do it now.***

* * *

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA



The Westinghouse Electric Toaster-Stove

A Dainty Addition To Your Table Service

THE newest thing among up-to-date women is electric toasting or the cooking of light delicacies directly on the table.

The Westinghouse Electric Toaster-Stove is responsible for this most fascinating table form.

With it you can make perfect toast, more delicious than with any other form of heat. The resourceful housewife finds a score of afternoon tea and chafing dish dainties that can be made never so good as on the electric stove. For more solid things too. Scramble or fry eggs, make an omelet, boil water, bake griddle cakes, fry bacon and other not too heavy cooking.

This toaster-stove contains the same heating element that has made the Westinghouse Electric-Iron, Chafing Dish, Disc Stove and other heating appliances so favorably known. Due to this heating element, the Westinghouse appliances give greater and quicker heat for the amount of electric current consumed than the ordinary appliance.

All Westinghouse apparatus is built in the strongest, most lasting way. Look for the name Westinghouse on anything electrical.

The Westinghouse Toaster-Stove comes complete with toaster grid, pressed steel top, nickel plated tray, plugs and cord, ready to use, for Six Dollars.

A fine Christmas gift and one that will prove highly acceptable in any household that boasts electric light.

The Westinghouse Toaster-Stove and other appliances are carried by the better class of electrical dealers and by many Lighting Companies.

Write for booklet describing the useful Westinghouse heating and cooking appliances for the home, to "Westinghouse, Dept. of Publicity, Pittsburg." We'll also tell you the dealer in your neighborhood who sells them.

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company

Sales Offices in 40 American Cities **Pittsburg** **Representatives all over the world**

For An Ideal Christmas Present the New Shaving, Toilet and Traveling Glass

Held by air on your window where you get the best light. Will not break if dropped.

Pat. Apr. 2d, 1907

A necessity for shaving with any razor, useful everywhere. Price with leather case, 3½ in. glass, 50c; 5 in. glass, $1.00. With French beveled mirror, $1.50; same with pigskin case, $2.00.

SENT POSTPAID

Aero Safety Mirror, 14 Alden St., Hartford, Conn.

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System—written with only nine characters. No "positions"—no "ruled line"—no "shading"—no "word-signs"—no "cold notes." Speedy, practical system that can be learned in 30 days of home study, utilizing spare time. For full descriptive matter, free, address, **Chicago Correspondence Schools, 930 Chicago Opera House Block**, Chicago, Ill.

PATENT WHAT YOU INVENT!

Your Ideas May Bring You a Fortune

Free book gives list of needed inventions and tells how to protect them. Write for it. Send sketch of invention for free opinion as to patentability.

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H. ELLIS CHANDLEE & CO.
(Successors to Woodward & Chandlee)
1307 F Street, Washington, D. C.

$1.00 DOWN

BURROWES BILLIARD & POOL TABLE

$1 Down puts into your home any Table worth from $6 to $15. $2 a month pays balance. Larger Tables for $25, $35, $50, $75, etc., on easy terms. All cues, balls, etc., free.

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SENSE AND NONSENSE

Money in Growing Seeds

ON THE Huntley reclamation project, in Montana, the farmers are specializing in the production of seeds. They have discovered that there is a good deal of money in the business—the method they adopt being to make contracts with the big wholesale seed dealers for the delivery of seeds of different kinds at so much a pound.

They grow the seeds under the direction of the seed companies' own experts and thus have an opportunity to learn much that is of value to them. One reason why the seed dealers are so anxious to encourage the production of seeds on the new irrigated farms is that, the land being virgin, there are practically no noxious weeds; thus the seeds—onions, peas or what-not—are clean and free from the admixture of anything objectionable.

On the other hand, the farmers on the irrigated tracts are glad enough to take up seed growing, because, when the business is properly conducted, this kind of horticulture will yield much more money to the acre than can be obtained from the same land in any other way. Acting in coöperation with the experts of the seed concerns they are trying, by the adoption of a system of seed selection and by other means, to develop seeds so superior as to demand extra high prices.

The Government, in its paternal management of the irrigated areas, is disposed to give much encouragement to the seed-growing idea, because it has become manifest that if farmers are to get a living out of the small tracts allotted to them under the reclamation system—often not exceeding forty acres—they must practice intensive methods; that is to say, they must produce crops that will yield a maximum return and they must grow them in a way to make those crops as large and as high-grade as possible.

This means that the farmer of the new school must manage his affairs like a business man. In this connection it is interesting to learn that the small irrigated farms are already attracting large numbers of people from the towns. In most instances, too, these townbred agriculturists are successful—one reason for their success being that they realize that they know nothing about the game and so do not commit a good many of the mistakes that are made by practical farmers who, coming from other parts of the country, attempt to apply the knowledge they have already gained to conditions different from those with which they have been acquainted.

The Hall of Fame

Since Fame, in many a fool's defense,
Throws down the gage to common-sense,
By crowning on her mimic stage
These puppets who provoke the age—
Shall not Obscurity lay claim
To worthier sons than those of Fame
And in one humble verse declare
A Hero seasoned to despair?
Who never in his life had time
To speculate in deeds sublime;
Who wears old hats instead of crowns,
With coats that shout of ups and downs—
The patriot of a sorry cause.
Unknown to popular app'ause
Save when his yearly hoard takes flight
For toys and sweetmeats, Christmas night;
And little voices soft acclaim
Their chimney as His Hall of Fame.

—Calvin Johnston.

Something Doing

H. E. DUNN used to be traveling passenger agent for a Western railroad, but gave that up and went to a small town to live. Dunn frequently felt the need of excitement. Once, when he was really depressed with the monotony of his life, he saw a wildly excited crowd gathered on a vacant lot. Prominent citizens were there hopping up and down, gesticulating and shouting; and Dunn felt that the unexpected had happened and something was doing. He rushed to the lot and gasped out: "What's the matter?"

"Matter!" shouted a rampant citizen. "Matter? Why we are going to hive a swarm of bees."

"The Business Pen" For Home, Office or Travel

It makes no difference for what writing need you buy a Conklin Pen—it is always The Business Pen, The *Business* Pen, The BUSINESS Pen—whether bought for office work, social correspondence use, or for rough-and-ready writing under conditions where other pens would be absolutely useless.

CONKLIN'S
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is, indeed, "The *Business* Pen." It writes as smoothly as a soft lead pencil. The moment it runs dry *anywhere*, it can be filled instantly at *any* inkwell by simply dipping it in and pressing the wonderful "*Crescent-Filler.*" Makes no muss when filling—no fuss when writing. As "clean as a whistle" when carried in a white vest pocket. You *never* saw a pen so *handy*, so *convenient*, so *clean*, so *business-like.*

Fills itself like this

Hard iridium-tipped 14-K gold pens in points to suit all hands. Also special pens for special purposes, such as bookkeeping, stenography, manifolding, etc. *Ink reservoir guaranteed for five years.*

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Write to-day for catalogue and three good pen stories, "How Thompson Got Pen Wise"; "Our Good Old Friend, the Fountain Pen"; and "Do Camels Drink Ink?"—all free.

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Swift's Premium Calendar for 1911

"The Courtships of American Poetry"

Four large, beautiful pictures in 13 colors that everyone will prize—

Hiawatha and Minnehaha — **Priscilla and John Alden**
Maud Muller and the Judge — **Evangeline and Gabriel**

This charming calendar depicts the courtships of the four most famous romances of American poetry—dear to every American as typical of the sweethearts of long ago. The scenes are historically correct, with all the quaint surroundings and costumes of the period. These fine pictures are taken from celebrated paintings and below each is a suitable quotation from the poem. There is no advertising on them to prevent framing.

Sent prepaid for **10 cents, coin or stamps,**
or—one cap from a jar of Swift's Beef Extract,
or—10 Wool Soap wrappers
(In Canada 10 cents additional is required on account of duty)

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

have passed another year of favor with the housewife because of their high quality and mild, delicious flavor. When you order, be sure to say "Swift's Premium" and you will get the best the market affords. At all dealers. For Calendars, address

Swift & Company, 4117 Packers' Ave., Chicago, U. S. A.

Don't let this Word confuse You

When buying Hosiery

"Guaranteed"

In Handsome Individual Boxes for Christmas Giving

Many people are in the habit of asking *merely* for "guaranteed" hose—when they should ask for EVERWEAR. By so doing they add to the cost of their hosiery and defeat their own purpose.

They miss entirely the EVERWEAR fit, style and satisfaction—that quality of elegance in EVERWEAR which is approached only by expensive, high-price hose.

EVERWEAR are the hosiery with the real guarantee. Six pairs must wear six months, or a new pair will be given free for each pair that does not.

But in addition the wearer of EVERWEAR gets a textile quality—a foot form shape—a "feels good on the feet and in the shoe" quality that is impossible in the "merely guaranteed" kinds.

The "wear" parts in most hosiery—the heel and toe—are the durable parts in EVERWEAR—the weak *appearing* parts in most hosiery—the fit, finish and comfort—are the attractive parts in EVERWEAR. A special knitting process—a special form-shaping process are responsible.

You'll know with the first day's trial of your first pair—the truth of this statement—so we warn you—Don't let the word "Guaranteed" confuse you—ask for EVERWEAR, insist on EVERWEAR. If your dealer hasn't them write to us stating size, kind and style desired and we will send them express prepaid.

Everwear TRADE MARK HOSIERY

For Men, Women and Children

EVERWEAR are sold six pairs in a box, solid or assorted colors. For Men, Women and Misses in Silk Lisle, $3.00 a box. Egyptian Cotton: Men's, $1.50; Ladies' $2.00 per box. Children's in extra fine and strong, long staple Cotton, $2.00 per box. The Men's Hose are made in medium and light weights in all the ultra-fashionable shades. Women's in black, black with white feet, and tan. Children's in black and tan.

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